This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 08247043 0

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

BTYD
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Twenty Thousand Miles of Road Travel

in

Central & Western Europe

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Digitized by Google

THE TERRACE, MONTE CARLO. [*Frontispiece.*

Digitized by Google

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Twenty Thousand Miles of Road Travel in Central & Western Europe

1

BY

W. J. A. STAMER

AUTHOR OF

"THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT," "DOLCE NAPOLI," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LD.

1901

All rights reserved

A E

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
304178A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1927 L

Digitized by Google

IN MEMORIAM

rey 19 Mar. 1927

Digitized by Google

The work was written in 1895, *but by revision, and a few additions, it has been brought up to date*

Digitized by Google

Preface

THIS work is not simply a book of travels; it is likewise a treatise on men and manners, on foreigners and foreign things. Good and bad qualities being altogether relative, it is only by comparison that man's social and moral standard can be determined, and, naturally, I have compared the French, Germans, Austrians, Italians, and Swiss with ourselves. According to my lights, I have given my views of men, women, and things in general, nothing extenuating, naught setting down in malice.

The virtuously indignant who "cannot understand why the English should be so hated on the Continent" will learn, by reading these pages, "the reason why." A portion of our first year's travel, and the descriptions of Lourdes, the Grande Chartreuse, Adelsberg, and Nice, appeared in the columns of the *Field*.

In the twenty thousand miles of road travel the mileage of unrecorded side excursions is included.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Contents

PAGE

The Debate—Preparations 1

FIRST YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM FLORENCE TO SAN SEBASTIAN

The Start—The Austrian Frontier—Tyrolese Peasants—The Brenner—The Achensee—Munich—The Befreiungshalle—The Walhalla—A Bavarian Innkeeper—Marienbad—Nuremberg—Stuttgart—Freiburg im Breisgau—Geneva—A Dissertation on Wine—Bagnères-de-Bigorre—Pau—St. Jean de Luz—An English Colony—Foreign Schools . . 5

SECOND YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM SAN SEBASTIAN TO FLORENCE

Fishing—"La Route Thermale" 55
Lourdes—Le Cirque de Gavernie—Saint Béat—French Hotels—Handsome Women 60
La Grande Chartreuse 85
Lake Leman—Swiss Rapacity—Stresa—The Riviera di Levante 101
Florence—The English Abroad—"Our American Kinsfolk"—Rome—The Tuscans—Italians—Marital Amenities—Love Marriages—Matrimony—"Sublime Tobacco"—Courtship—Pulling Awry—English Wives—Marital Inurbanity—Foreign *v.* English Wives 109

THIRD YEAR'S TRAVEL

FLORENCE TO GORIZIA

Pieve di Cadore—The Kaiserstrasse—Salzburg—Tyrolese Hotels—The Bavarian Forest—Shooting Permits—Gratz—A Record Journey—Gorizia 153

Digitized by Google

Contents

FOURTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM GORIZIA TO GORIZIA

PAGE

The Grotto of Adelsberg Veldes—Schloss Herrenchiemsee—The Zellersee—Bad Gastein—Baden-bei-Wien . . . 175

Vienna—Our English Sunday—Our Thriftless Poor—The Wienerin 196

FIFTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM GORIZIA TO NICE

The Lago d'Iseo—Heidelberg—German Housewifery—Feminine Tactics—The "Higher Life"—A "Liberal" Education—Dowers, English and Foreign—German Warm-heartedness—Baden-Baden—The Gothard—"La Côte d'Azur . . 207

Monte Carlo 232

Nice 302

SIXTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM NICE TO RŌ

The Lake of Como—Sanatoria—The Van—A Tyrolese Wedding—King Ludwig—Navigation—Italian Progress . . . 335

SEVENTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM NICE TO RŌ

The Austrian Frontier—The Saibling—A Vexatious Incident—Venice—Wintering at Venice—Incident closed—An Ex-Voto. 357

EIGHTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM RŌ TO NICE

English *v.* Foreign Officers—Snowbound—Ober-Ammergau—The Passion Play—Schloss Hohenschwangau—The Stelvio 373

NINTH AND LAST YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM NICE TO RŌ

La Vallée des Ormonts—St. Beatenberg—The Lake of Wallenstadt—The Parting 391

L'Envoi 402

APPENDIX 411

Digitized by Google

List of Illustrations

The Terrace, Monte Carlo . . . . . *Frontispiece*

The Grotto of Lourdes . . . . . *To face p.* 60

Le Cirque de Gavernie . . . . . „ 77

The Lago Maggiore, from Stresa . . . . . „ 104

Salzburg . . . . . „ 155

Berchtesgaden . . . . . „ 160

Gosau Lake and Dachstein . . . . . „ 193

The Lake of Lucerne, from Axenfels . . . . „ 228

The Gardens, Monte Carlo . . . . . „ 244

Nice . . . . . „ 302

The Konigsee . . . . . „ 361

View from Schloss Hohenschwangau . . . . . „ 387

Schloss Hohenschwangau . . . . . „ 387

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE DEBATE

At Florence, in the spring of 1882, a friend who had recently made by road, without mishap, the journey from Nice, expressed to me his opinion that, time being no object, the old way of travelling was the best.

To this I agreed, with the proviso—so long as one does not diverge from the main routes, and is not particular anent hotel accommodation.

In the olden time, before railways, there were but three modes of Continental travel—in one's own carriage, by vetturino, or by *malle-poste;* and at convenient distances along the great post roads were fairly good hotels for the accommodation of transient guests. But with the advent of the "steam-horse," road travel ceased, and, as in England, post-house proprietors were compelled, through lack of customers, to put up their shutters and close their stable-doors, or to carry on their business in a very modest way suited to the wants and means of the carters and drovers who continued to travel the road. If these inns were dirty in the days when there was every inducement to keep them clean, what their condition

Digitized by Google

now? If the cooking was bad when they were patronized by the *élite* of Europe, what would the traveller find it now that teamsters and drovers are the only guests? In the charges alone would he be likely to find advancement; for Mr. Landlord, no longer to be intimidated by threats of a letter to the *Times*, and utterly indifferent as to what his eccentric visitor might think or say of himself and his establishment, would be sure to lay it on. The venturesome road-traveller would nowadays have to "rough it" in the most unpleasant sense of the verb. The objection was admitted fatal, and no more was said at the time.

But very shortly afterwards the debate on road travel was resumed by my wife. She opined that the absence of pretentious hotels on the road was not a bar to the adventure; that we might be sure of finding modest inns where it would be possible to pass the night without great discomfort; and at the worst, a little roughing would do us no harm. There would be no pecuniary loss, no preliminary outlay. The lease of our villa would terminate on the 1st of May; our means of locomotion, our *fuhrwerk*, was ready. Why not, for a change, give road travel a trial? And after a little argumentation I consented.

The vehicle for our journey was a very comfortable park-phaeton, built by Muhlbacher of Paris, and having a large square awning of crude silk, for which, being altogether too fine for the road, I substituted a "gamp," the pole screwed into the flooring, and of sufficient length to permit of parasol or umbrella being held beneath. The phaeton had been built for a pair of cobs, and the only objection to be

Digitized by Google

found therewith was, that its design, long and low, made it somewhat heavy for a single horse. But as that horse, or mare, was a right good one, I had no misgivings as to her being sufficiently strong to perform the work. A Friulian, grey, fifteen one, eight years old, sound as a roach, strong as a bull, with the endurance of a camel, she was an ideal roadster. But it is not at the commencement of these thy journeyings that I will sing thy praises, my faithful Zorah; thy merits will be revealed as we proceed.

The final arrangements for our journey were soon completed. A footstool with sliding lid to hold the mare's toilette requisites and medicaments in case of need. A set of shoes. A water-proof apron to cover our valises (the heavy luggage we sent on by slow train in advance), which were wrapped in the rug, fastened with the roller, and stowed on the footboard of the hind seat; and lastly a luncheon-basket, containing the requisites for making tea and cooking a trifle by the roadside. The morning of departure, April 15, 1882.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FIRST YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM FLORENCE TO SAN SEBASTIAN

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM FLORENCE TO SAN SEBASTIAN

But before the start it were best to advise the reader that he will not be wearied by tedious and puerile records of each day's *étape*. How I purchased a loaf here, a bottle of wine there; that the day was rainy, the road bad, etc. My experiences were sufficiently varied, the distance travelled sufficiently great, to render such "padding" unnecessary. I will confine myself to recording events which are of interest, or which seem so to me, and only enter into descriptive particulars when the subject warrants. This is no Guide-book.

. . . . . .

Our first day's journey, the precursor of so many hundreds to be done, was uneventful. The mare covered the distance to Pistoja, twenty-one miles, under three hours, and ate her oats with relish. On the following morning, when the hotel porter brought out our valises, she regarded them with suspicious eye, as who should say, "Those things portend work; I shall have another day of it." And here I may observe that her ladyship was "knowing as a jailor." Then, and, one journey excepted, ever afterwards, the appearance or non-appearance of baggage regulated her rate of progress. No baggage, she would trot her eight or nine miles an hour; baggage

Digitized by Google

to the fore, nothing save the approach of night, and the proximity of stable, could induce her to exceed seven. Of Italian nationality, she seemed alive to the wisdom of the adage, "Chi va piano va sano, é chi va sano va lontano." The second day of our journey was cloudless; the view over the Val d'Arno was sublime. We walked to the summit of the pass. As we leisurely made the ascent, inhaled the pure mountain air, and halted from time to time to breathe our locomotive and survey the prospect, we realized to the fullest extent how infinitely preferable is travelling by road to travelling by rail. The poor cooped-up wretches in the express train pursuing its headlong and sulphurous way through tunnel and cutting to Bologna evoked our contemptuous pity. What idea could they have of the country through which they sped, of the people, of the scenery? Absolutely none. Human boomerangs were they, and nothing more.

Although the prospect be not so extensive, the descent of the mountain is quite as beautiful as is the ascent. The road follows the course of the impetuous Reno. Oak and chestnut-clad mountains rise precipitously on either side; moss-grown rocks, ivy-covered ruins, yawning chasms, fleecy cascades, and picturesque if dirty hamlets meet the eye at every turning. The fields were green, the trees fresh bursting into leaf. After dusty Florence it was most refreshing. We slept at Poretta.

The third day out tried the mare's powers of endurance. Unless we broke the journey at the miserable village of Marzabotta, we should have to reach Bologna, thirty-seven miles, before dark. It

Digitized by Google

grieved us to give her such a hard day's work so soon after starting, but "needs must." Our anxiety on her account was soon set at rest. She collared the hills and trotted down the inclines as though she had served her apprenticeship in a Swiss post-house; and, after a few hours' rest on the road, reached the outskirts of Bologna before twilight. It was not until she got on the kidney-stones (two miles of them) that she showed signs of leg-weariness. After seeing her bedded down for the night, to my wife's anxious inquiry, "Is the poor thing off her feed?" I was able to give a reassuring answer.

After a day's rest, we continued our journey across the verdant but uninteresting plain of Emilia to Modena and grass-grown Mantua. We started therefrom with the intention of sleeping at Verona; but finding, on reaching Villafranca, that the road to Alà *viâ* Bussalengo is nine miles shorter, I decided to halt.

Two hours after leaving Villafranca on the following morning we reached Bussalengo, where is a fine bridge over the Adige. Passing the Chiusa di Verona, a strongly fortified defile, which has been, and probably again will be, the scene of many a bloody engagement, we arrived in due time at Peri, the Austrian frontier. To my extreme surprise and satisfaction, I was permitted to pass without money payment. I fully expected to be charged horse and carriage duty, to be repaid if my stay in Austria did not exceed six months; but the China-pipkin-smoking official on guard merely asked me if I had anything to declare, and, being answered in the

Digitized by Google

negative, let me drive on without further questioning. We slept at Alà.

As the season was not sufficiently advanced for Alpine travel, a fortnight's halt had to be made in some town south of Brixen. We selected Riva; and, the direct road thither being out of repair, were obliged to make the *détour viâ* Roveredo and Mori. The country between Mori and Riva is highly picturesque, but the descent from the fort of Nago to Torbole so steep and stony, that a due regard for our own and the mare's safety prevented me from casting more than a rapid glance at the magnificent panorama of the Lake of Garda at our feet.

Payments being now made in Austrian currency instead of in Italian as heretofore, I will give a summary of our journey thus far. Number of days since leaving Florence, 10; hotel expenses, stable included, 294 francs; distance travelled, 235 miles. Deducting the halt at Bologna, the working days are reduced to nine, giving an average of twenty-six miles per diem. Hotels *en route* not first rate, but much cleaner than we expected to find them. Weather since leaving Bologna superb. Mare in better condition than when she started. Journey most enjoyable.

Of the Italian lakes, that of Garda is to my taste the least attractive. The southern end is too tame, the northern too rugged; that harmonious combination of Alpine grandeur with Italian softness, which, on the sister lakes Como, Iseo, and Maggiore, so enchants the beholder, is wanting. The contrasts are too marked, the transition from shelving shore to precipitous mountain too sudden. Riva is finely

Digitized by Google

situated, but the scenery does not grow upon one; nor does the town itself improve on closer acquaintance. At the expiration of ten days, during which it rained unceasingly, we proceeded onwards to Trent, and thence to Botzen. Neumarkt, halfway between the two towns, is the linguistic frontier. Guttural German supersedes the soft bastard Latin. The inn was thoroughly German, and the beer-drinking, sausage-devouring, clouds-of-tobacco-smoke-expelling occupants of the wirthszimmer were a totally different race to that inhabiting the adjacent Trentina. It was the season of the yearly pilgrimage, and all along the road we met bands of ave-pattering, bead-counting peasants on their way shrinewards. To judge by their gait, which was of the most leisurely, the sins they expiated were not of a very grievous nature. Were ugliness one of the seven deadly sins, then indeed would they have been deserving of pity, for so hard-featured were they—the women more especially—that the direst penance would have been unavailing to save them from perdition. Ugly were they, but polite. The men said, "Grüss Gott" ("God bless you"), and the women, "Küss die Hand;" few passed without some form of salutation. In Italy the salutation of carters and others, when requested to keep their side of the road, was, "Accidente t'arriva" ("May you have a stroke of apoplexy").

Beyond the next stage, priest-ridden Brixen, the scenery becomes more Alpine. We left the land of the vine and the chestnut, and entered that of the oak, the beech, and the pine. The beauty of the scenery between Brixen and Sterzing delighted and surprised

Digitized by Google

us, for, travelling by rail, we had pronounced it, in tourist's parlance, "tame." Tame it most certainly is not. The ravine of Gondo is grander, the Devil's Bridge wilder, the Via Mala more picturesque than any single stretch on the road; but, taking it in its entire length, from the Chiusa di Verona to Innsbruck, the Brenner Pass is, in diversity and beauty of scenery, second to none. It is a route upon which objects of interest suited to every taste are to be found. For the soldier, there are the fortresses of the Chiusa and Franzensfeste, the battle-grounds of Rivoli and Mittewald; for the cleric, the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where was held the Council of Trent, and the ecclesiastical treasures of the monastery of Klausen; for the antiquary, the ruined castles of Sprechenstein and Reifenstein; for the member of the Alpine Club, cliffs and crags whereon to risk his neck; for the gentle angler, the trout and grayling stocked waters of Eisack and of Adige; for the civil engineer, there is the boldly constructed railway line; and for the artist and lover of fine scenery, the route in its entirety. On no Alpine road is finer timber to be seen. Patriarchal—worthy of Warwickshire—are the oaks in the vicinity of Franzensfeste; of stupendous growth many beeches near Brixen.

At Sterzing, our fifth *étape* from Riva, begins the ascent of the Brenner proper. Between it and the culminating point of the pass there is a rise of thirteen hundred feet, which took us two hours and a half to accomplish. We baited at Brenner, and drove on to Steinach, fourteen miles from the summit, where we proposed to pass the night; but,

Digitized by Google

finding on our arrival that a meeting of some kind was being held at the hotel, we halted two hours and completed the distance to Innsbruck.

The scenery on the German side is just as fine, or even finer, than on the Italian; a more beautiful prospect than that over the broad and fertile valley of the Inn, with its double range of lofty mountains, it would be difficult to name. Seen as we saw it, at sunset, bathed in a flood of purple light, it was lovely beyond description. We were enchanted; not so Zorah. The twenty-five miles of descent from Brenner had tried her legs severely, and she gave me plainly to understand that she had had enough, and more than enough, to please her. She had just reason for complaint. To cross the Brenner (thirty-three miles) between sunrise and sunset was too much to require of her or of any horse. I owned with contrition that I had been a cruel taskmaster, and gave her two days to recuperate and forget her wrongs.

The Tiroler Hof and the Europaischer Hof being railway hotels, and the Sonne without stabling, we put up at the Goldner Adler, an inn of the second class, but comfortable. There, for the first time since leaving Florence, I found an ostler worth his salt, or the tip I gave him. He strapped the mare with a will, and steeped her legs with wine-lees, which, he assured me, was (and is) a sovereign panacea for strained sinews.

On the morning of the third day we left Innsbruck and drove down the picturesque valley of the Lower Inn to Jenbach. A little beyond Hall we overtook a detachment of the military train out

Digitized by Google

route-marching, and were delayed half an hour whilst a flogging was administered to a drunken trooper.

That we were in one of Rome's strongholds was evident. At short distances along the road were shrines, crucifixes, and votive tablets, on passing which every wayfarer lifted his hat, crossed himself, and muttered an orison. At the inn where we halted to bait, the landlord and his entire household ranged themselves in front of the huge crucifix in the Gäststube and repeated the somewhat lengthy grace before meat ordained by the Church. They seemed rather scandalized that we did not join in the responses, which ignorance of their liturgy alone prevented us from doing; for we never willingly gave offence, and endeavoured to do at Rome as the Romans do. That in priest-ridden lands the people are as lax in their morals as they are rigid in their religious observances concerned us not. Still, if the women of Tirol be not virtuous, they ought to be; for the "fatal gift of beauty," to which the misfortunes of the sex in other lands are mainly due, has been denied them. If their hearts were only half as hard as their features, the men would hold aloof, and save the breath they expend on amorous joddlings to cool their porridge. Zorah, I regret to state, showed herself a veritable heathen; she held crucifixes in horror. It was in vain that my wife told her that behaviour such as hers was wrong—worse than wrong—unladylike. She turned a deaf ear to all expostulations, and continued to fight shy of crucifixes and their emblems of torture "right along."

At Jenbach, twenty-six miles from Innsbruck, we

Digitized by Google

put up at the inn Zur Toleranz. The landlord warned me that the Achen Pass is exceeding steep, and advised me to take a *vorspann*—a leader; but, finding on inquiry that his horse could do it unaided, I declined. Between Jenbach and the Achen Lake, a distance of four miles, there is a rise of two thousand five hundred feet, and the road proved steeper and rougher than mine host had described it; but the mare collared it bravely, and reached the summit in precisely two hours from the time of starting.

Very wild is the Achensee. On the environing mountain peaks chamois are numerous, for since the enforcement of certain game laws their numbers have considerably increased. The most extensive preserves thereabouts are those leased by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; and at the yearly *battue* scores of chamois fall before the rifles of the noble sportsmen, to the indignation and disgust of the genuine hunter, who regards "driving" as a crime several degrees more heinous than murder. The weather-beaten old hunter from whom I obtained my information told me that, although the best chamois ground is in the hands of the magnate aforenamed, a considerable extent of fairly good ground is communal property, and that permission to shoot thereon can be obtained by any one willing to pay for the privilege.

Between Achenkirch and the Bavarian frontier the country is in an almost primeval state; so few are the clearings, so dense is the forest on either side of the road, that I could have imagined myself in the American backwoods. Lumbering is the chief industry. The river was jammed with logs, and the sharp ring of the woodman's axe wakened

Digitized by Google

up the echoes. We met more gamekeepers than frontier guards. Smuggling, which was at one time the favourite pursuit of the border population, has, since the reduction of duties, ceased to be profitable, and poaching is now more in vogue. The keepers have a warm berth of it, for between the Tyrolese and the Bavarians is little sympathy, and shots are freely exchanged on both sides.

The scenery of the Tegernsee is as tame and smiling as that of the sister Achensee is wild and gloomy. It is a favourite resort of the Müncheners, whose pretty villas dot the landscape. First in point of size is that of the Grand Duke Ludwig, attached to which is a brewery, whose tap is said to be little inferior to that of the Hof-brauhaus in Munich. Brewers of repute are the members of the royal house of Wittelsbach, and they glory it. "What excellent beer you have in Munich, sire," observed a French ambassador to the reigning monarch, who was in the dumps. "Right you are," replied his Majesty, brightening up; "I likewise am brewer."

A remarkable coincidence of events and locality occurred whilst staying at the "Post" at Tegernsee. It was the 8th of May, and, dinner over, I told the waiter to bring me a newspaper and the visitors' book. In the former I read of the Phœnix Park murders; and turning over the leaves of the latter, I found, under the date of September 30, 1880, the following entry: "Lord Frederick Cavendish, Lady Cavendish, *mit courier*; Nos. 39, 40, 41." No. 40 being the room in which we were seated.

We remained two days at Tegernsee, passed a night at Holzkirchen, and on the twenty-sixth day

Digitized by Google

of our journey arrived at Munich; of all European capitals, to me the least congenial.

Payments being now made in marks instead of florins, I will give a summary of our journey from Riva. Distance travelled, 242 miles; number of days, halts included, 12; working days, 10; hotel expenses, 142 florins. The hotels were good as a rule, and the charges extremely moderate. The roads were in fair repair; but, owing to the stupid German custom of driving a single horse on the pole instead of in shafts, thereby causing two ruts, with the untrodden stones between them, it was bad for the wheels where the road had been newly metalled, for I preferred that they should suffer rather than the mare's feet. We had been favoured with fine weather; the second portion of our journey was as enjoyable as the first.

Munich has the reputation of being a cheap city, but it is not the frequenter of first-class hotels who finds it so; the charges at the Four Seasons are pretty much the same as at hotels of similar stamp in Paris. But between hotel prices and restaurant prices there is a considerable difference—fifty per cent. at least. Could one live upon suction, it would be a particularly inexpensive abode; for beer, although not quite as cheap as water, is not very much dearer than is that fluid in some droughty localities I could name. Bavaria is the most beer-drinking country in the world, and Munich its beer-drinkingest city. There are breweries without number—royal breweries, company breweries, private breweries. In the city and out of it, beer-cellars and beer-gardens are to be found at every turning. Three carts out of every

Digitized by Google

ten are barrel-laden; thirty servant girls out of every hundred are scurrying homewards or cellarwards with full or empty glasses in either hand. Beer is the alpha and omega of the Bavarian's existence, for, although I cannot swear to the fact, I have little doubt that he is weaned on it, and that his sorrowing relatives administer a *bock* prior to his last journey. "How many *schoppen* do you consider an evening's fair allowance?" I asked a waiter at the *Englisches café*, who regarded my limited beer-holding capacity with evident commiseration. "Six," he answered; "but double that number is nothing out of the common."

The Bavarians are a beer-drinking and not particularly polished race. If hat-lifting be not the criterion of politeness, I should call them rude. I write feelingly.

Of the numerous misdemeanours laid to the charge of my fellow-countrymen, there is one to which I can conscientiously plead not guilty—lack of respect to officials. If I err, it is on the side of over-politeness; for, once across the Channel, I address no one without touching or lifting my hat. Great, then, was my astonishment when, on replacing it in the presence of an under-clerk, I was peremptorily told, "Take off your hat in the office," the office being a shed on the draughty railway platform. Instead of engaging in a war of words, as is our stupid habit, I curtly answered, "With your permission, honoured sir, I will walk up and down until you have signed the invoice;" and did so. It was the first time such an insult had been offered me, and it was the last. Thenceforth all

Digitized by Google

transactions with German officials were conducted, when possible, by deputy. To my paid commissionaire they might be as surly and overbearing as they pleased. Hat-doffing in every place, and to every person, being the custom, it is not improbable that employés and others regard the non-removal of the head-covering in the light of an intentional insult. But to apprise the outside barbarian of his error it is unnecessary that they should be gross. A polite hint that it was customary to keep the head uncovered in their august presence would be far more effective than a peremptory order to remove the object of their aversion.

Munich, like Washington, is "a city of magnificent distances," and magnificent distances are, in street perspective, the reverse of cheerful. Anything more dreary and desolate than the snow-enshrouded Ludwig Strasse it would be impossible to imagine. Pennsylvania Avenue at Washington in winter is bright and animated by comparison. After a day or two, the city's broad thoroughfares have a depressing effect on the ordinary mortal, as have likewise the public buildings with which they have been adorned. So numerous are they, and so severely classical, that one cannot help regarding them in the light of architectural models placed there solely for the improvement of the national taste, and is surprised not to see some German Ruskin perched, *à la* Paul at Athens, on the steps of a Greco-Bavarian temple, lecturing the populace on the stone and mortar decadence of the age.

Munich is altogether too æsthetic to permit me feeling entirely at my ease, and it is likewise too

Digitized by Google

overpoweringly military. When I behold the flat-capped, blue-coated, bespectacled officers strutting, stiff as ramrods, along the side walks, and saluting at every step, I mechanically straighten my shoulders, carry stick, and fall into the regulation step of thirty-two inches.

Our first stopping-place, Freising, twenty miles from Munich, is a town of the old Bavarian type, with enormous roofs and gables, as at Nuremberg, but of less elevation. Our second stage to Siegenburg being longer (thirty miles), we baited at Au. The peasantry of the district have retained the national costume, which at no distant date will be numbered amongst things that were. The men were attired in high boots, breeches, and coat and vest of blue cloth, with a profusion of silver buttons; the women in short woollen petticoats and embroidered bodice, with leg-of-mutton sleeves. It was a holiday, and under the trees of the inn garden the men of the village were drinking their beer and smoking their huge china pipes with Teutonic placidity. I say *men* of the village advisedly, for not a single woman was there amongst them. The landlady informed us that it was only when partners for the mazy dance were in requisition that the ladies were summoned and invited to have a glass of beer. Women must work that men may drink and smoke, is a maxim of the Bavarian rustic; the emancipation of the sex would not suit his book in any way. Were Louise Michel to deliver a lecture upon "woman's rights" at Au, she would receive rough treatment at the hands of the male portion of her audience, and small support from the female; for the Bavarian peasant

Digitized by Google

woman has been taught to regard man as her master, and the thought of disputing his authority never enters her head. The women work, and so do the cows, the heavier labours of the farm being gallantly ceded them. "Different countries different ways." In America cow-working is considered a crime by the sovereign people. In a backwoods settlement where I chanced to be staying, a German, who had in an evil hour hitched a heifer to his wood-sled, was within an ace of losing his life for his pains. So wrath was his New England wife at the indignity offered to her sex, that she locked him out, and, the frost being intense and the barn draughty, he caught a pleurisy from which he had not recovered when I left.

A short distance from Saal we left the Ratisbon road, and took that leading to Kelheim, where is situated one of King Lewis I.'s classical edifices—the Befreiungshalle, or Hall of Liberation. It stands on the Michaelsberg, a wooded hill at the junction of the Danube and the Altmühl, and is approached from Kelheim by a steep road running zig-zag up the eastern slope. Externally, the pile resembles an enlarged replica in marble of a bride-cake, the design being that of the sugar-baker rather than of the architect; interiorly, it is artistic and imposing. The atrium, one hundred and five feet in diameter and seventy in height, is dome-shaped, and lighted from above. Seventy-two granite columns, twenty feet in height, with bases and capitals of white marble, support a gallery, and form a portico, in front of which are ranged thirty-four "Victories," by Schwanthaler. Between these statues are seventeen bronze shields, made of the metal of captured French

Digitized by Google

guns, whilst above the arcade, on tablets of white marble, are inscribed the names of German generals and captured fortresses. Although the dome is richly fretted, portico and pavement entirely of coloured marble, the general effect is pleasing to the eye. The hall is bright, but not glaring; everything is in perfect harmony and good taste. A narrow staircase leads to the outer gallery, whence there is a fine view over the wooded valley of the Danube, which here flows between lofty cliffs of fantastic shape, and is, for a short distance, quite as picturesque as in any portion of its course from Black Forest to Black Sea.

The stage between Kelheim and Ratisbon is a short one, but, the road being hilly, we halted to bait at Abbach, a village possessing a sulphur spring of small therapeutic celebrity, but, to judge by the number of titled personages at the *table d'hôte*, most aristocratically frequented. It was, "Frau Gräfinn, have you done this?" "Herr Baron, have you seen that?" up and down the double line. The fare was as coarse as the company was fine—this the *menu:* cabbage soup, bouilli with sliced horse-radish, tongue, *sauer gesotten* (cooked in vinegar), French beans soused in an indescribable sauce, ham with *purée* of peas, rice-pudding. To our taste the cooking was vile, but so very moderate was the bill that we had no right to grumble, the charge for dinner, four glasses of beer, five cigars, and two cups of coffee, being four marks and twenty pfennige.

It was not our first visit to Ratisbon, and we had seen the Walhalla; but that we might compare the *chef d'œuvre* of the architect Klenze with that of his rival Gärtner—the Befreiungshalle, whilst that

Digitized by Google

edifice was still fresh in our memory, we determined to pass a night at Donaustauf. A more minute inspection of the Walhalla strengthened the opinion we had already formed of the respective merits of the two great Bavarian temples. Externally, the Walhalla is by far the finer building of the two; but as it is almost an exact copy of the Parthenon at Athens, Klenze can hardly be called the designer. Interiorly it is not to be compared with the Befreiungshalle. The aspect of the hall is grand, but not pleasing; the light is not sufficiently subdued; walls and ceiling are over-decorated, whilst the conglomeration of pictured warrior virgins, busts of German celebrities, "Victories" in Carrara marble, and friezes representing the history of the German race down to the introduction of Christianity, is not only incongruous, but distasteful. As to the beauty of their respective sites, there can be no two opinions —the Michaelsberg is by far the finer of the two.

At Ratisbon we put up at the Goldenes Kreutz, one of the oldest hotels in Germany. Our bedroom, in which many personages famous in story had slept (during the diet of 1546, the Emperor Charles V. and his son Don John of Austria, who was born there), was the largest and best furnished we had occupied thus far on our travels.

Schwandorf was our next stage. The distance thence to Weiden, although only twenty-four miles by the map, is thirty-four by the road, and a bad road at that. If you see a hill, go over it; if a marsh, go through it; if a plain, go round it, would appear to be the Bavarian engineer's rule for road-construction hereabouts. When we reached Lühe,

Digitized by Google

five miles from our destination, the mare had had enough, and, notwithstanding the uninviting aspect of the village, I decided to halt. The inn (Ox) was worthy of it, and the landlord of the sign he had chosen, bovine to the last degree. He stubbornly refused to minister to our wants in any way, and we were obliged for the first time to rough it. We supped as best we could, played cards until midnight, and then, with chairs, carriage-cushions, travelling-bags, rugs, and wraps, rigged up a couple of couches, which were not uncomfortable. But for the watchman we should have slept. Every half-hour he halted in front of our windows, proclaimed the hour of the night and the state of the weather, and wound up by singing a short hymn, which would have sounded sweeter had we been less tired. And so the night wore away.

No sooner does the Bavarian village watchman cease his melancholy chant than the horn of the "swine-general" rouses each goodwife from her slumbers; sty-doors are hurriedly thrown open, and the pigs come rushing down the street to announce their presence by a grunt, and so escape the castigation inflicted upon laggards. The pigs departed, the cow-generaless makes her appearance on the scene, summons her charges by ring of bell, and drives them off to pasture. Then comes the turn of the goose-girl, whose squad is the largest of the three—two or three hundred strong if the village be of any importance; for in the estimation of the people goose-flesh ranks next to swine-flesh, and is salted and smoked in the same manner. The domestic animals in this part of Germany would horrify an English farmer.

Digitized by Google

The cows were the smallest I had seen out of Brittany, and the swine gaunt, razor-backed, long-legged, brown-bristled monsters such as Gurth may have herded. The sight of them was well-nigh sufficient to make me forswear pork thenceforth and for ever.

At close of day swine-general, cow-generaless, and goose-girl return to the village with their forces, the word to break off is given, and grunting, bellowing, hissing, away they all hurry home.

At Schönficht, twelve miles further on, an opportunity was afforded us of observing the beer-drinking capability of a Bavarian, the landlord of the "Post" absorbing, during a two hours' chat, no less than six schoppen (five English pints). Although a comparatively young man, he was of Falstaffian girth, and, Marienbad being only twenty-four miles distant, I inquired if he had tried its anti-fat brunnen. Marienbad forsooth! He held mineral water and water of every description in contempt; liked to know what he was drinking, and, being his own brewer, had no misgiving as to the purity of his tap. What benefit we could possibly hope to derive from a course of Marienbad water he could not imagine. We did not appear to be rheumatic, gouty, or bilious; were not over-stout, had good appetites. Whatever our complaint, a course of beer would, he was certain, prove more beneficial than all the mineral waters in Christendom. Long live Gambrinus! (King Barley-corn), and he tells the girl to bring him another glass.

A *bier-kur* at the "Post" would not be ruinous, sound lager beer being only ten pfennige the glass,

Digitized by Google

or five farthings the pint, half the price that it is at Munich, where I thought it cheap. If at ten pfennige the schoppen a profit can be made, the brewer who sells his beer at eighteen pfennige must be coining money. It was out of the fulness of his heart that King Ludwig exclaimed, "I likewise am brewer."

The landlord of the "Post" at Tirschenreuth, eight miles from Schönficht, was a burly and eke a fortunate man, for on his chimney-stack a pair of storks had built their nest, and, as every one is aware, storks on the housetop bring good luck to the inmates. The birds arrived towards the end of March, and departed on the approach of cold weather. Did they fail to make their appearance in the spring, Herr Jäger would imagine that some dire misfortune was about to befall him; and he would cause to be punished with the utmost rigour of the law the wretch who should disturb or molest them.

The direct road to Marienbad (twenty miles) lies through Mähring; but as the carriage required varnishing, I took the longer one *viâ* Eger. As Bohemia is neared, the country becomes less and less cultivated, the villages are dirtier and dirtier. Waldsassen, four miles from the Austrian frontier, is the single exception to the rule; it is as clean and trim as its neighbours are foul and neglected, for its suppressed Cistercian Abbey had recently been purchased for educational purposes by a sisterhood, and village and villagers were under strictest ecclesiastic control. The inn Zur Kloster, likewise the property of the nuns, was kept in apple-pie order, and its table was of the best, the *delicatessen*, which

Digitized by Google

we praised, having been confectioned in the convent kitchen.

The Austrian custom-house officers at the Bohemian frontier were quite as civil as at the Italian. They asked us, for form's sake, whether we had anything liable to duty, and let us pass on. Another hour and we were at Eger, distant from Munich 185 miles. Deducting the two days passed at Kelheim and Donaustauf, we had been seven days on the road, giving an average of twenty-six miles per diem. The hotel charges had been surprisingly moderate (we had imbibed the national and royal beverage), averaging sixteen marks a day, mare included. On two occasions we had recourse to the luncheon-basket for our mid-day meal; but, Lühe excepted, the food had been good, the rooms clean, and the beds comfortable.

We remained five days at Eger, and left it without regret. It is a dreary old town, and, owing to the combustion of lignite, a smutty one—so smutty that, to avoid injury to his furniture, the landlord of the Kronprinz Rudolph requested us to keep our windows closed. Presuming Eger to have been as dull in the seventeenth century as in the nineteenth, Wallenstein must have felt grateful to Devreux for despatching him; better to die by the hand of an assassin than of *ennui*.

An ornamental park encircled by pine-clad hills, a long line of houses of the usual watering-place elevation—the Kaisserstrasse, a dozen shorter streets running at right angles, some hundred houses scattered promiscuously along the hillsides, a promenade with cupola-covered brunnen at either end, two bath-

Digitized by Google

houses, a modern church, a town-hall, a theatre—such is the aspect of Marienbad as viewed from an elevation.

At the commencement of the present century the site of the ornamental grounds was a morass, the adjacent country a howling wilderness, the spring being marked by a wooden cross, and named therefrom the Kreutzbrunnen. It was not until 1818 that a rotunda with lateral porticoes was built over the spring, an oaken reservoir with "Tober" elevator constructed, and Marienbad raised to watering-place rank by the writings of Drs. Nehr and Heidler. Since then its progress has been continuous; year after year the number of visitors has kept on increasing, and at such a rate that during the season's height it is difficult to find accommodation. One of the most idyllic of German watering-places is Marienbad; best of all springs is, in my estimation, the Kreutzbrunnen; for, although I suffer from no organic disease, its waters have, by reducing my superfluous flesh, made me feel sprightlier and younger.

After a little hunting we found an apartment to suit us, and lost no time in commencing our "cure." The following morning we were on the promenade in time to hear the "choral," which the band plays every morning on the stroke of six. Our first procedure was to get weighed at one of the numerous shops where the words "Hier wird man obgewogen" notify the public that scales are kept within. Our respective weights were recorded on dockets, having on one side an engraving of a fat man grasping a well-filled purse, and on the other the same

Digitized by Google

individual, very considerably attenuated, holding out an empty one, whilst beneath them respectively were the words, *ankommen*, *abreise* ("arrival," "departure"). That the visitor's purse decreases as rapidly as the bulk of his person is a standing joke with the Marienbaders. Although dearer than the generality of German watering-places, Marienbad is not so very dear after all. It is certainly not the Englishman accustomed to the extortionate hotel charges of his own country who has a right to complain. For a large bedroom at the Versendungshaus, overlooking the promenade, we paid forty-five florins a week, and our three meals may have averaged eight florins per diem. Would the proprietor of a first-class hotel in a fashionable English resort board a couple for £7 10*s*. weekly? It being the interest of stable-keepers to deter visitors from bringing their own *fuhrwerk*, livery is disproportionately high—three florins a day and one florin the groom; £2 5*s*. weekly.

At Marienbad no one under 300 lbs. is considered a heavy weight, or entitled to adipose honours. An Englishman (400 lbs.) was the fattest, the daughter of a Pilsen publican (365 lbs.) being second. Their photos were exhibited side by side in the print-shop windows, the gentleman seated, the lady standing with a glass of champagne poised on her ample bosom. Although the plethoric are more numerous than at other spas, theirs is not the strongest contingent; for it is not alone for their anti-fat properties that the Marienbad waters are in repute, but likewise for their efficacy in intestinal and bilious disorders. I say disorders, for Marienbad is not a

Digitized by Google

"last chance" resort. The waters, being cold, are comparatively mild in their action, and people take them, not because they are seriously ill, but because they desire to feel better. When the disorder has become a disease, doctors prescribe the hot waters of Carlsbad.

Society at Marienbad is of the kind commonly described as "mixed," the trading element predominating. Viewed from the steps of the Kreutzbrunnen, the patients do not present a very aristocratic appearance; and yet there must be a considerable number of the *Hochgeborne* amongst them, for in the *Kur-list* figured the names of some two hundred titled personages, ranging from Serene Highness to Freiherr, or Baron, and a host of Government officials of the first class. So minutely is the social status of each visitor set forth in the same *Kur-list*, that it is easy for any one conversant with the German language to separate the sheep from the goats, the aristos from the plebeians. Out of the numerous prefixes I selected four: *Oberlandgerichtsrathswittwe* ("Counsellor of the Provincial Court's widow"), *Realgymnasiumlehrersgattin* ("Royal gymnasium teacher's wife"), *Schuhmachermeistersgattin* ("Master shoemaker's wife"), *Erziehungsanstaltsvorsteherin* ("Educational establishment directress"). Were I to have addressed the last-named lady by her title, as is the custom in Germany, lockjaw would assuredly have ensued. Of the water-drinkers, one-fourth are of the Hebrew persuasion. By their long gabardines and their greasiness the Polish Jews are easily recognizable, and by their sallow complexions and hooked noses, their brethren

Digitized by Google

of Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort, and other cities where they most do congregate; their womenkind, by the silken wigs they wear, and the profusion of jewellery they carry about them. The English come late in the season—July and August—as do likewise the more distinguished of the visitors. We could perceive no change in the place or the people; the aspect of the promenade was precisely the same as on the morning of our departure two years previously.

Slowly advancing in double file Kreutzbrunnenwards to have their glasses filled were the *bad-gäste*, aristocratic and plebeian, fat and lean, washed and unwashed, and, that effected, reappearing at the gate of exit sipping their dose with more or less relish. A short distance from the building, preparing his camera for action, stood the artist, who on every fine morning photographs *en groupe* and gratis the general public, in the hope that those whose features come out well or not too atrociously may be induced to purchase a copy for their friends at home. Through a door to the right people kept hurrying into the portico, or gallery, which serves as a promenade in wet weather, and along one side of which are the cabinets, and on the other the stalls of the florists, who through the open windows vend their high-priced flowers to the gallants having lady friends. At the shops and booths along the promenade the new arrivals were purchasing drinking-glasses or getting weighed, and the old ones examining for the hundredth time the objects exposed for sale—views of Marienbad and its environs, caricatures of ladies and gentlemen in their

Digitized by Google

mud-baths, photos of distinguished visitors, ditto of the twenty-six doctors; Bohemian lace, Bohemian glass, Bohemian garnet ornaments; chamois-leather sheets and pillow-cases, and the usual assortment of watering-place knick-knacks. Late risers were hastening to the spring, early ones to their *cafés*, whilst those who were neither late nor early were passing the hour which must intervene between the last glass of water and breakfast by walking briskly in the pine woods, or in sauntering up and down the promenade if indisposed for bodily exertion.

Being early birds, by eight o'clock our time was up, and we took the old familiar road through the woods to the Café Panorama. In fine weather the favourite *café* for breakfast, as likewise for dinner, is the Bellevue—"Pell-foo" they pronounce it—which is situated in the valley about a mile from the town. The Germans are a gregarious race; they like company (*gesellschaft*), and at the Pell-foo they have it to their hearts' content. So crowded is it at meal-times that it is difficult to obtain a seat. For breakfast we much preferred the Panorama; it is less noisy, and, being built on an eminence and surrounded by pine woods, the air is purer and more fragrant. At Marienbad the coffee is super-excellent, as also the bread; but they were both taboo, or nearly so. By doctor's ordinance, we were restricted to *Kaffee verkehrt*, *i.e.* more milk than coffee, and three *stangl*—sticks of crisp bread, weighing perhaps an ounce, just sufficient to make us crave for more. By sipping our coffee and nibbling our *stangl*, we endeavoured to make-believe that we were breakfasting; and when our cups had been drained to the

Digitized by Google

very last drop, and every crumb had been religiously picked up and swallowed, we started on our grand round, a walk of four miles, moderate exercise being highly beneficial, if not indispensable to the *kur*.

1 p.m., the dinner-hour, came at last, and, ravenous as wolves, we hastened across the park to the Kaiserstrasse, where are the principal restaurants. The mare being *en pension* at the Hôtel Neptune, and the restaurant attached thereto one of the best, we patronized it during our stay. Dinner over, we drove through Prince Metternich's park to Königswart, and on our return hied us to the Promenade, where the band plays from six to seven. At half-past seven we had our frugal supper (soup, steak, and compote), and by ten we were in bed. Such, briefly told, was our daily life at Marienbad, and that of the majority of *Bad-gäste* at German spas.

We decided to make our *Nach-kur* ("after-cure") at Schluchsee, in the Black Forest, three hundred miles distant, and we hoped to cover the distance in a fortnight. Our first stage to Tirschenreuth being only twenty miles, we made a late start. A short distance from the town we overtook a van or "green-box," such as Victor Hugo describes in "L'Homme qui rit," but drawn by cows instead of horses. The idea of combining the locomotive with the commissariat department, of making the motive-power a food-producing one likewise, we thought very practical. The problem, "How to live upon sixpence a day," had, we agreed, been solved. Our friend of the green-box had devised a plan by which it was possible to travel upon next to nothing a year.

We lunched *al fresco* in a pine wood halfway

Digitized by Google

between Marienbad and Tirschenreuth. The mare was by nature of a rather fidgety temperament, but by degrees I taught her to subdue her impatience, and to stand still when desired. On a journey such as we had undertaken, it is of the highest importance to have a horse that will stand quiet without being either held or haltered, and eat its oats from a nose-bag; for halfway inns are not always to be found, and one often feels disposed to pull up in some shady spot and take a cup of tea or other refreshment. To us it was a matter of indifference whether there was a halfway inn or not. I carried a feed of oats in the nose-bag, and could always, with my spirit-lamp, fry a rasher of bacon or make a cup of broth or tea. In fine weather we preferred to lunch by the roadside; it reminded us of old times, when we "camped out" in the American backwoods.

First day, Tirschenreuth; second, Weiden; third, Sulzbach, through a wooded, uninteresting, sparsely populated country. The fourth day, Sulzbach to Nuremberg (thirty-five miles), was a heavy one for the mare. As far as Pommelsbrunn (fourteen miles) the road lies through a hilly district, and thence to Hersbruck down the broad and fertile valley of the Pegnitz. The inn at the latter place is particularly good. I was half inclined to halt for the night, and my wife was wholly so. She argued that thirty-five miles of hilly road was too much for the mare; that, there being an exhibition at Nuremberg, the hotels would be crammed; that, whether or no, it were wiser to arrive in the morning than at night; and, lastly, that as we were not bound under forfeiture to reach the Schluchsee by a certain date, a day

Digitized by Google

more or less on the journey was of no importance. I admitted the soundness of the reasoning, but did not follow her advice. At 8 p.m. I put to and drove on to Nuremberg.

It was a lovely evening. The road, which follows the course of the Pegnitz, was in first-rate order and not very hilly. Zorah trotted along briskly, and by dusk we were inside the city walls. I drove to the Goldner Adler and boldly demanded a good double bedroom and stabling. The landlord smiled. He was not quite certain, but thought it likely that a small room at the top of the house would be vacated in an hour or two. If we liked to remain on the chance, we were at liberty to do so. He had no stabling. Could he direct me to a livery stable? He could not. I drove to the Bayerischer Hof—neither room nor stabling; to the Wurtemberger Hof—same answer; and so on, with like result, to every hotel mentioned in Bædeker. As the church clocks struck half-past ten, we found ourselves at the Frauenthor, and no nearer to obtaining accommodation than when we drove through it two hours previously. In another half-hour every inn would be closed, and we should be obliged to pass the night in the streets, or in some retired spot outside the walls. What to do? Whilst we were deliberating, a porter appeared, and I asked him if he knew an inn where there was stabling. He did. If we stopped a moment, he would run and inquire whether there was a stall vacant. In five minutes he returned with the joyful intelligence that I could be accommodated at the Herzog Max in the Konigstrasse hard by. It was a third-class inn, little better than

Digitized by Google

a pot-house, but we were no longer particular—"any port in a storm." So impatient was I to get away from Nuremberg and the Herzog Max, that it was under protest I accorded my wife sufficient time to pay a flying visit to the Exhibition, which was national and disappointing. Before midday we were on the road, and by dusk were comfortably housed at the Blauen Stern at Ansbach.

Throughout Southern Germany and Austria birds are cherished, miniature houses with the word *Logis* ("apartments") being frequently placed in the trees for their accommodation. At the Blauen Stern the swallows were free of the house; the windows were left open to their intent; they had built their nests in the corridor, and kept flying in and out all day.

From Ansbach we made an excursion to Rothenburg, a mediæval town, which, in that it has no modern accessories, no factories, no progressiveness, is far more interesting than Nuremberg.

Aalen, Dinkelsbühl, Gmünd.—Picturesque old towns of the empire, with the quaintest of inns. At Waldhausen, eight miles from Gmünd, we saw the first vines; and at Schondorf a carafe of red or white wine was placed before each guest at table. Gambrinus, adieu! Hail, Bacchus!

Stuttgart.—In eight days and a half the mare had covered 233 miles of hilly road, and completed two-thirds of her journey. She was none the worse for it; the oats she consumed was a caution to grist-mills.

Surrounded by vine-clad hills, most picturesque of German capitals is Stuttgart, and, for a short sojourn in spring or autumn, one of the pleasantest—

Digitized by Google

infinitely preferable, in my opinion, to Munich. The city is less pretentious, the people are more polite, and although the climate be one of extremes, it is less variable than that of the Bavarian capital. It has the advantage of possessing one of the best and most reasonable hotels on the Continent—Marquardt's.

On the evening of the fourth day we continued our journey. I started with the intention of sleeping at Tübingen on the Neckar, but a stupid carman (the Böblingers have the reputation of being the most idiotic people in all Germany) misdirected me, and when I discovered the error it was too late to turn back. As the road we had taken strikes the Neckar at Horb, the mistake was of no consequence. We passed the night at Böblingen instead of at Tübingen, lost a pretty bit of scenery, but saved ten miles.

Horb.—For the next forty-five miles the road follows the course of the Neckar, which has its source at Schwenningen, on the Baden frontier. The Upper Neckar Valley is pretty and verdant, but much less picturesque than that of the Lower, between Heilbron and Heidelberg.

Rottweil — Donaueschingen. — The residence of Prince Furstenberg, in whose park is the accredited, but not the true, source of the Danube.

A short distance from Donaueschingen we re-sighted the Alps. On the evening of the fifth day I pulled up at the Stern at Schluchsee, and another long stretch of our journey was satisfactorily completed. Deducting the four days' halt at Stuttgart, we had been fourteen days on the road—precisely

Digitized by Google

what I had calculated; but the distance proved considerably greater—364 miles instead of 300. Our expenses (Hôtel Marquardt included) had been 369 marks, or a fraction over twenty marks a day. We found the inns in Wurtemberg clean and good, but in the smaller towns the charges were twenty per cent. higher than in Bavaria.

The village of Schluchsee stands at an altitude of 2900 feet, and is one of the best "air-cure" stations in the Black Forest. The guests at the Stern were mostly Government employés with their families, and they seemed thoroughly to enjoy their holiday. Immediately after breakfast they formed into bands, and started off, some for the woods, some for the lake, in which there is good pike-fishing. They returned for dinner, and, after an hour's rest, were off again on the "rampage," and did not reappear until sunset. Having a horse and trap, we were able to extend our explorations, and to visit every point of interest for twenty miles around.

During July and August I much prefer the Black Forest to Switzerland, for the country is not overrun with tourists; there are few Cookites, and the very objectionable "'Arry" is seldom seen. Our *nachkur* at Schluchsee lasted four weeks. On the 16th of August we started for Baden-Baden, where we purposed to halt until the time arrived for our return journey to the sunny south. The weather was fine, and we had a delightful drive through the Höllenthal, the most picturesque gorge of the Black Forest, to Freiburg im Breisgau; and at Freiburg our journey in a northerly direction abruptly terminated. The rain it rained every day, certainly two days out of

Digitized by Google

every three, and for eight weeks we were weather-bound.

Freiburg is one of those clean, cheerful, habitable cities of which there are so many in Germany and England, and so few in France. "Paris is France, and France is Paris." Never was there a truer saying. French provincial towns are dull as ditch-water; those of Southern France, Pau, Cannes, Nice, Menton, etc., are winter cities, not residential; whilst those on the Channel, St. Malo, Dinan, Dieppe, Boulogne, are in every respect inferior to the towns on the English south coast. Their sole attractions would seem to be, the presence of resident chaplains, the existence of lawn-tennis clubs, and the society of people in embarrassed circumstances.

On the 11th of October the barometer stood at "Fair," and we started for Geneva. The road Balewards lies through the Markgräfler district, the most wine-producing of Baden. For miles the hills to the left of the road overlooking the broad valley of the Rhine are covered with vines to their summits, and in favourable seasons the yield of wine is immense; and right good it is when one knows where to look for it, as "Zu Mulheim a der 'Post.'"

The second day of our journey began auspiciously and ended badly. All went well as far as Emmendingen, but a mile beyond that village we were overtaken by a thunderstorm worthy of the tropics. The lightning was dazzling, the thunder-peals were deafening, the wind hissed, the rain came down in torrents; a catastrophe was imminent. But the mare, though frightened, behaved like an angel; she neither shied

Digitized by Google

nor bolted, and we reached Bale safely, but in a saturated and thoroughly demoralized condition.

A short distance beyond Laufen, our third stage, we entered the defiles of the Jura, and had a most enjoyable drive to Moutier. The gorges through which the road winds are very picturesque; and so vivid were the autumnal tints, so gorgeous the hue of forest and mountain-side, that, but for the absence of the scarlet of the maple, we might have imagined ourselves in Canada or the Northern States. Between Moutier and Sonceboz the road is extremely hilly, and the last ascent was the steepest we had encountered since the Achen Pass. Beyond Sonceboz the mountains close in; six miles from Bienne we entered the last gorge of the Jura. We emerged therefrom just in time to see the sun setting in a cloudless sky; and from the plateau above Bienne had a superb view of the lake, the southern slopes of the Jura, and the snow-capped peaks of the Bernese Oberland.

Bienne—Neuchâtel.—The road which skirts the lakes presented a very animated appearance, the vintage being in full swing. "Neuchâtel" is the best Swiss red wine, and "Cortaillod" its most esteemed *cru*.

La Sarraz—Aubonne.—The afternoon of the tenth day we arrived at Geneva.

Geneva and its lake have been so panegyrized by poets, and men and women of letters of all nationalities—Byron, Rogers, Voltaire, Rousseau, Goëthe, Madame de Staël, *e tutti quanti*, that nothing save its betterments has been left to laud. The thirty million francs bequeathed to the city by the late

Digitized by Google

unlamented Duke of Brunswick, or a portion thereof —for a stiff percentage was, as the lawyers say, "paid into court and accounted for according to custom"—enabled its *patres conscripti* to extend and beautify it. Having the immense motive-power of the Rhone at command to generate electricity, it is the *Ville Electrique par excellence*; and with its schools and institutes of all categories, it is likewise a *Ville Lumière* of the very first class. Its drinking-water is unsurpassed for purity; its drainage perfect. The markets are well supplied; the cost of living (foreigners pay no taxes) is not exorbitant. But for its scourge, the "Bise" (north wind), Geneva would be one of the pleasantest cities in Europe.

The autumn was far advanced (November 30) when we left Geneva *en route* for Pau. At the French frontier, Bellegarde, I had my first unpleasantness with custom-house officials.

"Open your valises." I did so. "A pack of cards"! They were contraband. I was unaware of the fact; let them be confiscated.

I would have to pay duty on the horse and carriage. On the horse, but not on the carriage. It was French. I would take off a wheel and show the name of the maker on the axle.

A name on the axle proved nothing; it was easy to stamp it. Not very; but I had the coach-builder's receipt; would that suffice?

It would not. Receipts might be used, often were, as a blind.

Serviteur. Not one word more. If *Monsieur l'inspecteur* would kindly give me a six months' permit for horse and carriage, I would be happy to

Digitized by Google

pay the dues. And here I may observe, that, so far as Governmental officials are concerned, French politeness is not remarkable.

From Bellegarde to Aix-les-Bains, our second stage, is a lovely drive, especially along the shore of the Lac de Bourget. Passing Chambéry without stopping, we diverged from the Mont Cenis road at Montmélian, and passed the third night at Tencin, a small village with a *château* whose *châtelaine* was desperately *intriguée* to discover what had brought us to such an out-of-the-way place, having so poor accommodation. She drove past the inn half a dozen times, and, with her *face à main*, tried hard to get a good sight of us. Disappointed, she ultimately beckoned the landlord, and was doubtless greatly relieved to hear that we were inoffensive English travellers having no designs on her valuables.

Grenoble—Saint Marcellan.—A fine drive down the valley of the Isère, with nothing noteworthy, if it be not the magnificent walnut-trees as the Rhone is approached.

Valence.—A famous wine district. Oh, what a falling off was there, my countrymen! The phylloxera had ravaged the vineyards, and their produce had decreased nine-tenths. Côte-Rôtie, Hermitage, Saint-Peray, Chateauneuf des Papes, names without signification—their cellars devoid of casks. Where prior to 1878 the annual yield of wine was 1000 *pièces* of 200 litres, it was now 100, or even less. The sight of the blackened vines would have made "General" Booth sing Hallelujah, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson skip like a kid for joy. All along our road, vine-roots and branches were burned in lieu of the

Digitized by Google

ordinary firewood. It was pitiable; and despite the exhaustion of the stock of wine remaining from former vintages, the names of the various *crus* would continue to figure on the *cartes* of hotels and restaurants, and people—stupid people—would order and pay for them as before. I wonder if those imbeciles who purchase high-class wines at low-class prices realize the risk of empoisonment they run? Said a traveller in the trade to me, "Fairly good wine, *bourgeois* or *paysan*, may be had at a moderate price, but renowned growths must be paid for, and handsomely, the demand therefor being much greater than the supply. The proprietors of these vineyards and their friends have the first choice; old-established wine merchants and the great restaurateurs and hotel-keepers the second; outsiders the balance, which was seldom worth buying. For the genuineness of brand and label is no guarantee for the quality of the wine. There are good years and bad ones—vintages whose *cuvées* are superexcellent and priceless; others whose tap is hardly fit to drink. The year of vintage is the sole criterion. Unless the cellar be one of renown, say, that of Voisin at Paris, or Roubion at Marseilles, it is wiser and safer to order low-priced wines. They are less frequently adulterated, and if by mischance the liquor should be Borgian, and fatal results ensue, the moribund would have the supreme consolation of reflecting that the potion, though lethal, had been cheap." It is probably by having followed the worthy man's advice that I am still in the land of the living.

Montelimar.—We crossed the Rhone by the

Digitized by Google

ancient Pont St. Esprit, slept at Bagnols, and arrived the following evening at Remoulins, where is one of the grandest and best preserved Roman structures—a viaduct-aqueduct—the Pont de Gard.

Nîmes, the Gallic city of Roman architectural monuments. Montpellier, the city of the *Bise*, to which, by reason of its having a celebrated school of medicine and the most trying climate in France, English doctors were wont at one time to send their professional botches as a "last resource." That specialists should have been unsuccessful in discovering the right climate for consumptives is not by reason of their reluctance to experimentalize with their patients. Bise-"scourged" Montpellier, "steamy" Madeira, "mild" Mentone, "relaxing" Pau, "bracing" Davos, "dusty" Cairo, "Saharan" Biskra, has each in turn been prescribed. Where next? Montpellier has at least one recommendation —a good hotel, the Hôtel Nevet. Unlike the Hôtel du Luxembourg at Nîmes, which is "patronized by English and American travellers," the Hôtel Nevet is frequented by natives of the department, and by commercial gents, who, in France, as elsewhere, insist upon savoury and plenteous fare. *Règle générale.* At hotels patronized by English and American travellers, the "sanitary arrangements" are up to date, the *cuisine* is retrogressive; at those frequented by *commis voyageurs*, the sanitary arrangements are antiquated, but the food is excellent and abundant. A *table d'hôte* at which a score of *commis voyageurs* are hard at work is somewhat startling to the novice, almost as much so as was the *coup d'œil* of the dinner-table at Heiden, above the Lake of

Digitized by Google

Constance, where fifty blue-spectacled patients of Professor Gräfe, the world-renowned oculist, were wont to assemble twice daily during the season. With their napkins tucked under their chins, the gentlemen look as though they were waiting to be shaved, and our friend is surprised that Figaro with his razor, brush, and lather should be absent. Taken as a body, French commercial travellers are not objectionable; when courteously addressed, they are responsively polite.

Meze—Beziérs.—Through an uninteresting country to Narbonne. At the Hôtel de la Dorade, we slept inadvertently in the room which "Queen Christina had occupied on her flight from Spain," and were highly charged for that honour. Entry in my note-book, "To avoid henceforth 'historic' chambers."

"What's in a name?" "Narbonne honey" comes from adjacent Spain. "Bayonne hams" are cured at Orthez. "Château Lafite," "Château Margaux," "Château Yquem," "Clos Vougeot"—all the *grands crus* figuring on the wine-lists of most hotels and restaurants, are concocted at Cette.

Carcasonne.—The French "Mediæval city," and very much more interesting than Nuremberg.

Castelnaudary — Villefranche — Toulouse. — The "City of the Troubadours," and of good fare.

Martres—St. Gaudens — Montrejeau. — Scenery diversified and pleasing; the Pyrenees in full sight.

Bagnères-de-Bigorre.—Arriving in a heavy snow-storm, we received the "warmest welcome at our inn," for the season was long over, and the house devoid of guests.

Digitized by Google

The warmth of the welcome accorded to travellers at summer and winter fashionable resorts is regulated, I discovered, by the time of their arrival —early in the season; at the season's height; at the close thereof. Early in the season, before guests have begun to arrive in any great numbers, the welcome is cordial; the landlord is obsequious; good accommodation is at your behest. During the height of the season, your reception is formal; Mr. Landlord is dignified; the rooms assigned to you, to be taken or declined at your option, are on the uppermost story. But at the end of the season your welcome is torrid. You can have your choice of rooms; everything shall be done to make you comfortable; mine host is your most obedient servant to command. And thus it was at Bagnères-de-Bigorre. A blazing wood fire was made in the ladies' drawing-room, the table was drawn close thereto, and an excellent dinner, prepared by the proprietor himself, an *ex-chef* of renown, served us. So pampered were we that, instead of halting a day, as had been our intention, we remained a week.

Tarbes—Pau.—Described in the French guidebooks as the foreigner's "Ville de Sport de prédilection," and in the English as a "Winter resort renowned for the numerous cures which a residence has effected in cases of affections of the chest, heart, larynx, and throat; and as having, in addition to a mild and salubrious climate, the further attractions of fox-hunting, polo-matches, pigeon-shooting matches, horse-races, good clubs, an opera, casino-balls, skating-rink," etc.

That Pau should have its admirers and eulogists,

Digitized by Google

I can perfectly comprehend, for attractions, in addition to those enumerated, it possesses without a doubt. The town itself is picturesquely situated, and the view of the Pyrenees, although marred by the broad shingly bed of the Gave de Pau in the foreground, is fine and extensive. There are good streets, well-kept public gardens, and pleasant walks and drives. For the followers of our divers creeds there are churches and chapels, with resident chaplains. There are doctors, allopathic, homeopathic, and hydropathic, and apothecaries who keep English drugs and compound English prescriptions. There are likewise dépôts for the sale of those English condiments and comestibles, deprived of which the exiled Briton is a discontented and miserable man. Finally, the summer heat, although great in July and August, is not so excessive as to necessitate departure. It is possible to reside at Pau the whole year round; and should the summer be exceptionally hot, a removal to the mountains is not costly—a very great consideration to those having large families and small incomes. Despite these great and varied attractions, instead of wintering there, our stay was of a week's duration. We found the place uncongenial, and the climate altogether too relaxing to suit us. We thought Biarritz might prove more to our liking, and we started.

Orthez — Peyrehorade — Bayonne — Biarritz.—Brought into vogue by the Empress Eugenie, and visited during the bathing season by the *élite* of French and Spanish society, Biarritz has had of late years a *saison d'hiver*. Why it should be so favoured is not easy to discover, as, apart from its good hotel

Digitized by Google

accommodation, and the cheapness (in winter) of apartments, attractions, as a winter residence, it has few, unless make-believe fox-hunting and a golf-link can be so considered. The climate is damp, the site exposed; the environs are not particularly charming. Provisions are as dear as in Paris. To be the owner of a marine villa at Biarritz, and a resident during the hot weather, is one thing; to be in winter the occupant of a cheerless apartment, or a boarder at a two-thirds empty hotel, another.

A week's trial sufficed; we moved on to Saint Jean de Luz. Compared with that Basque fishing village, Biarritz is a veritable paradise, for not one single attraction does it possess that I could discover, and we sojourned there two weary months. The climate is damp and variable, as, owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, it is all along the Atlantic seaboard, and of the storm, stormy. In a south-west gale, the waves make a clean breach over the massive breakwaters at Saint Barbe and Secoa, the rollers come tumbling into the bay, smashing parapet-walls and threatening the houses; the dry sand of the beach is whirled aloft and carried into the roadway; every window has to be protected with solid shutters. To sit on the rocks and watch the waves breaking against them is the great—I may say the only *distraction* of the carriageless visitor. Saint Jean de Luz, having nothing to offer in the shape of amusement, the market being ill supplied, the climate damp, and its winter aspect desolate and dreary, solicits English patronage on the plea that it is a cheap residence, and that there is an Anglican church with resident chaplain. Cheapness and dearness are

Digitized by Google

altogether relative. What may be considered cheap in one country is dear in another; and, compared with other towns in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy —not third-rate, but first-rate—Saint Jean de Luz is dear. When the bathing season is over, and the Spanish visitors have departed, house-rent drops seventy per cent., and the hotel proprietors lower their tariff. From October to June apartments may be hired for a mere song, and pension at an hotel be obtained for seven or eight francs per diem. But people who, for reasons of economy, are willing to pass the winter at a watering-place and the summer in a winter city, can live for less than that amount in far more desirable localities than Saint Jean de Luz. Any one able to pay eight francs a day for board, and is content to live at a pension, need not invert the order of the seasons. For that sum he can live at Hyères during the winter months, and on the Lake of Geneva during the summer, and for five francs per diem at out-of-the-way places in the Vosges or Jura.

How such places as Saint Jean de Luz emerge from their obscurity and get their first start is a mystery to many; it is so to me no longer. It comes about in this way.

Mr. Smith, *Rentier Anglais, avec femme et famille*, scouring the Continent in search of a cheap residence, arrives at the town of Z. Finding the hotel tolerably comfortable, and the charges moderate, he determines to prolong his stay; and, the cost of living being uppermost in his mind, he has, as a matter of course, a chat anent prices with his landlord. Of the English mine host has had little or no personal experience, but he has heard of them—how, despite their wealth,

Digitized by Google

they are ever seeking after cheapness, and endeavouring to procure all the luxuries and enjoyments of this world gratis—and he frames his answers accordingly. Is it a cheap place? Cheapest in the country—meat so much, poultry so much, and the little red wine which pleases monsieur only fifteen sous the litre. The climate? First-rate—cool in summer, warm in winter; no fog, little rainfall. The society? Most distinguished—Marquis This, Count That, Baron So-and-So, and landed gentry innumerable; all of them very friendly. Educational advantages? Great—colleges and schools for both sexes, and professors of the highest class. Sport? Easily attainable. Invitations to join their hunting-parties certain to be sent by the proprietors of the adjacent estates, and good fishing to be had for the asking.

Mr. Smith can hardly conceal his rapture. At last he has found the place of which he is in search, where all the good things of this life are to be had for next to nothing. He hastens to impart the good news to his wife, who, in her turn, is captivated. On the condition that this be done and that altered, and a sensible reduction be made in the terms for pension, they agree to remain for a definite period; and so the ground is broken.

Before long the Smiths begin to feel the want of society. The gentry of the district, instead of making advances, hold aloof; so they write to their friends the Browns, describing their place of residence in glowing colours, and after a time the Browns join them. The Browns in their turn inveigle their friends the Joneses, and the Joneses the Robinsons; a junta is formed, whose members are henceforth regarded,

Digitized by Google

or who regard themselves, as the founders of the colony, to be kootooed, under penalty of social ostracism, by all the junior members thereof.

The junta's first move is to bring the locality into notice, and this is effected by inditing for some newspaper a query respecting the place itself, and deputing one of their number to answer it. So apparently truthful and disinterested are the answers of "Pussie" or "F.O.X.," that, out of the many readers thereof, a few of the less wary are attracted, and make their way to Z——. Our "original little circle" having become by similar manœuvres a tolerably big one, the next procedure is to obtain the services of a chaplain. On the assurance that the presence of a clergyman will double the number of his guests, the landlord of the principal hotel consents to receive the reverend, and his wife if he have one, at half price or gratis. Application is made to the S.P.G. or the C.C.C., and a chaplain is despatched to officiate. Possessed of a chaplain, the new resort may be said to have emerged from its embryo state, and to merit guide-book notice; whilst the further attractions of a chapel and an English M.D. will entitle it to be classed A1 in red on the official register.

Few English colonies on the continent attain the highest rank. By far the greater number get no further than the chaplain; not a few collapse altogether.

Were inquiry made, it would be found that fully ninety per cent. of the English residing on the Continent are abroad for one or other of the following reasons: For economy; for the education of their

Digitized by Google

children; for health's sake; for greater freedom and liberty of action. A little further questioning would elicit the avowal that they, the exiles, are not altogether satisfied with their place of residence; that they have been rather hasty in their selection of an abiding-place; regret that they did not go elsewhere. If at Dresden, Florence would suit them better; if at Florence, Dresden. Should they have established themselves on the Riviera, Pau or Biarritz is the place for them. "Da wo man ist nicht, da ist das gluck" ("They seldom are, but ever to be, blest").

They are abroad for economy.

According to my researches and experiences, it is only in Germany that a saving in household expenses can be effected. In France house-rent and commissariat supplies are dearer than in England. In Switzerland they are about the same. In Italy the comparative cheapness of meat, vegetables, and wine, and the less costliness of servants, are to a great extent counterbalanced by the dearness of groceries and imported articles of every description. It is not by reason of the greater cheapness of the necessaries of life that the English residents in France, Italy, or Switzerland are able to economize, but in that they live more frugally, are not obliged to entertain, and have no longer need to squander their incomes in "keeping up appearances."

Abroad for the education of their children.

In neither Italy nor France are schools suitable for English youth to be found. The curriculum in Italian *seminari* is superficial; no parent in his senses would think of sending his sons to a French *lycée*, or his daughters to a convent or *pensionnat des*

Digitized by Google

demoiselles for their education. Scholastic advantages being the desideratum, the choice of domicile would lie between Germany and Switzerland, where the course of instruction at the public schools or gymnasiums is eminently practical and suited for lads having their own way in life to make. The acquirement of modern languages, instead of being considered a matter of secondary importance, as in English schools, is in those of Germany and Switzerland the *hauptsache*—the essential. In either country pater-familias can have his sons and daughters educated better than at home, and at half the cost.

Abroad for health's sake.

The valetudinarian who resides abroad to escape "our wretched English climate" can have no fixed abode. To avoid exchanging bad for worse, he must shift his quarters with the seasons; for a locality healthful and enjoyable both in summer and winter is not to be found, so far as I am aware, in Europe or out of it.

To avoid fog and drizzle is an easy matter. Not so Mrs. Grundy, for she likewise has crossed the Channel, and in every town where are English colonies is more meddlesome, more inquisitorial, than in her native isle. It is only in the capitals and the larger towns that she can be ignored, and her mandates disregarded.

Utterly weary of Saint Jean de Luz, we crossed the frontier into Spain, and passed the remainder of the winter at San Sebastian. In the bathing season it is a gay place, patronized by royalty and the *fine fleur* of the Spanish nobility; out of it, it is dull—soporific. We thought of continuing our journey

Digitized by Google

southwards as far as Burgos, but the landlord of our hotel gave us such a woeful description of Spanish inns that we relinquished the idea. Having visited Seville, Granada, and Madrid, Spain was not a *terra incognita* to us; but it was so to Zorah. She had at least trodden Spanish soil, and could sport another feather in her travelling hat; for in hot weather she wore a straw one *à la Niçoise*.

Digitized by Google

SECOND YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM SAN SEBASTIAN TO FLORENCE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM SAN SEBASTIAN TO FLORENCE

We left San Sebastian on the 18th of April, and, halting for the night at Saint Jean de Luz, arrived the following evening at Cambo, a picturesquely situated watering-place in the valley of the Nive, and possessing many pretty villas and *cottages-ornés*, owned for the most part by citizens of Bayonne, which is but twelve miles distant. There being good trout-fishing in the river, I determined to remain a couple of days and "wet a fly." I carried a fishing-rod with me and an assortment of flies and spinning-tackle, and when I saw a likely place *en route*, I would pull up and have a cast. In default of notice-boards, I could not be expected to know whether the water was preserved or not, and I therefore followed Hoyle's advice to whist-players, "When in doubt, play trumps," and threw my best fly. On several occasions I was interrupted in my sport, and threatened with fine and confiscation of tackle by the *Herr-fischerei Inspector* or *Garde-Champètre*; but on pleading ignorance, with the tender of a douceur in the shape of a florin or a two-franc piece, I was invariably let off with a caution.

Travelling eastwards from the Atlantic, Cambo is the first of the Pyreneean Baths, of which, between it and the Mediterranean, there are some

Digitized by Google

two hundred, specific in all maladies save "consumption of the purse."

Our first stage from Cambo was Saint Jean Pied de Port, whence a road leads southwards over the Col de Roncevaux to Pemplona, in Spain. We took that to Mauleon and Oleron. We arrived at the latter place at night, and, after seeing the mare fed and bedded down, I went straight to roost. The following morning (Sunday) I was up with the lark, had a cup of coffee, called for my bill, and paid it. It was by far the most reasonable I had been presented with in France, and I made note thereof. Whilst putting to, my wife was interviewed by the landlady, who had been to Mass.

What was our line—silks, lace, perfumery? What was our commerce? For what house did we travel? For none; we were travelling for pleasure. "Travelling for pleasure!" And the stupid waitress had charged us commercial prices! It was too late to rectify the mistake, and we heard her muttering disconsolately, "Ah quel malheur! Ah quel malheur!" until we drove away.

Entry in note-book: "A great saving in hotel bills might be effected by carrying a box of samples—lace or perfumery for choice, as being the most portable."

From Oleron we struck due southwards to Eaux-Bonnes and Urdos, and whilst returning to the former place had our first damage to travelling-gear. A great Pyreneean sheep-dog, insulted probably by Zorah's bedecked sun-bonnet, made a spring at the back seat of the carriage, tore off the apron which covered the luggage, and worried it to pieces in a

Digitized by Google

jiffy. I thought it wiser to leave him his spoil without attempting its recovery.

Laruns.—Eaux-Bonnes and Eaux-Chaudes, six miles apart, are both beautifully situated, and their fine hotels are crowded during the season by people suffering from catarrhal and similar disorders. At Eaux-Bonnes commences the finest mountain road in France, "La Route Thermale" (Eaux-Bonnes to Luchon), seventy miles in length, and rising, at the Col d'Aubisque, to a height of 5600 feet above the sea-level. The scenery along the entire distance is superb, the one drawback being the goitreux and cretins by the wayside. They are almost as numerous as in the Swiss Canton de Valais. At Argelès, a town frequented in winter by English to whom economy is the chief desideratum, we turned off the Route Thermale, and struck northwards to Lourdes.

Digitized by Google

LOURDES

NESTLED at the base of a fortress-crowned rock, which towers lone and majestic in the verdant valley of the Gave de Pau, winsome alike to tourist and pilgrim, to the sceptic and the devout, is Lourdes, the Virgin-favoured.

In mediæval times Lourdes was a town of evil repute; its fortress was held by free-lance captains of the Dugald-Dalgetty type, who, now in the name of the counts of Bigorre, now in that of the English, enthralled and despoiled the inhabitants of the surrounding country. In the eighteenth century the citadel, once the key of the Pyrenees, having become, by reason of improved artillery, strategically valueless, was utilized as a state prison, and so continued until the restoration of the Bourbons. Since then it has ranked as a stronghold of the fifth class, with feeble garrison.

Up to 1858, the town of Lourdes ranked still lower than its fortress, and was only known to the travelling public as a post station on the road to the Pyreneean baths. It is now one of the most prosperous towns of Southern France, and attracts more visitors than all the Pyreneean watering-places together; for it possesses a spring which, although neither sulphurous, ferruginous, alkaline, saline, nor chalybeate, is reputed to cure (in conjunction with

Digitized by Google

THE GROTTO OF LOURDES. [*To face p.* 60.

Digitized by Google

THE N...
PUBLIC L...
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Digitized by Google

faith) every infirmity to which mortal man is heir. During the summer months the little town is a scene of a never-ending, still-beginning pilgrimage; but there are red-letter days—days upon which bands of alien pilgrims, marshalled by men of mark in the religious world, arrive by special train to do homage and present an emblazoned banner to Our Lady of Lourdes.

The shades of evening had fallen on the valley of the Gave when we sallied forth from our hotel. The streets were not over-crowded, for it was *entr' acte*—the afternoon devotions were over, the evening procession had not yet commenced. Viewed in perspective, the road to the Sanctuary presented precisely the same aspect as does the road to a fair; it was only upon near approach, and after close inspection of the articles exposed for sale at the shops and stalls on either hand that the devotional character of the tryst became manifest. Spiritual, not carnal, was the merchandise; in lieu of dolls, gimcracks, and gingerbread were images of the Virgin, rosaries, crucifixes, and wax candles. The Gallic vivacity of the dealers seemed in no wise affected by the lugubriousness of their stock-in-trade. Salesmen and saleswomen—the latter more especially—were just as garrulous, just as eager to attract customers as their fair-frequenting congeners in the toy and knick-knack line, and as we proceeded on our way we were assailed by a cross-fire of adjurations to halt and purchase.

"Madame, M'sieu! M'sieu!! M'sieu!!! Buy a rosary—a crucifix—a pilgrim's staff—a water-tin—a statuette of Our Lady of Lourdes—a likeness of

Digitized by Google

Bernadette—the story of the Miracle. Madame! M'sieu!! M'sieu!!!" They cared no more for the sanctity of the locality, nor for the feelings of the devout, than did the money-changers and the dove-sellers in the Temple. The largest emporium for the sale of devotional paraphernalia and *objets de Lourdes*, as likewise a hotel, was owned by an uncle of Bernadette Soubirous, the heroine of the miracle, whilst an adjacent booth was kept by a brother of the departed damsel. The sight of the Soubirous working the oracle for their own individual enrichment was hardly calculated to raise that divinely favoured family in the estimation of the worldly minded and incredulous visitor. That the uncle of the *protégée* and *confidante* of the Queen of Heaven should run a hotel, and her brother keep a shop, seemed incongruous, not to say reprehensible. Vulgar relations are as inimical to the reputation of a saint as are needy ones to the dignity and *locus standi* of the self-made nabob. In permitting the Soubirous to traffic on their own account, and pose as the kinsfolk of the Holy Virgin's special ambassadress to the impenitent and unbelieving, M. Peyramale, the *curé* of Lourdes, to whom the success of the miracle is mainly due, made a great mistake. When he shelved Bernadette, he should have expatriated and pensioned her family, for as with heroes and their *entourage*, so likewise with saints—"too much familiarity breeds contempt."

A spot more suitable for the performance of a miracle than the rocks of Massavielle could not have been chosen. It is close to the town, but not too close; it is eminently picturesque; the murmur of the Gave is soothing to the nerves; the verdure, the

Digitized by Google

freshness, the fragrance of eglantine, fern, and ivy are grateful to the senses. The grotto seems to have been designed by nature for a shrine, and the overhanging rock for the erection of a temple. And by the command of Our Lady, by the intermediacy of a shepherdess, by the unflagging energy of a priest, and last, not least, by the oblations of the faithful, the design of nature has been carried out. The grotto, so lately the retreat of swineherds and fishermen, has become the most venerated shrine in France, and above it stands a church of goodly dimensions. From the river-side we saw them both —the grotto brilliantly illuminated, the superincumbent church looming grey and spectral in the gloaming.

In the year of Grace 1858, a more ignorant little maid than Bernadette, the sickly daughter of Francois Soubirous, day-labourer, was not to be found in the Commune of Lourdes. Put out to nurse at her birth, she had, up to the age of fourteen, continued to reside with her foster-parents, earning her bread the while by shepherding. Schooling she had none; and it was to learn her catechism, and be prepared for her first Communion by the curate coadjutor, that, a fortnight prior to Shrove Thursday, February 11, the date of the Virgin's first apparition, she had returned to her poverty-stricken and apathetic family. On that memorable day in the annals of Lourdes, Madame Soubirous being in want of fuel, Bernadette, a younger sister, and a neighbour's child set off to collect driftwood on the banks of the Gave. The trio had reached the Ile du Châlet, and were about to cross the small stream which runs

Digitized by Google

between it and the Roches Massavielle, when of a sudden Bernadette heard a sound as of rushing wind, and, looking up, beheld standing in a recess at the entrance of the grotto, a lady, so wondrous fair and resplendent that she dropped on her knees in speechless admiration. Bernadette's description of the lady's personal appearance is vague and incomplete. She was of medium height, had blue eyes and regular features, was bewilderingly, enchantingly, indescribably beautiful. The lady's dress made a deeper impression, and she has recorded it with feminine minuteness. The gown, of fabric unknown, but of marvellous fineness and lustre, white as the driven snow; round the waist a sky-blue sash, with ends pendent; on her head and enveloping arms and shoulders, a white veil; feet bare, but with the mystic golden rose on either instep; between her fingers, a chaplet of milk-white beads on golden runner.

The first interview was of brief duration. Bernadette crossed herself and told her beads; the apparition did the same, and, smiling benignly on the maiden, vanished. Nothing abnormal having been seen by the other children, Bernadette's story of the beautiful lady was disbelieved by her parents, who forbade her to revisit the Roches Massavielle. But they speedily revoked that prohibition, and, on the Sunday following, Bernadette, accompanied by a posse of children, and provided with a bottle of holy water, repaired to the grotto, where, after a space, the lady reappeared. This time Bernadette, guided by the advice of her friends and well-wishers, repeated the formula of the exorcist: "If you come

Digitized by Google

on the part of the Most High, approach! If on that of the Evil One, avaunt!" at the same time sprinkling the vision with holy water. Untroubled by the exorcism, undismayed by the sprinkling, the beautiful lady advanced to the verge of the recess, smiled sweetly, passed the beads through her fingers, and faded. The children kneeling at the entrance of the grotto strained their eyes to no purpose—not the ghost of an apparition could they descry, but they accepted Bernadette's account of the proceeding, as did likewise the more devout and excitable of M. Peyramale's congregation. Interviewed by the quidnuncs of the place, Bernadette stood the ordeal without flinching. She told her story of the beautiful lady with infantine candour and parrot-like iteration, and succeeded in convincing a host of rustics, and two ladies, who four days later accompanied her to the grotto. Ere Bernadette had completed the round of her rosary, the lady appeared, and for the first time addressed her handmaiden by word of mouth, and, to be intelligible, in the *patois* of Bigorre. To the request that the ladies might be permitted to approach, she gave a gracious assent, and, upon being asked to write her wishes on a sheet of paper which the elder of the two ladies had brought with her, replied—

"What I have to tell you I have no need to write. Come hither daily for a fortnight."

"I promise," cried Bernadette.

"And I," continued the lady, "promise to make you happy, not in this world, but in the next." Whereupon the heavenly vision faded.

After the third apparition popular excitement

Digitized by Google

rose to fever heat, and an ever-increasing number of enthusiasts followed Bernadette on her daily visits to the grotto; but by command of their superior, M. Peyramale, the clergy held aloof. Until the success of the miracle was assured, that gentleman deemed it prudent to abstain from taking an active part in the proceedings. He watched and waited for that "tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." It set in on the 23rd of the month—the twentieth day from the first apparition. On the 21st there had been a portentous religious demonstration in the streets of Lourdes. Bernadette, the people's Bernadette, the Holy Virgin's Bernedette, had been arrested and conducted before the police magistrate on the charge of imposture. A riot seemed imminent. But this outburst of popular indignation had speedily subsided. Bernadette had proved fully equal to the emergency. She had related her story of the beautiful lady without faltering; had declined to improve it or embellish it in any way; and had avoided the traps laid for her by M. le Commissionaire, who had discharged her with a caution, clairvoyance pure and simple not figuring as an indictable offence in the index to the Code Napoléon. By his unavailing interference, M. Jacomet, the police magistrate, had made the success of the miracle well-nigh a certainty. Having been arrested, tried, reviled, Bernadette posed as a victim, as a martyr, ready to brave the rack and the stake for the faith that was in her. Despite the inhibition of M. Jacomet, the very next day she repaired to the grotto; but the lady, to show her disapproval of wicked and meddlesome civil functionaries,

Digitized by Google

kept out of sight. Great was the consternation and despondency of the believing, and it was in fear and trembling that on the following morning they accompanied Bernadette to the grotto and watched her, taper in one hand and rosary in the other, invoking the beautiful lady. There was a moment of anxious suspense; and then—oh, joy unutterable!—they knew by the transfiguration of the maiden's countenance that the lady had reappeared, and that her displeasure had been but momentary.

"My child," said she, "I have something to confide to you which concerns yourself alone. Will you promise me never to divulge it?" The promise having been given, the lady imparted the secret; and then, without further prelude, struck the keynote of the concerto. "Go to the priests, my daughter, and tell them to build me a chapel on this spot."

Bernadette flew to the manse and demanded M. Peyramale. He received her coldly. If the lady were really the Blessed Virgin, let her cause the wild rose which mantled the grotto to bloom; on seeing the flowers he would obey her. The lady rejected the floral test proposed by M. le Curé, but she confided to Bernadette another important secret, and on the following day, Thursday, February 25, performed a miracle of her own choosing—*the* miracle which was to make Lourdes famous. After imparting to the damsel a third and final secret, she directed her to drink and wash at the fountain, and to eat of the grass that grew thereby. The fountain! What fountain? The nearest water was the Gave, and thither Bernadette directed her steps.

Digitized by Google

"Not there," said the lady; "I did not tell you to drink at the Gave, but at the fountain. It is yonder;" and she pointed with her finger to the right-hand corner of the grotto. Divining the wishes of her monitress, Bernadette scratched away the loose rubble with her hands, and as she scratched the ground became damper and damper, it began to ooze with moisture; water formed at the bottom of the excavation—it mounted, it overflowed. Thick it was and nauseating, but Bernadette swallowed a mouthful, besmeared her face and hands, chewed a spray of saxifrage, and looked upwards for sign of approval. The beautiful lady smiled; the Blessed Virgin ascended. That she was in truth the Holy Virgin the bystanders agreed with one consent. There before their eyes was the water to attest her divinity. From the Roches Massavielle had sprung a Pyreneean Jordan, in which they had only to wash to be clean. Bernadette was voted saint by acclamation. The news of the miracle spread like wild-fire, and by the following morning six thousand people had assembled at the grotto to see the saint and the holy spring, which during the night had increased in volume. The first to try its efficacy as a remedial agent was a quarryman who had lost the use of his right eye, and could not see distinctly with his left. No sooner had he applied the water than the film fell from his eyes, and he saw clearly. Other cures equally miraculous quickly followed; the virtue of the water was noised abroad, and the blind, the halt, and the maimed flocked to the spring to be healed of their infirmities. On March 2, Bernadette paid M. Peyaramale another

Digitized by Google

visit, and solemnly exhorted him to obey the commands of the Holy Virgin and build a chapel in her honour. Since their last meeting the reverend gentleman's doubts had been dispelled—his faith was now as great as her own; he had appended the name of Our Lady of Lourdes to the list of tutelary saints, and invoked her daily in his orisons. But before dabbling in brick and mortar, he must obtain the consent of his superior, the bishop.

A sagacious prelate and a prudent was Bertrand Sévère Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes. He refused to adjudicate off-hand—said he must have time for consideration. It took him close upon three years to study his brief and give judgment. By episcopal mandate, dated January 18, 1862, he pronounced the miraculous apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette Subirous proven; authorized in his diocese the worship of Our Lady of the Grotto of Lourdes; announced the purchase of the Roches Massavielle, and the immediate commencement of a sanctuary; and invited the contributions of the faithful generally, and of the pious souls who had dedicated themselves to the worship of the Immaculate Conception more especially.

On her last appearance, March 25 (Feast of the Annunciation), Our Lady had declared the title by which it was her pleasure to be addressed. To Bernadette's thrice-repeated question, "What is your name?" she had finally answered, "I am the Immaculate Conception."

During the three years which had elapsed since M. Peyramale had placed his brief in the hands of the bishop, much had occurred to heighten the fervour

Digitized by Google

of Mariologists at home and abroad. Miracle had succeeded miracle. No less than 144 cures of the first class had been registered, whilst the number of pilgrims who had been morally benefited by the internal and external use of the water was incalculable, past finding out. The repressive measures essayed by the Sub-Préfet of Lourdes had been approved by his superior, the Préfet of Tarbes, who, with the sanction of the Minister of Public Worship, had issued two decrees.

1. For the sequestration of all votive offerings deposited in the grotto.

2. For the exclusion of the public from that portion of the Communal property known as the Rive Massavielle.

The execution of the first decree evoked a storm of indignation, and brought swift and terrible chastisement upon the two least guilty abettors of the sacrilege. Before the expiration of twenty-four hours, the woman who had hired a horse and cart for the removal of the ex-votos tumbled from a loft and broke a rib, whilst on the feet of the man who had lent his axe for the demolition of the balustrade a heavy beam had fallen. At the Préfet's inhibition the pious snapped their fingers.

Both decrees were annulled by the Emperor. *Regnum Galliæ, Regnum Mariæ*, the Queen of Heaven was his *suzeraine*.

After the discomfiture of the sons of Belial and the removal of the barricades and notice-boards, the tide of religious fanaticism rose apace. The success of the miracle far surpassed M. Peyramale's most sanguine expectations, and when the bishop's building

Digitized by Google

permit was at length placed in his hands, it was no longer a simple chapel that he desiderated, but a basilica—a temple. He tore into fragments the design submitted to him by M. Durand, the architect, and gave him a severe reproof. "The paltriness of the structure which you would have me offer the Holy Mother makes me blush," quoth he. "What we must have to commemorate the great event which has occurred here is, not a village church, but a marble temple, large as the Roches Massavielle can sustain, splendid as your genius can originate. Do your best, Mr. Architect; give us a *chef d'œuvre,* and bear in mind that were you Michael Angelo himself, your handiwork would be utterly unworthy the acceptance of Our Blessed Lady of the Grotto."

"But the cost?" hazarded the architect.

"She who caused water to flow from the arid rock will cause money to flow into our treasury," replied the *curé.* "Go; fear nothing. Why do you waver, Christian of little faith?"

Contributions poured in, as M. Peyramale predicted. In October, 1862, the work was commenced; in May, 1866, the crypt was finished.

With the completion of the sub-structure, Bernadette's mission ended. Serviceable no longer, she was packed off to a convent at Nevers, and there she died.

Under the duumvirate of the Bishop of Tarbes and M. Peyramale, the capstone was placed on the spire of the church, and the Rive Massavielle reclaimed and planted. A monastery was built for the missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, and a

Digitized by Google

spacious nunnery for the "Blue Sisters," whose province it is to entertain lady pilgrims who desire to retire from the world for a season—*faire retraite.* A marble fountain with cups for the use of visitors was erected, and a bath-house for the accommodation of thorough-going pilgrims, who prefer complete immersion to a superficial ablution of face and hands. Lastly, an office for the despatch to all parts of the world—*moyennant finance*—of the holy water, and a shop for the sale of religious tracts and photographs, were opened. Nothing had been left undone to make the pilgrimage attractive and the enterprise profitable. The Fathers of the Immaculate Conception had but one thorn in the flesh—M. Peyramale. To the detriment of *their* grotto, he wished to build a basilica, of which he should have the running. It was an indiscretion on his part which could not be tolerated. He must, like Bernadette, be suppressed. And so they made the poor man's life a burden to him, and he died broken-hearted.

It was the Belgian pilgrimage. The contingent, five hundred strong, had arrived that morning, and its members were about to wind up the day's devotions with a taper-light procession. It was the time to approach, and, by observing the lineaments and the demeanour of the supplicants, to judge whether their faith in the omnipotency of Our Lady of Lourdes was implicit—their piety genuine or assumed.

From a point in the penumbra, a little to the right of the grotto, we enfiladed the compact rows of upturned faces, illumined by the light of wax candles innumerable burning within the sacred precincts.

Digitized by Google

The worshippers were without. That the stones of the grotto should not be carried away piecemeal by pious kleptomaniacs and unscrupulous relic-collectors, it was found necessary to exclude the crowd, and across the entrance a massive grating had been erected. Pilgrims are admitted one by one, and a sharp eye is kept on their movements by the attendant priest.

The body pilgrim seemed to have been told off into companies or squads, each one led by a priest, who was in all probability the vicar or curate of the parish whence it hailed. The rank and file had been recruited from the lower-middle class; but there were non-commissioned officers—*serrefiles*—who belonged to a much higher grade. That one and all were praying in earnest did not admit of a doubt; the eyes of men and women glowed with religious fervour. More than unfeeling is the man who can discover cause for pleasantry in the spectacle; it was impressive and touching in the extreme.

Little was there to provoke mirth in the sight of the poor weeping woman with an idiot child in her arms; still less in the group beside her—a paralytic lad in a bath-chair, drawn by four little girls, his sisters. That the imbecile child would develop intellect was highly improbable; but that the paralytic youth might be benefited, if not completely cured, by his visit was quite within the limits of possibility. The staffs and crutches which we saw suspended in the grotto were not all ecclesiastical properties—priestly frauds. The greater number were incontestibly genuine votive offerings deposited by grateful pilgrims who had been cured of their

Digitized by Google

infirmities. To admit that much, it is not necessary to believe in miracles, nor to subscribe to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic or of any Church. In all human ailments—and in those arising from derangement of the nervous system more especially—faith in one's doctor and in the efficacy of his prescriptions is admitted to be half the cure. The faith of these poor people in their physician, Our Lady of Lourdes, and in her remedy, the water of the miraculous fountain, being boundless, that some amongst them might be healed and others benefited was not in the least surprising. The devout would attribute their recovery to the intercession of Our Lady; rationalists, to the accord of the brain with the nerves, to the potency of the imagination in the cure of disease. Controversialists by profession were the only persons likely to engage in wordy warfare on the subject—to roundly express their opinions. We live in a tolerant age, and people agree to differ.

The short service ended, the worshippers arose from their knees and lighted their tapers, and, led by a stalwart priest with prodigious power of lung, the column slowly ascended the winding path which leads from the grotto to the temple. From her niche in the rock, Our Lady of Loudres, in blue and white, as described by Bernadette, seemed to smile on her votaries as they filed past her. Very thrilling was the chant of the pilgrims, and weird the effect of their tapers serpenting up the steep hillside. "Ave, Maria! Ave, Maria!" Fainter and fainter grew their refrain, and we hastened to witness the conclusion of the ceremonies.

In honour of the pilgrims, the ornamental

Digitized by Google

grounds at the base of the Roches Massavielle had been illuminated, and the lights diffused by the lamps and lanterns sufficed to reveal the outlines of the crowning church and the Calvary on the adjacent hilltop. The church is in the style of the thirteenth century, and in that it has a lower story, a sub-church, resembles that of St. Francis at Assisi. The design is bold, but not graceful; the massiveness of the sub-structure dwarfs the spire.

The pilgrims had entered the church, and were repeating the concluding prayers—uttering the final invocation. To-morrow morning the poorer members of the band would return to Belgium, and if bodily fatigue were accounted unto them for righteousness, would, by the time they arrived there, have deserved their cure. The well-to-do would repose for a while, and, before turning their faces homewards, probably visit the Cirque de Gavernie or other points of interest in the vicinity. Devotees of the easy-going sort are they; prototypes of the historical pilgrim who "boiled his peas before starting."

Decked from end to end with the gorgeous banners brought by pilgrim bands of every nationality, the nave of the church, viewed from the porch, presented an amphitheatrical rather than a claustral appearance. If Our Lady of Lourdes delight in silks and satins, in gold lace and needlework, well pleased must she be with the bedizenment of her sanctuary. Embroidered vestments and wealth within, rags and penury without. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." As in Jerusalem nineteen centuries ago, so at Lourdes to-day; despite the hoards in the treasury of the temple, there are

Digitized by Google

beggars at the gate. Starvelings in the guise of peripatetic vendors of wax candles importuned all passers to buy their wares or give them a copper, whilst posted along the highway were cripples and incurables innumerable, who, in the name of Our Lady of the Grotto, clamoured for alms.

The lamps in the shops and booths having been lighted, more fair-like than ever was the *Via Sacra* of Lourdes. Their prayers ended, their day's work done, the *braves Belges* were gazing open-mouthed at the prints, images, and other incentives to holiness exposed for sale, and selecting therefrom mementoes of their pilgrimage and presents for friends at home. Vendors and purchasers were alike wide awake, and there was more chaffering and higgling over the value of a rosary or a *bénetier* than there would be in Southern Italy anent the price of a string of onions or a soup-tureen. Soubirous, *frère de Bernadette*, was driving a roaring trade. To have had dealings with the blood-relation of a saint was an honour whereof to boast. At his counter a throng of admiring pilgrims had assembled. The Hôtel Souberous was *au grand complet*. We lodged at the Poste, the hostelry least patronized by pilgrims; and, having seen all that there was to see, we returned there.

. . . . . .

Whilst at Lourdes we made an excursion to Montaut-Betharram, nine miles distant, where is a Calvary commanding a splendid prospect, and a creeper-covered bridge over the Gave, which for picturesqueness is unique.

From Lourdes we retraced our road as far as Argelès, and thence continued our journey by the

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LE CIRQUE DE GAVERNIE.

[*To face p.* 77.

Digitized by Google

Route Thermale as far as Luz, which we made our headquarters for excursions in the vicinity—Cauterets, Pont d'Espagne, the Lac de Gaube, and the Cirque de Gavernie, an amphitheatre two and a half miles in circumference, with perpendicular cliffs towering above it on three sides to a height of 1600 feet. Fifteen cascades fall from aloft, the principal —that of Gavernie—from a height of 1300 feet, with a single interposition of rock two-thirds down. It was early in the season, and the cirque was blocked by snow; but the cascades, being at their fullest, presented a charming *coup d'œil.* There are other fine cirques near at hand—Cirque de Héas, Cirque de Troumouse, Cirque de Estaubé—but we had not time to visit them.

From Luz we visited Barèges, a loftily situated bath in a wild region, deserted in winter, and in May still shuttered and barred, and without a human being visible in its one long street. After Ischia, the waters of Barèges are the most efficacious in the cure of gunshot wounds, caries, and similar maladies.

Crossing the Col de Tourmalet (6300 feet), we reached Bagnères de Bigorre, where, there being some guests at the hotel, our welcome was by no means so torrid as when it was empty in the previous December.

The road over the Col d'Aspin (4900 feet) to Arreau commands splendid prospects of the Pyreneean range, as does likewise that over the Col de Peyresourde (5000 feet) between that town and Bagnères de Luchon.

At the Hôtel d'Angleterre we found an English

Digitized by Google

family of our acquaintance fuming over the preposterous charges for carriage-hire. From Eaux-Bonnes to Luchon, a distance of seventy miles, they had paid 225 francs. The mare's stable bills at our three halting-places on the same route had amounted to eighteen. To have one's own conveyance in the Pyrenees is a great economy, for to see the country one must walk, ride, or drive. Unlike Switzerland and the Tyrol, where railways intersect the mountainous districts, the Pyreneean branch-lines stop short of the principal points of interest. At Oleron (Eaux-Chandes, Eaux-Bonnes); at Pierrefitte (Cauterets, Luz, and the Cirque de Gavernie); at Bagnères de Bigorre, and at Luchon.

The Pyrenees form a single range three hundred miles in length, and from their base valleys, watered by streams called "Gaves," run due north to the rolling country along the Bayonne-Narbonne railway line. To get from one valley to another a high spur must be crossed, and this is best effected in a carriage. If carriage-hire be dear, one has, at least, display for one's money; for, owing to the steep ascents, the landaus are drawn by four little Tarbes horses, befeathered and belled; whilst the coachmen are arrayed in silver-buttoned velveteen jacket and continuations, many-coloured silk sash, and "Don Carlos" bonnet —the most killing Basque costume.

To have one's own carriage at Luchon is not an economy. I was charged six francs a day for the mare's livery, seven for a set of shoes, and three for washing the carriage. Luchon is the dearest of the Pyreneean watering-places, and the most fashionable. It is Paris in the mountains; life is high pressure,

Digitized by Google

and the *fine fleur* of the visitors change their costume four or five times a day. To see a cavalcade or an analcade start on an excursion is a wondrous spectacle; so elegant is the get-up of the party that, instead of the mountains, it might be bound for the Bois de Boulogne.

It was our second visit, and as we had seen the points of interest in the vicinity—the Vallée du Lys, the Lac d'Oo, etc., we left in the afternoon of the third day.

Saint Béat was our first stage out of Luchon. It lies in a gorge of the Garonne, by which it is frequently inundated, and possesses a little inn, so good in every respect that we made a three days' halt.

Salies, St. Girons; Foix, with the picturesque castle of Gaston Phœbus perched on an isolated rock; Ussat les Bains; Ax on the Ariége, with baths highly beneficial in rheumatic complaints, less fashionable and very much cheaper than Luchon or Cauterets. We had travelled southward to Ax with the intention of crossing the Col de Puymorens to Bourg Madame and Perpignan; but the pass was deep in snow, and we were obliged to take the eastern road to Quillian. We had fixed upon Belcaire as our midway halting-place; but, on reaching Casson, a poor village two hours' distance from Ax, we were overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm and forced to pull up. The inn was so filthy that, as at Lühe, in Bohemia, we thought it wiser to play cards during the midnight hours rather than risk the beds. We started at daybreak, and had a very fatiguing day to Quillian, on the high-road from Toulouse to

Digitized by Google

Port Bon, the north-eastern Spanish frontier. Three miles beyond Quillian we entered the wild defile of Pierre-Lis, which, in picturesqueness, almost equals the Via Mala. Through the phylloxera-ravaged Roussillion country to Estagel, birthplace of Arago; St. Paul de Fenouillet; Rivesaltes, the filthiest town in all creation; La Nouvelle, on a lagoon; and thence through a marshy, malarious country to Narbonne, where we respectfully declined "La Chambre de la Reine Christine" at the Hôtel de la Dorade.

We had thoroughly enjoyed our six weeks' journey through the Pyrenees. We found the Basque country in several respects preferable to both Switzerland and the Tyrol; the shopkeepers were less take-it-or-leave-it, the rustic population less grasping, the volunteer guides and flower-sellers less importunate than in Eastern or Western Alps. During our journey from ocean to sea we had not once an angry word or dispute with the natives.

Between the relative beauties of the three countries no comparison can be made, since, apart from their being mountainous, resemblance they have none; and even in that respect there is great dissimilarity. The Pyrenees form a single chain; the Alps are aberrant. There is a great difference in altitude. The highest Pyreneean mountain, the Maladetta (Pic de Néthou, 11,168 feet), is 4612 feet lower than Mont Blanc, 1632 feet lower than the Ortler. The glaciers are few in number and of small extent. There are streams without number, but no rivers; tarns, but no lakes. As a set-off, the Pyrenees can boast magnificent *cirques*; in neither Switzerland

Digitized by Google

nor Tyrol is there a mountain-amphitheatre comparable with the Cirque de Gavernie. From touristic social standpoint, the contrast between the Pyrenees and the other health resorts of Europe is still more marked. The province of the Pyrenees, including the departments of the Hautes and Basses-Pyrenées, Haute-Garonne, Aude, and Ariége, is essentially thermal. The majority of visitors are bathers and mineral-water drinkers, not *sommerfrischers* ("heat-evaders") and excursionists, whilst the balance are in quest of gaiety rather than of rest. Conviviality, not repose, is the order of the day—and of the night likewise, for card-playing and dancing are usually just commencing when German *Kur-gäste* are in bed and asleep.

In the Pyrenees prices are higher than in the eastern "playgrounds" of Europe. Believers in "Bradshaw," who expect to travel in Southern France for seven francs per diem, will find they have reckoned without their host. At fashionable watering-places the hotel charges during the season are as high as at Aix-les-Bains or Carlsbad; whilst at little inns in out-of-the-way places one's daily expenses average twelve or fourteen francs at the lowest calculation. Save in the larger cities and watering-places, the hotels of Central and Southern France do not compare favourably with those of Switzerland and Germany. Along the post-road between Geneva and Biarritz (a distance of over five hundred miles) are only seven towns where are hotels of the first class—Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Grenoble, Nimes, Montpellier, Toulouse, and Pau. At St. Marcellin, Valence, Montelimar, Lunel, Béziers,

Digitized by Google

Narbonne, Carcasonne, Saint Gaudens, Montrejeau, Tarbes, and Bayonne they are second class; at the remaining towns and villages, third or fourth. From the high-sounding designations they bestow on their hostelries, it is evident that French landlords consider their respective establishments to be of the very first class. It is the "Grand Hôtel de France," the "Grand Hôtel du Palais Royal," or something of the sort; whilst at Tarbes there is a double grand, the "Grand Hôtel de la Paix et Grand Soleil, réunis."

Although French hotels of the second class are badly conducted, the beds are generally comfortable and invariably clean. No insect more objectionable than a flea had we seen on our travels.

Had the *cuisine* been as good as the beds, there would have been little cause for complaint. But it was not; except in rare instances, we found it poor.

That French cooks are the best in the world is generally admitted, but there are cooks and cooks. The French *chef* of the first rank and the veritable *cordon bleu* have unquestionably no compeers; but the ordinary French cook—the *marmiton* in white cap and jacket—and the scullery-wench in blue apron, who at provincial inns concoct indigestible messes with grand names, are in no way superior to their fellow *gâte-sauces* in England and elsewhere.

Between the Pyrenees and the Maritime Alps the country is unpicturesque; it is by courtesy and ancient usage only that Provence is entitled to the prefix "La Belle." The land is arid, the hills are sterile, whilst the foliage of the olive trees—willow-green—does not tend to brighten the landscape.

Digitized by Google

Béziers — Mèze — Montpellier — Lunel — Nîmes— Pays de connaissance—Arles.—The ancient Arelas boasting, in addition to its well-preserved Roman remains—amphitheatre, theatre, obelisk, aqueduct, and necropolis—the handsomest women in France, whose beauty is enhanced by an extremely tasteful head-dress. My neighbour at *table d'hôte*, to whom I expressed my admiration, advised me to have a look at the women of Salon, who were, in his opinion, still handsomer than the Arlesiennes.

Salon.—I had that look, and a good one, for it was a Sunday morning, and I watched the fair coming out of church. My informant was a good judge of feminine beauty. Nowhere in France or in any country have I seen a larger percentage of handsome (not pretty) women, and my wife was of the same opinion.

The remembrance of their good looks cheered us somewhat on our next day's travel, which lay across the Crau, a boulder-strewn plain, whose desolateness is only rivalled by the Carniolan Karst.

Aix en Provence—Manosque—Peyruis—Sisteron.—Up the valley of the inundating, devastating Durance. *Gap.*

La Salette, where, in 1846, the Virgin appeared to two shepherd children, left the prints of her feet on a rock, and, as at Lourdes, caused water to flow where was none before. Our Lady of Lourdes has supplanted Our Lady of Salette in the veneration of the fickle multitude, and the once famous shrine is no longer in vogue, or very much less so.

Corps—La Mure—Grenoble.—The road from La Mure, as far as Vizille (twenty-three kilomètres), was

Digitized by Google

the very worst we had travelled. The heavy carts, laden with the cement made at the former town, had cut it up in the most abominable manner, and the ruts were a foot deep. How we managed to pull through without breaking a spring or worse was marvellous, for, in addition to the ruts, there was a fog so dense that I could not see ten yards ahead.

Digitized by Google

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE

Lovers of the picturesque were the pious founders of the great monastic brotherhoods. Weary of wandering, to his birthplace Assisi—most beautifully situated of Etruscan towns—Saint Francis returned to end his days. On the heights of Monte Casino, whence the view of plain and mountain is sublime, Sainte Benedict built his cell. To an idyllic glade in the Savoyan Alps, Saint Bruno retired to fast and pray; and there for eight centuries have fasted and prayed, and lived and died, the brethren of his order, the monks of the parent house—*La Grande Chartreuse.*

. . . . . .

The excursion to the Carthusian sanctuary is made usually at express speed. The tourist starts from Grenoble at an early hour, reaches the monastery shortly after midday, makes a hasty inspection of the building, bolts his luncheon, jumps into his conveyance, and is back at his hotel before sundown. To make a toil of a pleasure is not my wont. The diligence which, during the summer months, leaves Grenoble every morning for the Grande Chartreuse had long departed when I drove away from the Hôtel Monnet, bound for the same destination.

A short distance from the town the road to the

Digitized by Google

monastery *viâ* Le Sappey diverges from that leading to Chambéry, and thence to the Col de Porte, the culminating point of the pass (4400 feet), is uphill the entire distance. As the ascent is made, one after another the more distant mountain peaks become visible, and at the turn of the road beneath the fortress-crowned Mont Saint Eynard the scene is grand and extensive, embracing the city of Grenoble, with its citadel, bastions, and detached forts; the verdant plain of Graisivaudan and its environing hills, the valley of the Isère, and the northernmost ranges of the Hautes Alpes, rising tier above tier in the direction of Briançon and the Italian frontier. Saint Eynard rounded, the scene changes. The enchanting panorama of plain and mountain is lost to view, and the road ascends the valley of La Vence, which, although highly picturesque, is tame by comparison. At the head of the valley, at an altitude of 3300 feet, stands the hamlet of Le Sappey, and there we halted to bait. Having allowed the mare to travel her own pace, she had availed herself of the indulgence and taken four hours to cover the distance, one hour more than the diligence horses, which are timed to do it in three. Two hours after leaving Le Sappey we arrived at the Port de l'Enclos, the entrance to the so-called "desert" of the Grande Chartreuse. Here the mountains close in, and we entered the wild ravine of the Guiers Mort, through which runs the old road *viâ* Saint Laurent du Pont to Voiron and Grenoble. A short distance down the gorge the direct road to the monastery diverges to the right. Fifteen minutes sharp ascent brought us to the hospital; another ten minutes and I pulled up at the stables.

Digitized by Google

A brown-frocked brother took charge of the mare, and, heavily laden with bags, rugs, and baskets, we toiled up the steep incline leading from the farm buildings to the infirmary, where lady visitors are quartered. My wife consigned to the sister-in-waiting, I crossed over to the monastery, a stone's throw distance, and rang at the portal. The gate was opened by a venerable monk, who pointed me the way to the refectory, where I was received, not by a monk, but by a smart waiter. He relieved me of my burden, and conducted me to my quarters—a cell furnished *à la* Saint Bruno, with bed, chair, table, *prie-Dieu*, and crucifix, all of the roughest and the rudest.

On descending to the refectory, I found that the fare was likewise Carthusian, the solids being limited to bread, butter, eggs cooked in different ways, sardines in oil, cheese, vegetables, and dried fruit; the fluids, wine, and Chartreuse if demanded. The meagreness of the menu caused me no dissatisfaction, for secreted in my luncheon-basket were two days' full rations, and I promised myself a second and more substantial supper when I retired to my lonely cell.

Amongst the guests assembled in the refectory were the architect of the confraternity, a retired receiver of customs, and a young man on his honeymoon trip, whose brother-in-law was undergoing the five years' novitiate which precedes the postulant's admission to the fatherhood and final severance from the world. The said novice belonged to a wealthy family, his sister told my wife, and had been engaged to a young lady suitable in every respect; but a

Digitized by Google

fortnight prior to the day fixed for the marriage he had disappeared, and months elapsed before they were notified of his retreat, and of his determination to become a Carthusian. It was in the hopes of dissuading him from his folly that she had induced her husband to go direct from the altar to the Grande Chartreuse, as being the greatest proof she could give the fugitive of her affection. But their pleadings had been all to no purpose; he persisted in his resolve, and was, to use the lady's own words, "Gai comme un pinson." From the architect and the *père adjoint*, I obtained much interesting information concerning the monastery and its inmates. The fathers, who numbered thirty or thereabouts, were of divers nationalities, and for the most part men of good family and education, a large proportion being retired officers of the French army. What their reasons for forsaking the world and submitting themselves, whilst still in the prime of life, to the severe discipline of the Carthusians was known to themselves alone; that they were cogent was beyond a doubt, else would their hearts have failed them long before the expiration of their novitiate, and they would have returned to the busy haunts of men. Not because there was no escape, but of their own free will, because they found in fasting and prayer their true vocation, they had taken the final vows and become the lifelong inmates of a living tomb.

Although the discipline of the Carthusians be less severe than that of the Trappists, it is sufficiently so to tax to the utmost the bodily endurance of an ordinary mortal. The rules of the order, verbally ordained by Saint Bruno (1084), indited by Giugo,

Digitized by Google

fifth prior (1228), revised by his successors, and approved by Pope Innocent the Eleventh (1688), have for the last two centuries remained unchanged. So far as they concern the daily life of the monks, they simply enjoin three duties—to pray, to fast, to work. The Carthusian day begins at 11.30 p.m. At that hour the bell rings for midnight mass, which lasts until 2.30 a.m.; at 6 a.m. matins; in the afternoon Vespers and "Complet;" between times, prayer, meditation, and work, with rest just sufficient to prevent the complete collapse of the nervous system. To bring down the body by fasting is an unnecessary injunction, for there is next to nothing to eat. During Lent, and on every Friday throughout the year, the ration is bread and salt; on feast-days, when there is full diet, it consists of bread, *soupe maigre*, vegetables, and dried fruit. At Christmas to each monk is presented a bottle of Chartreuse, to be taken as a stomachic in case of need; but only the more infirm avail themselves of the permit. It is the duty of the Carthusian to resist temptation; the bottle remains intact, and is returned to the prior on the ensuing Christmas.

Black sheep there are in every flock; there have been a few in the fold of Saint Bruno—gluttons, belly-gods, who, Oliver Twist-like, have asked for more. In the thirteenth century a monk of the monastery of Luvigny petitioned that to the regulation bread and salt doled out on fast days and during Lent, a dish of vegetables should be added. His demand having been adjudged epicurean and subversive, and incontinently rejected, he made his escape from the monastery and founded an order of

Digitized by Google

his own, *Fratres vallis caulium*, differing from the old Carthusian in that its members were conceded a dish of vegetables *every* day throughout the year.

The labour clause of the Carthusian code is the one to which least importance is attached. The work performed by the fathers is of the lightest; to the brothers are committed all household duties, and the care of barn and byre.

The conversation glided from piety to politics—the persecution and spoliation of the religious communities by the French and Italian Governments, and the *père adjoint* was questioned as to the worldly prospects of his order. He opined that the brethren of the Grande Chartreuse would be left unmolested, not because they were less obnoxious to the anti-clerical party than other monachal bodies, but because they had a longer purse. The excise on the liqueur of the Grande Chartreuse was too considerable to be lightly foregone; thanks to their "little industry," they had in the Minister of Finance a firm friend. But if go they must, they were ready. In England, in Protestant, tolerant England, they had built them a house, and thither they would retreat should they be ejected. The house to which the good father alluded is a very roomy structure, the architect informed me, and had cost much money—how much he could not or would not say. Whatever it may have been, the fraternity could well afford it, the incomings from their distillery amounting, by their own admission, to six hundred thousand francs per annum, and, in verity, to upwards of a million.

That their little industry is highly remunerative

Digitized by Google

there can be no doubt; whether it would meet the approval of Saint Bruno, were he still in the flesh, is questionable. In his days monks were distillers of simples; later on they distilled perfumes; in this age of progress they concoct strong waters, and conduct their business in a thoroughly mundane, go-ahead style. They get the raw material—alcohol—from Spain, where it can be made at less cost than in France; they have dépôts and agencies in every city of importance in the Old World and the New; they advertise extensively, and threaten with legal proceedings the miscreant who shall counterfeit their trade-mark (the globe surmounted by the cross), or the signature of their supervisor, Père E. Garnier. Men there are so base, so sacrilegious, as to imitate both the one and the other; to palm off on a confiding public a chartreuse of their own concoction. This, I was told, they cleverly effected by drilling a hole in the kick of the bottle containing the genuine article, emptying it of its contents, refilling it with their poison, and closing the aperture by means of a blowpipe. I was sold a bottle of the counterfeit at Tarbes; bottle and label were orthodox, the cork branded and intact, but the liquor was Borgean.

At nine o'clock there was a move cellwards, and all the guests, save myself, gave directions to be called in time for midnight mass, *the* sight at La Grande Chartreuse. I would assist on the morrow.

Unlike the Benedictines, Augustans, and other monachal orders, the Carthusians are not "given to hospitality." Except by special permit, no visitor is allowed to tarry at the monastery for a longer period than two days, and for bed and board there is

Digitized by Google

a fixed charge. What that charge was I had yet to learn; but if the *grabat* on which I lay figured in the bill for more than five sous, it would, I opined, be dear at the money. Its hardness and nodosity would have satisfied a Trappist. Being neither Trappist nor visitor "making retreat," but a tired tourist, I essayed one of the camp shifts and expedients I had learnt in bush and backwoods—made a "hipper" of my rug, and so shielded my ribs from the rugosity of the paillasse.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong! Right above my window rang out the chapel-bell for midnight mass, and with a clatter and a clangour sufficient to disturb the dead priors in their graves hard by, and to startle sleeping beings out of their seven senses. Facetious young man the butler, asking me whether I desired to be called for the mass of midnight! To sleep with that noise overhead one must be hard of hearing. Ding-dong—DONG! Ceased at last! Whilst the monks were at prayer it would, I trusted, be silent. I had a hazy idea that it tolled at intervals throughout the night, but, despite its monition to watch and pray, I slumbered placidly. Not until it rang for matins did I awake and begin my day of worldliness by endeavouring to perform my ablutions in the pipkin which served as a basin; they were necessarily of the most superficial.

Some five minutes later the gate of the monastery closed behind me, and I found myself in the wicked outside world, a free agent, at liberty to roam where I would, and do what I pleased. After the musty atmosphere of my cell, doubly sweet and refreshing was the odour of meadow and pine forest;

Digitized by Google

after clustral gloom and frigidity, unwontedly brilliant and genial seemed the sunshine.

As applied to the site of the Grande Chartreuse, the term "desert" is a misnomer. The herbage is luxuriant, the environing hills are clothed with forests; there is a stream of sufficient volume to turn a mill-wheel. The little glade is verdant, cool, umbrageous, and picturesque in the highest degree. A pleasanter summer retreat it would be difficult to discover. The brethren are aware of it, and to prevent their monastery becoming a caravansary and house of call, they provide anchorite fare and charge for it; and they are wise. Trusting to the honour of the guest in the matter of monetary compensation is a noble procedure, but, as the monks of the St. Bernard hospice have long discovered, a ruinous one, the amount dropped into their money-box being insufficient to pay for the food consumed. Instead of giving as much, or more, than they would have had to pay at a hotel, a large percentage of the visitors give less, and doubtless congratulate themselves on the saving they have effected. Far more potent than any tonic was the pure mountain air, and after an hour's ramble in the forest I returned to the monastery hungry as a hawk.

What was there for breakfast? The same as for supper; the monastery menu varied not. I would take coffee. Coffee there was none, but monsieur could have wine.

"What! no coffee?"

At this juncture the *père adjoint* entered, and politely inquired if I had slept well and had what I desired for breakfast. I replied in the affirmative,

Digitized by Google

merely hazarding the observation, that of a morning many people, myself amongst the number, preferred coffee to wine, and I found that there was none.

"No coffee!" The good father had evidently mistaken his vocation; instead of the frock he should have donned the sock. He turned to the waiter, and with admirably feigned surprise demanded, "Is there no coffee?"

"No," was the response; "it is forbidden."

"Forbidden! It is true." Then to me, "Coffee is forbidden because—because it is too heating."

The reason assigned was so exquisitely absurd that I laughed unrestrainedly, the waiter chuckled, and the father's eyes twinkled. Coffee was heating, and therefore forbidden, whilst green chartreuse—most fiery of liqueurs—could be had for the asking. I availed myself of the privilege and ordered a glass thereof, which, by the advice of my reverend host, I took mixed, half green and half yellow—a blend which amateurs will find most delectable.

My frugal meal despatched, the hour had arrived to present myself at the infirmary and rejoin for a space my bereaved helpmate.

At the entrance door of the building I was received by a lively little sister, who informed me that madame was at breakfast, and conducted me to the parlour. On that neutral ground, awaiting with more or less impatience their female belongings, I found the majority of my table mates. One after another the ladies dropped in, and then ensued a lively interchange of monastic and conventual experiences. It seemed that the fair sex had fared fairly well. My wife had had a good time; her bed was

Digitized by Google

soft, her meals had been toothsome and (corrected with chartreuse) digestible; she had coffee for breakfast. Between the needs of men and women even Carthusians make distinction. For the latter they provide a softer couch, and they concede the matutinal cup of coffee. Meat alone is taboo. It is the typical apple which they may not eat, and, being so, is intensely desiderated. The mouths of matron and maiden water at mere mention of the forbidden food, and it was in plaintive tones that the poor Sœurs de la Providence spoke of the *jours gras* at their convent in Grenoble.

At 10 a.m. the ladies' *matinée* terminated. It was the hour for visiting the monastery, and we of the baser sex made our salaam and our exit. The brother under whose conduct we made the grand rounds was not a good cicerone; had we been dependent on him for information, we should have departed as wise as we came. Fortunately for our party, the architect had volunteered to bear us company, and was at hand to narrate and explain.

The monastery as it now stands dates from 1676, when it was rebuilt after a fire. It is a vast, massive, wall-begirt structure, and might, but for its six spires, be mistaken for a prison. Externally and internally it is the antithesis of the Certosa of Pavia. Here, at the parent house, are no marbles, no statues, no mosaics, nor carving, nor gilding, nor ornamentation of any description; the outer walls are rough and bare as the masons left them, whilst plaster whitewashed covers those within. The main building is traversed from end to end by two gloomy, vaulted, stone-paved corridors 220 mètres in length,

Digitized by Google

along which are the doors of the cells, sixty in number.

Compelled by the rules of their order to live in solitude, the Carthusians are conceded roomier quarters than are monks Franciscan, Dominican, and the rest, who live in common. A Carthusian cell is an apartment. The one which, during the absence of its proprietor, was opened for our inspection, and which differed in no respect from those on either side, consisted of two small rooms and a garden. The outer room—that opening on the corridor—served as oratory and workshop; the inner one as dormitory. Both were sparsely furnished; in the oratory were stool, table, *prie-dieu*, and crucifix; in the dormitory, *idem* plus a bed and a small stove, the latter not a luxury, but a necessary, as, deprived of it, the occupant would be unable to withstand the intense cold of an Alpine winter. The bedding provided—a paillasse and blanket—would assuredly prove insufficient to keep alive the vital spark. The appointments, although few in number, suffice. Superfluous to the man who has but one suit, and that a woollen gown and a pair of sandals, would be chest of drawers and wardrobe. Through a trap in the door is passed the daily ration; only on feast days and on the death of an inmate do the fathers eat together. Concerning the absent father's social status, his name, his history, our guide affected ignorance; but a glance at the sheets of manuscript scattered on his table sufficed to assure me that he was a man of superior education, and a glimpse at his lovingly tended little garden (barely large enough to swing a cat) that in his heart was a warm corner still.

Digitized by Google

"Battering the gates of heaven with a storm of prayer" and self-mortification are, in the eyes of the more austere, the only legitimate occupations of a Carthusian. To them intellectual labour is worldliness, and the cultivation of flowers, vanity.

In the chapter-room are copies of Leseur's "Twenty-two Scenes from the Life of Saint Bruno," and portraits of fifty priors of the order, from the founder downwards. Presuming them to have been taken from life and moderately faithful, then were the successors of Saint Bruno not men of master mind. And yet, from first to last, the order must have numbered amongst its members a fair proportion of learned men, it having furnished to the hierarchy no fewer than four cardinals and seventy archbishops and bishops. There being no portrait of the prior regnant (it will not be added to the collection until after his decease), I was unable to compare him with his predecessors. We were shown his audience-chamber and the little intramural burying-ground where, in their nameless graves, his predecessors were sleeping, and where he in his turn would be laid to rest; but it was from a respectful distance that our guide, pointing to a closed door, whispered, "The private apartment of the Prieur." To all save Church dignitaries and secular notabilities of the first water, the reverend gentleman is as invisible as was the Mikado prior to the Europeanization of Japan.

Infinitely more interesting than the prior's apartments was the library. It is of considerable dimensions, and the most inviting-looking room in the

Digitized by Google

monastery. Its twenty thousand volumes are (subject to the prior's approval) at the disposition of the fathers, but it would seem that few avail themselves of the privilege.

A glance at the refectory, where on feast days and funeral days the fathers eat their *soupe maigre* together, but in silence, the only voice heard being that of the monk deputed to read a homily, and our round of inspection was completed.

In visiting the cell of Saint Bruno, situated on the mountain-side some two miles from the monastery, and rambling in the environing woods, the afternoon slipped away. In the society of the ladies, the evening passed pleasantly. At closing-time, 8 p.m., I turned in, and slept soundly until the chapel-bell notified me in strident tones that it was half-past eleven, and that if I desired to attend midnight mass it was time to turn óut again. Before the bell had ceased to toll, I was dressed and at the door of the visitors' gallery. I extinguished my candle, and entered. I peered around, but could distinguish naught save a lamp burning immediately beneath me, whose feeble light served but to intensify the pervading gloom. Little by little, as the pupils of my eyes dilated, I was able to discern the general outlines of the church and its accessories. There was nothing particularly noteworthy. The visitors' gallery is the organ-loft minus the organ, and faces the high altar. Beneath it stands a lectern; on either side of the nave are a double row of stalls and reading-desks. No paintings, images, mural ornamentation, or church frippery of any kind. Fearing to be too late, I had come too soon; I had the

Digitized by Google

church entirely to myself, and the dead silence was oppressive.

A few minutes before the stroke of midnight a monk, looming grey and ghostlike in the semi-darkness, glided through the chancel door and prostrated himself full length before the altar. His prayer ended, he stole noiselessly down the aisle, deposed his dark lantern on the desk to him pertaining, and sank into his seat. In rapid succession similar spectral forms entered and followed suit; the officiating monk took his stand at the lectern, and mass began.

The *coup d'œil* was weird and awe-inspiring. To describe the unearthly aspect of that double row of cowled, white-frocked monks, the ghostliness, the ghastliness of the tableau is impossible. To faithfully depict it would be beyond the powers of a Rembrandt. The light of the lanterns being directed outwards and downwards on each open missal, the monks were in the shade, and I was unable to descry their features. The mass dragged its slow length along, the droning voice of the celebrant being at intervals completely overpowered by the painful coughing of some monk whose midnight masses were well-nigh ended. That the coughing should have been intermittent, and not continuous, was surprising. In the month of June the church felt chilly. It made me shiver to think what it would be in December.

In *secula sæculorum*. Amen.

One o'clock. That the lugubrious spectacle should be indelibly impressed on my memory, it was unnecessary to await the conclusion of the

Digitized by Google

service. To forget would be impossible. I returned to bed.

Before our departure the waiter presented me his little addition. It amounted to twenty-six francs; seven francs each per diem—quite enough, considering the poorness of the accommodation and the meagreness of the fare.

A drive of an hour down the picturesque gorge of the Guiers-Mort brought us to Saint Laurent du Pont, where are the distillery and a dépôt for the sale of the "renommée," of which I laid in a provision—green and yellow, as recommended by the *père adjoint*.

Early in the afternoon we arrived at Chambéry, and to our list of pilgrimages, performed with more or less fatigue and discomfort, was added that to the shrine of Saint Bruno.

Digitized by Google

Annecy.—The Lake of Annecy, although less picturesque than that of Bourget, is not without its charm, and forms a fitting prelude to the larger and more imposing lakes of Switzerland. The adjacent Gorge du Fier is one of the finest in French territory, rivalling those of Pfeffers and Trient in the Rhine and Rhone Valleys. Allonzier—Swiss frontier, one kilomètre from which is a fine suspension-bridge 192 mètres in length—the Pont de la Caille, spanning the ravine des Usses.

Geneva.—From Geneva we made an excursion to Chamonix, and as the road thence to Martigny, over the Tête Noire, was, we were told, bad in places, and unsuited to our carriage, we returned the way we went.

Along the North Shore of Leman's Blue Waters—Nyon.—Above the town, on the crest of the Jura, is the village of St. Cergues, whence the view of Mont Blanc is far more sublime than from Chamonix. If there be one object more than another to which distance lends enchantment, it is a mountain. Regarded from its base it is not enchanting, but stupendous—*ecrasant.* Viewed from St. Cergues, the Alpenglühen on Mont Blanc is a sight to be remembered.

Digitized by Google

Lausanne, from an educational standpoint the foremost town, not only of Switzerland, but of the universe, there being no less than two hundred schools for both sexes, the cost of tuition ranging from £2 for externs to £200 for interns. At Geneva the fee for attending the high-school lectures is, I have been told, £1—considerably less than it is in England. For people of limited means, having children to educate, Lausanne offers exceptional advantages, for it is not tuition alone that is cheap, but living likewise, fairly good pension being obtainable for eight francs per diem.

"*Beautiful Clarens*" (beloved by Rousseau)—*Montreux*—*Villeneuve.*—Tender reminiscences are associated in my mind with the Hôtel Byron, for it was there that, in my ninth year, I had my first sweetheart, a pretty child of seven. I mention the occurrence to observe how much more civilized are the Swiss than in those far-distant days, how very up-to-date they are now. When, hand-in-hand, we took our walk through the environing vineyards, the *vignerons* would call (it was vintage season), "Come, children, and eat some grapes." Now it is their big dog they call if child or adult approaches to within smelling distance. When the miller at Aigle invited me, some few years since, to crack a bottle of old Yvorne with him, I could scarcely believe my ears; and when I recount the circumstance to others, they are sceptic. "Gave you of his old wine without monetary consideration? Incredible!"

The ediles of Montreux are admirable examples of Swiss rapacity. On the pretext that their town is a watering-place, they mulct every visitor staying

Digitized by Google

at a hotel two francs weekly for the maintenance of the roads and gardens and admission to the casino, where are a second-rate band and a few—a very few—papers. When there is extraneous talent—a violinist, a pianist, or a conjuror—it is extra. Montreux is a winter resort, not a watering-place; it possesses a spring with mineral ingredients, but no one that I have ever met has drank of its water. If the tax were imposed on guests at hotels in the town, it would be unjust; but to levy it on people residing two miles therefrom—beyond Clarens—is nothing short of a swindle. Montreux is dubbed the Swiss Nice. Imagine the jubilation of the impresario of the Nice casino were he by law entitled to levy a weekly tax of two francs on every one of the hundred thousand guests who visit the city during the season!

The Rhone Valley—Aigle—Martigny—Excursion to the Monastery of St. Bernard.—At the Hôtel Clerc we met an English clergyman and his two daughters, who had just returned from the Hospice. Their excursion had been most enjoyable, and cheap. For their supper, bed, and breakfast, the reverend gentleman had dropped ten francs into the money-box, and was not ashamed to say it.

Saxon les Bains (since the suppression of the gaming-tables in 1877 deserted)—*Sierre—Visp—Excursion to Zermatt—Brigue.*—We made a late start from Brigue, and passed the night at Berisal, about halfway to the summit of the Simplon. Illumined by a splendid sunset, the view of the Rhone Valley and the Aletsch Glacier (the most extensive in Switzerland), with the Sparrenhorn, the Grand-Nesthorn,

Digitized by Google

and Eggischhorn in the background, was glorious. Simplon, the Gorge of Gondo—after the Via Mala, the finest on the Alpine passes.

Isella—Italian Frontier.—My receipt for horse and carriage being in my portmanteau which had been sent forward to Stresa, I fully expected to be required to pay the usual caution-money. But on giving my word to the inspector that duty had been paid, he courteously accepted it, and allowed me to proceed.

Vogogna—Stresa.—To my mind the picked spot on the Italian Lakes, where for the last five years I have spent the month of May, and where I hope to continue to spend it until change of season shall for me be ended.

Lovely as are the Italian Lakes, to live there permanently, as proposed by stage-lovers and the heroes of sentimental romances, would be found on trial the reverse of Elysian. From the middle of April to the beginning of June, and during the months of September and October, the Lakes are delightful; but the climate is too hot in summer and too variable in winter to be enjoyable. A few villas in protected situations are inhabited during the winter months; but by far the greater number are closed, and their proprietors back in Milan before Christmas. Of the three lakes, Como, Maggiore, and Lugano, I should be inclined to select the first for early spring, the second for late spring, summer, and autumn, and the last for winter. The Lago Maggiore, being more open and having a larger expanse of water, is preferable in hot weather; there is usually a little air stirring, one breathes more freely. Stresa, having an

Digitized by Google

THE LAGO MAGGIORE, FROM STRESA. [*To face p.* 104.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Digitized by Google

Eastern aspect, is the best locality. The Duchess of Genoa has her villa there, and likes it so much that she is resident at all seasons.

Along the Eastern Shore of the Lago Maggiore to Arona—Gattinara—Ivrea. From Ivrea we went on a visit to friends at Azeglio, ancient seat of the family of that name, whose most famous and last descendant in the male line was the Marquis Massimo, painter, musician, poet, novelist, littérateur, propagandist, soldier, diplomatist, patriot, and true *galantuomo*, who, with Balbo, Gioberti, and Della Marmora, may be entitled the founder of Italian Independence.

During our stay at Azeglio we made an excursion up the beautiful Val d'Aosta to Courmayeur, at the southern base of the Mont Blanc range of Pennine Alps, of which the Great Saint Bernard is the easternmost.

Favoured by magnificent weather, our trip was most enjoyable. The entire valley of the Dora Baltea from Ivrea to Aosta, and from Aosta to Courmayeur, presents a succession of lovely vistas, whilst the Alpine panorama from the Mont de Saxe above Courmayeur (easy of access—three hours' climb) was the finest we had seen since thus far on our travels. Aosta and Courmayeur are favourite summer resorts of the Italian aristocracy, and it is the desire of the *villeggianti* that they should remain exclusively Italian. When I observed that the valley was little known to my travelling compatriots, the responsive ejaculation was fervent, but not complimentary.

Vercelli — Alessandria — Novi — Genoa.— Genoa

Digitized by Google

"La Superba" is not a city where I should be inclined to make a prolonged sojourn. It is finely situated, has sumptuous palaces with magnificent staircases, and there its attractions end. Its climate is the very worst on the Riviera; the streets have no side-walks, and are badly paved; there is but one drive—a poor one—the "Acqua Sola;" the opera—the "Carlo Felice"—is usually closed; the hotels are second-rate, and the charges first; the populous quarters present an out-of-window-clothes-hanging-ness aspect which is not pleasing to the eye; there are smells which are unpleasing to the nostrils; the lower classes are, even from a southern standpoint, unkempt; their reputation is indifferent, not to say bad. We made a two days' halt, and proceeded onwards.

Along the Riviera di Levante.—The Cornice Road from Genoa to Massa, little travelled, is well-nigh as beautiful as from Genoa to Nice; the superiority of the latter lying not so much in the scenery as in its more luxuriant vegetation.

Rapallo, situated on a fine gulf, and with olive-clothed hills rising immediately behind it, protecting it from the *tramontana*, is, in my opinion, the picked spot on the Riviera di Levante, as is Monte Carlo on the Riviera di Ponente. Were there first-class hotels there and at adjacent Santa Margherita, I see no reason why the sister towns should not compete successfully with the smaller winter resorts of the Western Riviera in attracting English hibernants. The sun shines as brightly on one shore as the other; the Italians are not so Anglophobe as the French; the cost of living is considerably less. But,

Digitized by Google

it will be urged, such places have no resources. If by resources are meant weekly hops at the hotels, theatres, *salons de jeu*, carnival saturnalia, and everlasting merry-go-round, they have not. But then only two towns, Nice and Monte Carlo, "fill the bill," since the resources of decorous Cannes have been devised, not for the diversion of the unimportant many, but for that of the distinguished, wealthy few. The other winter resorts (Costabelle and Valescure, which are rural, excepted) possess neither the resources of a large town nor the attractions of the country, but the disadvantages of both in marked degree. Suitableness of locality is altogether dependent on the why and the wherefore of the visitor's presence on the Riviera; if for amusement, Nice is the place for him; if for repose and the enjoyment of the sunshine, Rapallo is no less appropriate than Alassio, Bordighera, St. Raphael, Hyères, and the rest.

Sestri di Levante—Spezia (the Italian Portsmouth).—A much more busy place than in the days when Lord Palmerston appointed Charles Lever British Consul, for the reason that "there was absolutely nothing to do, and he was just the man to do it."

Through forests of patriarchal olive and caroubea trees to Massa, deprived of its grand-ducal veneering, in dry-rot state; but, owing to the vicinity of the Carrara marble-quarries, not quite so utterly decayed and forlorn as some other capitals of principalities, which through Italian unity have fallen from their high estate. Could Zorah have expressed her opinion of Massa, it would have been highly

Digitized by Google

unfavourable. Simple in her tastes, she would have greatly preferred a warm cow-house to the chilly ex-grand-ducal stable where she was accommodated, and a wooden trough to the white marble manger in which she was served her oats.

Viareggio.—The best Italian sea-bathing place, and differing from all others on the Mediterranean and Adriatic seaboards in that a large number of six and eight room cottages have been built for the accommodation of the guests.

Through the Cascine, a reclaimed portion of the Tuscan *Maremma*—dairy-farm, zoological garden and royal preserve—to Pisa.

The moon was at its full, and after dinner we went, accompanied by an elderly American and his wife, to the Piazza del Duomo to view what was, to us, no new, but an ever-fascinating spectacle—one which Pisa alone can offer—Cathedral, Baptistery, Campanile, *and* Campo-Santo, in a cluster.

"Sir," quoth the American, after gazing awhile on the moonlit marvels, "to see that alone, repays one for the sufferings of a stormy trans-Atlantic passage." We agreed with him.

Empoli; Signa (more prosperous when Tuscan straw-plait was employed for hats and bonnets than at present)—Florence.

Digitized by Google

FLORENCE

ALTHOUGH Florence be a capital no longer, she has not lost prestige in the eyes of foreigners; now, as heretofore, travellers of all nationalities, but the English more especially, are held captive by her charms. Arriving with the intention of sojourning a few days, or weeks, many of them remain months, years. Unable to tear themselves away, they become resident, and are finally laid to rest in her Campo Santo.

In grand-ducal times the tone of foreign society was very different to that now prevailing. The city had the reputation of being fair, but dissolute. There were altogether too many men with histories, too many women without lawful consorts, too many gay Lotharios and *chevaliers d'industrie* to please Mrs. Grundy. Nowadays the foreign flock is, outwardly, so immaculate that it is only by careful perusal of Ouida's novels and by assiduous attendance at five-o'clock teas that the tared sheep can be spotted. If there be a screw loose, it is certain to be detected by some member of the tea-sipping *Vehmgericht*.

It is beyond the power of scandal-loving tabbies, beyond the power of an invading army of Trappists, to make Florence a gloomy city, but she is no longer the gay *insouciante* Florence of the olden time.

Digitized by Google

Cheapness of living, which was once an attraction, is likewise a thing of the past. Notwithstanding the number of houses that were built during the years Florence was the Italian capital, furnished apartments are not very much cheaper than in Rome; whilst the necessaries of life—meat, wine, and fruit excepted—are dearer than in England.

Florence is a residential city, not a sanatorium. The winter climate is very much colder than that of the adjacent littoral, and the difference of temperature between one part of the town and another so great as to be dangerous for those not in the enjoyment of robust health. By merely crossing a bridge one passes from summer into winter. On one side of the Arno you feel the genial warmth of the sunny South; upon the opposite bank you encounter a damp cold, which chills you to the marrow. Pleurisy is the malady which Florentines and all Italians dread the most. In spring the winds from the snow-capped Apennines are piercing. The summer heat is excessive. "Fa un caldo di Firenze" is the Italian way of expressing extreme heat.

It is not cheapness of living or goodness of climate that induces English people to make themselves a home in Florence, but the beauty of the site, the unrivalled art treasures, Vieusseux's library—the best on the Continent—and last, not least, the little difficulty experienced by the new-comers in making acquaintances and gaining admission to Florentine society. The chaplain—High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Presbyterian, or Dissenting—or else the doctor, is the master of the ceremonies, who, on the neutral ground of his

Digitized by Google

parlour carpet, introduces his sheep or his patients to one another: "my banker," the gentleman who stands sponsor for the stranger, and gets him admitted to the club, and who, at one of his *omnium gatherums*, introduces him to the native contingent; for in foreign residential cities "our consul," instead of being a man of position and wealth, able to entertain his more distinguished fellow-countrymen, leaving the duties of the *Chancellerie* to a vice-consul, is usually only just able to make both ends meet.

Florence is one of the few Continental cities where the English and native elements commingle. The place has been so long an English resort that it has become half-Anglicized. The Florentine golden youth affects English dress and carriage; whilst the youth which is not golden, but only blazoned, endeavours to adapt itself to our insular ways, in the hopes of securing an English or American maiden with a dower. The lower orders have become so used to our little peculiarities that they no longer perceive them.

If a feeling of friendship for the English ever existed in the foreign breast, that feeling has so subsided that it may be accounted dead. There is no shutting one's eyes to the fact that of all travellers we are the least sympathetic to the people of the land; and to discover the reason one has not far to seek.

To make friends abroad, the power to express one's self in words is essential, and to do this gracefully one must speak either the language of the country or that of diplomacy and of polite society

Digitized by Google

throughout the Continent—French. The Englishman is unfortunately monoglot; his entire youth has been spent in learning the dead languages, and he is master of no living tongue save his own. I say "master" advisedly, for it is insufficient that he understand what is said, he must be able to join in the conversation—to express himself fluently. The man who stammers and stutters, and has to correct himself every instant is not an acquisition to society, he is a bore. Again, to feel at ease one's self, and that others may feel so likewise, adaptability is indispensable. It is a quality not possessed by the average Englishman. He carries his island along with him, and is aggrieved when the manners and customs of the country differ from his own. The ladies of a party will loudly protest against smoking being permitted after dessert in the dining-room, and the gentlemen declare that "the way these foreigners eat is downright disgusting, by Jove." These and other disparaging remarks are frequently overheard and understood, as it is intended they should be, and we, the English as a nation, are pronounced insolent.

Whilst travellers of other nationalities praise whatever they see to admire, and keep their unfavourable opinions to themselves, we do just the reverse. Display of enthusiasm being "bad form," we subdue our admiration, and search diligently for some blemish or grievance sufficiently dreadful to furnish matter for a formal letter of complaint or protest to the editor of the *Times* or other paper. Nothing escapes the inquisitorial eye of the English tourist, no question of administrative policy is there

Digitized by Google

too intricate for him to solve. Pluming himself on minding his own business, the Briton has his finger in everybody's pie. He will coolly demand in the interests of *his* countrymen that the gambling-tables at Monte Carlo be abolished, or that condign punishment be inflicted on some venial official or peccant gendarme. He has *his* plan for the restoration of the Cathedral of St. Mark, for the suppression of brigandage in Sicily, for the extermination of the Camorra. If instead of suggesting methods for the suppression of the Camorra at Naples the intermeddler would interest himself in the suppression of one or other of the innumerable forms of Camorra existing in his native land—of the Church, of the Law, of the Medical Profession, or say that of the Guinea, whereby professional men, tradesmen, and others add five per cent. to their little accounts, no man protesting—he would be doing his countrymen a real service.

In the hopes that some of my travelling countrymen and countrywomen may mend their ways, I will briefly state a few of the high crimes and misdemeanours laid to their charge.

In the very first line—disrespect for the religion of the people. The selfsame being who when at home and in his own place of worship is outraged by the slightest sign of irreverence, will, when abroad, conduct himself as though a Catholic Church were a theatre or raree-show. The behaviour of the English (and the Americans) in foreign churches is simply scandalous. Guide-book in hand, they will critically examine nave and transept, and audibly converse during the celebration of High Mass; and

Digitized by Google

at grand festivals will push their way through the crowd of worshippers to get "a better view of the performance." Time and again I have beheld them munching their biscuits or what not in St. Peter's, and scurrying across the edifice to get another peep at some Church magnate. On principle (religious) they keep their heads covered, when a cross-headed procession passes by, and, though in death all men are equal, fail to salute the corpse-bearing hearse.

Interference with the religious convictions of others is the crime which comes next in order.

Form of religious belief is simply a question of birth and education. Had Messrs. Moody and Sankey been born in Morocco, they would have been howling dervishes; had Mr. Spurgeon's birthplace been a Red Indian wigwam instead of an English brick house, he would have become the Great Medicine Man of his tribe. Ignoring that the aim and end of religion is to give us patience under our sufferings, and that the one which effects it is, to its adherent sufficient, the best, we persistently endeavour to convert to our creed people who desire none of it. Defying public opinion and the law of the land, "General Booth" occupies Catholic countries with his army of drum-beating, blatant men, and hideous, poke-bonneted, *War Cry* brandishing women. What reception would a foreign army of discord and ugliness meet with in our free England? The cry would be, "Kick it out," for, albeit tolerant to the foibles and absurdities of men of our own race, we are intolerant to those of aliens.

Digitized by Google

Egoistic to the core, my compatriots can perceive nothing unseemly in converting a foreign hotel into a Church of England meeting-house. The tables of Continental hotel drawing-rooms are strewn with tracts and "leaflets," and their library shelves crammed with the sermons and homilies of preachers in vogue. Notices of the services to be held by the chaplain are posted in the halls, the corridors, and on the staircases. And those Sunday services in which there is no chapel detached!—fertile cause of wrath and complaint. Drawing-room or dining-room appropriated twice on the Sunday by the chaplain, to the exclusion of non-Anglican guests, the ejected peering in through the windows and exclaiming at intervals, "Est-ce-que ça ne finera jamais," the "ça" being our religious worship.

On returning to our hotel at Montreux one Sunday morning, we found the entrance-hall crammed and impassable, and an Irish controversialist holding forth—not to the guests of the hotel, but of all the hotels in the place. How quickly would a Dominican priest be ejected were he to attempt to lecture in the entrance-hall of an English hotel! St. Paul, when he preached, hired a large upper room, furnished; 'tis a pity that the S.P.G. and the C.C.C. do not instruct their emissaries to do the same. It is not owing to a cantankerous disposition that I make these remarks, but from a desire to see the religion of my compatriots respected, and not reviled, as it too often is.

Taking a too active part in the domestic concerns of the people is the misdemeanour next in rotation. *Par example*, the Society for the Prevention of

Digitized by Google

Cruelty to Animals is one deserving the highest commendation, and that we should desire to see branches thereof established abroad highly praiseworthy. But we should leave the conduct of the crusade against brutality to the natives of the country, and not intermeddle. We do. A case in point. At a certain Austrian seaport the wife of the English consul was a terror to the cabmen and carters of the town, whom she was continually "hauling up" for contraventions of the society's bye-laws. Great was the rejoicing when her husband's death necessitated her departure, and long after it the mere mention of her name to the owner of horse, mule, or donkey would evoke a malediction and the sign avertent of the evil eye. Her endeavours to prevent cruelty to animals were futile; but in intensifying the popular aversion to the English she was eminently successful. What would be the indignation, what the language of a London cabman, were a dirty foreigner to give him in charge? Occasionally the meddlesome one gets a withering rejoinder for his or her interference.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, you brute, for ill-treating that poor donkey?" said a lady to a *ciucciaro* at Castellamare. "Birbante," cried the lad, taking his donkey by the ear, "ha trovata la mamma!" ("Rascal, you have found your mother!")

I likewise, void of offence, have been given the *tu quoque*. Observing to a Neapolitan lady who had resided in England that her compatriots were very cruel to the brute creation, she replied, "It is true. The Italian lower orders treat animals shamefully, but they are kind to their kindred; they do not

Digitized by Google

drink their wages, nor beat their wives, nor maltreat their offspring; they do not call injuriously a natural child 'an infernal young bastard,' but a child of the Madonna, and will often, having sons and daughters of their own to provide for, adopt one for Her dear sake."

Disobedience to the written laws of the land is the next clause of the indictment. The English tourist—he of the "'Arry" type more especially—is impatient of restraint. In his eyes, rules and regulations have no signification whatever. The railway-station of the seaport where he lands is, not unfrequently, the scene of his first attempts at rule-evasion. Shall he, a free-born Briton, be penned like a sheep in the waiting-room? Perish the thought! He attempts to force his way to the platform, is headed back, and straightway assuages his wrath by anathematizing the country and the people. Ignoring notice-boards, pretending not to understand the meaning of *défendu*, *verboten*, *difeso*, or the remonstrances which are made him in French or other language, he is in constant collision with the authorities, whose wrath he endeavours still further to excite by keeping on his hat in their presence. That so few of my countrymen are put in durance vile is not owing to their exemplary behaviour, but that the authorities condone their offences to avoid the interminable diplomatic correspondence which ensues on the incarceration of a British subject.

To the cheap-excursion agents may, in great measure, be attributed our unpopularity on the Continent. In the olden times the arrogance of the upper-class English abroad on their travels made us disliked

Digitized by Google

as a nation; the behaviour of the "cheap tripper" has turned that dislike into hate. The Cookite! Why does not some one write a treatise on his origin, nature, and idiosyncrasies? It would be a most valuable supplement to the works of Darwin, Buffon, and Lavater. Having carried in my pocket-book a list of Cook's and Gaze's hotels, and when possible religiously avoided them, I am unable to do so. But I saw sufficient of the personally ill-conducted, indoors and out-of-doors, to realize that their absence is far preferable to their presence; that a party of them "murders sleep;" that, like locusts, they devour every green thing and everything that is not green; and that during their stay at a hotel there is a sad deterioration in the quality of the fare. I discovered the point of the proverb, "Too many Cooks spoil the broth." On the arrival of a party Cookite, the head waiter in the dining-room telephones to the white-capped gentleman in the kitchen, "Chef, il faut allonger (add water to) la soupe; des 'gawks' sont arrivés."

If Continental travel served to enlighten the "tripper," to remove his prejudices, make him alive to the fact that other peoples are as civilized as his own, something might be said in its favour. But it seldom does. Wearied by his week's or fortnight's continuous railway travelling and sight-seeing, irritated by perpetual discomfort and annoyances, he views everything with jaundiced eye, and returns to his native land more convinced than ever that foreigners are a dirty, contemptible lot, and that there is but one country in the world—Old England.

Digitized by Google

Scarcely less heinous in foreign eyes is our disregard for the unwritten laws of society. The Englishman, in his own country greatest of all sticklers for the correct thing in raiment, going so far as to don a tail-coat for the family dinner, and to exclude from his opera-house all persons, native or foreign, not in full evening costume, dresses, when abroad, in a style which, if highly satisfactory to himself, is not so to others. Attired in the loosest and loudest of travelling suits, he may frequently be seen seated, not only at the hotel *table d'hôte*, but in the orchestra-stalls of the principal theatres; or in shooting-cap, blouse, and knickerbockers, endeavouring to force his way into casinos where demi-toilette is *de rigueur*. That he very seldom touches his hat on entering *café* or railway-carriage goes without saying. That in England it is not customary to lift the hat, to bow to one's neighbours at the dinner-table, nor to return a polite salutation, matters not a straw. It is so abroad; and people who object to conform to the manners of a foreign land would do well to remain at home. As politeness costs nothing, no excuse can be offered for its default. It is just as easy, just as cheap, to be polite as to be rude. To raise the hat, to bow more or less gracefully, presents no serious difficulty; the verbal forms of salutation obtaining in different countries are easily learnt. On entering or leaving the room where men are assembled, the well-bred Austrian says, "Ich habe die Ehre" ("I have the honour"). In Germany it is customary, except amongst people of rank, to say "Mahlzeit" ("A good digestion") on rising from table, and so forth.

Digitized by Google

Not one Englishman in twenty thinks it necessary to say "Pardon" when in his exits and entrances he inconveniences his neighbour or fellow-traveller. But what irritates foreigners the most is the stony English stare, the supercilious English smile, and, above all, the total disregard displayed by the majority of English travellers for the comfort and convenience of others. This, at hotels, is especially observable in what may be termed the "ventilation difficulty." The number of disputes which arise in the course of a twelvemonth between foreigners and English people respecting the opening and closing of windows is past belief. The English, liking air, desire the window open; the foreigner, disliking draught, prefers it closed. There is an interchange of ideas on the subject; but England almost invariably carries the day. "Possession is nine points of the law," and in most cases sons or daughters of Albion have possession of the window. They refuse to have it closed; so, rather than have a scene, the foreigner gives in, and with a muttered, "Comme ils sont insupportable ces Anglais," or words to that effect, endures the draught, and continues his dinner.

The antagonism between the English and travellers of other nationalities has become so acute that landlords have now to make the choice between a mixed or an almost exclusively English *clientèle*—landlords of residential hotels, be it understood, where guests make a prolonged sojourn; for at *hotels de passage* the company is necessarily cosmopolite. One has but to cast an eye over the visitors' lists, published weekly at health and pleasure resorts in

Digitized by Google

Switzerland and elsewhere, and reckon the percentage of English to the balance of mankind at the different hotels and pensions, to realize how great is our isolation. There are naturally exceptions to the rule; at the large hotels at Nice, for instance, all nationalities commingle. Unless my countrymen, and more especially my countrywomen, cease to be censorious and aggressive, the Anglo-American hotel will soon become the Anglo-sole; for our American kinsfolk are growing weary of hearing that they speak nasally, that they are self-assertive, obtrusive, inquisitive, and the rest, and, like travellers of other nationalities, are beginning to fight shy of us.

Our American "kinsfolk!" Taking the word in its broadest signification, what proportion of the entire population of the United States is entitled to that designation? I will essay to separate the wheat from the chaff, to divide the sheep from the goats, and so arrive at an approximate estimate.

The grain from the chaff.

At the last census the population of the United States was seventy-eight millions. Of that number how many were bogus Americans—Americans but in name!

Firstly, all naturalized Americans. Forswearing his country changes a man's citizenship, but not his nationality. A nigger remains a nigger, let him be whitewashed from head to heel. Then, all those of the second generation—the children of naturalized Americans. As the saying goes, "A man born in a stable is not a horse." Only the grand-children of immigrants have the right to be

Digitized by Google

considered Americans. Lastly, negroes, red men, the Chinese and their congeners, who are in the fold but not of it.

The sheep from the goats, the friendly and the unfriendly to ourselves.

In the latter the Irish and their descendants *en bloc*; for exile has not mitigated, but intensified, the blind unreasoning hatred of the Celt for the Saxon.

The Germans and their descendants. Time might have abated their ill-will towards us but for the presence of the Irish whom they loathe. The Irish being English, the English are naturally Irish; and so they detest us as being participants in their original sin and present iniquity.

The Southerners. We lost their friendship at the time of the Civil War. The huge army of malcontents—revolutionists, socialists—all those who have left their country for their country's good. They hate us for the very pertinent reason that England has ever been the friend of oppressed nationalities, and has aided and abetted the seditious of all lands.

What remains? On whose friendship can we count?

On the English and Scotch and their immediate descendants; on the very pious and the highly intellectual—New Englanders, for the most part, who esteem us in that we have a Bible and Shakespeare in common, and who are ridiculed for their Anglomania by the Anglophobe majority. "The proclivities of the high-toned Bostonian are so ultra-English that he turns up his trousers when it rains in London."

Lastly, on the relations of those fair Americans

Digitized by Google

who, having married Englishmen, are *plus Royaliste que le roi.*

They who believe in the good-will of our "American cousins," who wave the two flags united, and cry, "Blood is thicker than water," have little conception how insignificant is the pro-English element in that salmagundi of races whose Sachem is Uncle Samuel. The Americans are not our friends, but we are their best customers, and, as such, they will endeavour to keep on good (commercial) terms with us, or even go so far as to "buck-up" on our behalf should we be harassed by a foe, and their dollars be in danger. So long as we can be of use to Samuel, as at the time of his war with Spain, he will be our kinsman, our cousin, our brother, our most devoted friend and well-wisher. Let a "difficulty" arise—boundary, fishery, treaty, or other—and he will be more arrogant and egoistic than ever. He interprets the Act of Independence ("The right of all Governments is derived from the consent of the governed") to suit himself; his Monroe Doctrine, like Miss Flora McFlimsey's marriage engagement, is "binding on you, but not binding on me."

He has the whip-hand, and is aware of it. In the event of a war we might do his seaboard some damage, but he would soon starve us into submission. On the outbreak of hostilities, he would lay an embargo on all food supplies, invade Canada, and stop exports from that quarter. Russia would discover opportunely that she had no wheat to spare. We should be dependent on Egypt, India, Australasia, South America, and Hungary for our breadstuffs. The consumption would be greater than the

Digitized by Google

supply; before six months were over there would be famine in our land; for although we have a "Joseph," neither he nor his associates can perceive the necessity of having at least one year's food-supply to the fore, to give us breathing-time in case of hostilities—their motto being, "Happy-go-lucky."

From one cause or another, we are at the present time really and truly in a state of "Splendid Isolation." It is difficult to determine which nation likes us the least, or hates us the most.

. . . . . .

From a residential standpoint, Florence is to my mind by far the most habitable Italian city—the city itself, not the environs. To suburban villas there are innumerable objections—the servant difficulty the chief. Good servants can find town situations; it is only the worthless who will consent for high wages to be buried alive in the country, far from gossiping market-place and bustling Piazza. During the twelvemonth we occupied a villa at Quarto, three miles from the Porta del Prato, we dismissed, for one misdemeanour or another, four cooks, three grooms, and two maidservants.

Unlike Naples, whose chief attractions lie beyond the city's limits, Florence is Florence; almost every point of interest being intra-mural, and the Vale of Arno best surveyed from San Miniato, Bells Sguardo, or other eminence. The pleasantest drives—the Cascine and the Viale dei Colli—are just outside the city's gates. No other Italian city has a park comparable with the Cascine, nor a drive with lovelier view than the Viale dei Colli.

Prior to 1870, Rome was greater beloved, had

Digitized by Google

more votaries than Florence. On entering her gates the stranger felt as though he had taken a back somersault of three centuries. Streets, houses, shops, people were all more or less mediæval; evidences of nineteenth-century civilization there were next to none; so little perceptible difference was there between the Rome which he beheld and the Rome of the Middle Ages, as described by the historian, that it would have hardly surprised him had he come suddenly on a street fight between the retainers of the rival houses of Colonna and Orsini, or seen a heretic burned at the stake in the Campo di Fiore. Holy Mother Church was in supreme command; and, as a natural consequence, progress was discountenanced or stopped altogether. Under the wave of the Pontiff's crook, Rome lay dormant. In her mediævalism, in her quiescence, in her dissimilarity from all other cities on the face of the earth lay the charm. It has vanished. In the place of picturesque mediæval Rome—the Rome of the Popes, beloved of archæologists, æsthetes, artists, and the cultured of all lands—there is now a brand new city of "Jerry" houses of plaster and of stucco. The "Haussmannizing" of Rome has been a complete *fiasco*. The three great modern arteries—the Via Nazionale, the Via Venti Settembre, and the Corso Vittorio Emanuele lack uniformity. The Piazza del Independenza is hideous to behold. The public buildings (the New Law Courts in course of construction excepted) fall far short in elegance of design of similar buildings in other capitals. The huge Ministry of Finance is a stone and stucco nightmare.

Digitized by Google

The two great and useful works, accomplished, or nearly so, are the embankment and bridging of the Tiber, and the formation of a public park on the Janiculum. Being far from the centre, the said park (Passeggio Margherita) is little frequented by the Roman aristocracy. They much prefer driving up and down the narrow, stone-paved, noisy Corso, or taking a turn round the Pincio, whose circumference is that of a circus. Said a coachman to an English lady of my acquaintance, who told him to keep moving—"Signora! if I continue going round and round much longer, I shall have vertigo."

New quarters, decently paved streets, improved drainage, tramways, electric lighting, *cafés* in the Parisian style, and other betterments are but poor compensation to the ordinary mortal for the loss of Church pageants, carnival frolics, *feste*, and those hundred and one unaccustomed spectacles, which, in Papal times, made a visit to Rome so enjoyable. The sight-seer would willingly forego most of the conveniences of an advanced civilization, all the comforts of his palatial hotel, to behold the Eternal City as it existed prior to its modernization, as pictured by Story in his "Roba di Roma."

As a city of sights, Rome has lost many of her attractions; as a residential, she has lost well-nigh all. Erewhile a cheap abode, she is now a dear one, for improvements are costly, and must be paid for. In back, sunless streets apartments are inexpensive; but in good situations they are dearer, and much less comfortable, than at Florence.

If he have not an occupation of some sort, unless

Digitized by Google

he can find amusement in going from studio to studio, from one friend's house to another, or have a horse or horses to permit his following the hounds, or riding or driving beyond the city's gates, the English resident finds it difficult to pass the time. Ancient monuments and ruins, museums, galleries, and splendid churches are highly interesting to the visitor; but after a time the resident grows weary of them, and when he takes his stroll, has, like the Paris "boulevardier," his special beat, which he rarely overpasses. He yawns immoderately when alone, but in company extols the city to the skies. It is the correct thing—shows that he is an æsthete, and not a dunce. Hearing one of the type expatiating upon the infinite resources of the city—its galleries, museums, antiquities, etc.—I asked him, point blank, how many times in the course of two years he had visited the Vatican Galleries, those of the Lateran, and the ruins on the Palatine. He tried to evade the question, but I persisted, and, being a truthful man, he finally confessed that he had been three times to the Vatican, once to the Lateran, and twice to the Palatine, but had accompanied friends to the Forum and St. Peter's a dozen times at least. That was the extent to which the antiquities and art-treasures of Rome had been resourceful to him; and his case is by no means an uncommon one. In the olden time, when there was free admission, galleries and places of interest were much more frequented than they are now. The idler would take a walk on the Palatine instead of the Pincio, and drop into a museum or gallery on a rainy day. But, having a franc entrance to pay, he prefers

Digitized by Google

spending it on something less edifying, but more comforting to the inner man.

In its present state—half old, half new, partly military, partly ecclesiastic, inharmonious, pretentious—the Rome that I once loved has become repugnant to me, and when leaving it I no longer drop a coin into the Fontana de Trevi and drink a glass of its water, in the hopes of speedy return.

Florence, Rome, and, in lesser degree, Naples are the only Italian cities offering sufficient inducements for a prolonged stay. The remainder have all, without exception, some casting defect which render them ineligible for English people seeking a permanent residence. Turin is too cold and windy in winter; Milan too damp and foggy; Venice, Perugia, Siena, too dull. One might just as well be dead and buried as live in such decayed, sleepy cities as Parma, Modena, Lucca, or Vicenza. Turin and Milan are not unpleasant for those having acquaintances; but for an Englishman, whether married or single, to settle in any Italian town other than those I have named would be little short of madness. Between passing a few days in a place and residing there for months and years there is a vast difference.

Sad to say, Bella Firenze, the "City of Flowers" and the "Flower of Cities," is "Firenze Gentile" no longer. With the grand ducal *régime* vanished that suavity of manner for which the Florentines were renowned. So rude and aggressive is the populace nowadays that carnival merriments have become impossible. Speaking of men as I find them, I much prefer the Neapolitan to the Tuscan, for if the former be mendacious, thievish, and passionate, the latter

Digitized by Google

are mendacious, thievish, and surly; and in my eyes a violent temper is infinitely preferable to a sullen one.

In their aptitude for business the Tuscan upper classes surpass all other Italians, the Lombards not excepted. To the Tuscan noble there is not, and never has been, anything derogatory in trade. The price current of his wines is posted against the wall of the family palazzo; you have only to knock at the cellar wicket and put down your money to be served with the quantity you require. He is not above owning a manufactory and keeping a shop for the sale of his wares. Why should he? If trade be *infra dig.* it is assuredly not the Englishman trader *par excellence* who should cavil. The distinction we make between wholesale and retail business, our unwritten but accepted laws relating to the different articles of commerce which may and may not be manufactured without loss of caste, are to foreigners perfectly incomprehensible. Between selling wine by the barrel and selling it by the bottle he can, from a business standpoint, perceive no difference. In his eyes a manufacturer is a manufacturer; whether he makes nails or rails matters not a straw. The Marquis Ginori is a potter, and, far from being ashamed of his business, he is exceedingly proud of it. And he has every reason to be so. Although heavily handicapped, he manages to compete successfully with the manufacturers of England, France, and Germany in the production of cheap crockery, and to run them very closely in the fabrication of porcelain, majolica, and other artistic ware. It would be well for Italy were there more like him.

Digitized by Google

The Tuscan aristocracy has suffered by Italian unification, but not to the same extent as the Roman and Neapolitan. It is not completely, hopelessly ruined. The Tuscan landowner contrives to get something out of his estates, for he is more or less his own bailiff, and does not, like his compeers further south, leave their management entirely in the hands of thievish agents. Farms being let on the *métayage* system, that the landlord may get his full quota of the produce of his fields and vineyards, the closest supervision is necessary; for in his devices to avoid monetary or other payment the Tuscan peasant could give points to Paddy.

It is from hearsay, not from personal observation, that my knowledge of Florentine society has been derived; but I have seen sufficient of Northern and Southern Italians to be able to determine, with more or less accuracy, in what salient characteristics the Italian upper classes differ from those of other lands, and of England more particularly.

There being more dissimilarity between a Northern Italian and a Southern than between a Scotchman and an Irishman, I must separate the one from the other, accounting the Tuscan as neutral and out of court.

In their manners and mode of life the Piémontais are more French than Italian. *En famille* the Piémontais dialect is spoken, and in society French more than Italian. It is in their greater sincerity, cordiality, and unaffectedness—in their freedom from "veneer"—that the Piémontais differ from their Gallic neighbours.

Digitized by Google

The Lombard—the Milanais—bears more resemblance to the Briton than the Gaul. He dresses in English fashion, "turns out" in English style, "goes in" for racing and field sports, and is not displeased to be mistaken for an Englishman, whom, but for his greater vivacity and urbanity, he might often be. Between the frigid English "How-de-do" and the friendly Milanese "ciao" marked is the difference.

In what salient characteristics do Southern Italians differ from Northern? Very notably in their horror of their own society. Somebody to speak to they must have; they would accept the invitation of the Prince of Darkness rather than remain at home and alone of an evening. In their sacrifice of comfort to outward display—to have an equipage, a box or stall at the theatre, to be expensively dressed—they will live on the scantiest fare. The twit, "Più fumo ch'arrosto" ("More smoke than roast meat"), is specially applicable to the Neapolitans. Having horses and carriages, servants in and out of livery, town house and country house, the Neapolitan noble will arrange with his cook to provide for the entire household at an amount per head so niggardly, that, to avoid offence, I will not state it.

In their unsecretiveness.

Neapolitans will discuss good-naturedly their own and their friends' affairs in the most free-and-easy manner imaginable; and the outsider has only to keep his ears open to be *au courant* of society's doings and misdoings up to date.

In their slothfulness.

"Andiam' fare due passi" ("Let's take a couple

Digitized by Google

of steps"), is the Southern Italian's idea (there are exceptions to the rule) of bodily exertion.

Amongst Italian characteristics deserving of favourable mention are unaffectation—the total absence of *gaucherie* and *mauvaise honte*; the readiness of young and old to contribute their quota to the amusement of the company. When asked to join in a game of romps, the Italian adolescent does not haw-haw, and sulkily beg to be excused, but expresses himself delighted to do so; and when an Italian young lady is requested to play or sing, she does not prelude her performance by declaring that she has not played for an age, that she is quite out of voice, and so forth, but walks straight to the piano, and commences.

The respect shown to parents, not alone by the juveniles, but likewise by the grown-up sons and daughters of the house. In Italy the ancient form of salutation, kissing the hand and cheek, still obtains. Never does one hear an Italian youth speak of his father as the "gov." or the "old boy," or of his mother as the "maternal" or the "old lady." He is polite to his compeers, and deferential to his seniors.

The Italian gentlewoman is not erudite—her accomplishments are of the florid, not the solid order—but she speaks her own language correctly, and, having no great command of words, can find one, other than *gustoso* ("nice"), to express approval. She never talks slang, is an attentive listener, and endeavours to seem interested in the conversation. She is *simpatica* ("sympathetic"); and higher praise she desires none.

Digitized by Google

Ardent by nature, she is not quite so inflammable as is commonly supposed. Cicisbeism is a custom of the past; and in Italian society, as likewise in French, there is due regard for appearances—*pour les convenances.*

Italian and French immorality has been grossly exaggerated. French novelists (there are few Italian of merit) make their countrymen and countrywomen very much worse than they really are. The majority of Frenchmen resemble in no wise the very objectionable characters in M. Zola's novels; the Mesdames Bovarys and Saccards are comparatively few in number; the *Demi-Vièrges* pertain to one set, and to upper and upper-middle-class French maidenhood form the exception.

To imagine that abroad there is no happy home-life is a very great mistake. Observation has convinced me that it exists in other countries besides England, and in far higher degree—in France for one. The decried *mariages de raison*, instead of proving invariably miserable, often prove the happiest in the end. The French husband, although frequently unfaithful, is, as a rule, polite and kind to his wife. By a little compliment on her charming appearance, her tasteful toilette, he gratifies her self-esteem, and by the gift of some trifling object restores her to good humour if in the sulks. It is not so much the value of the present that is gratifying to the wife as the intention—the manifest desire of her husband to do her a kindness—that she should be pleased. As a good-will offering a flower may be as acceptable as a jewel.

When secrecy is not imperative, Frenchmen are

Digitized by Google

not close with their wives. Madame knows how the joint fortune is invested as well as monsieur; for, in their turn for business, in their *aptitude pour les affaires*, Frenchwomen far surpass the women of other nationalities. The Frenchwoman interests herself in her husband's business and pursuits, discourses with him in friendly way the *pour* and the *contre*; she amuses him with her chatter, and endeavours by her stylishness to be pleasing in his eyes. She is a good manager, and a loving mother to her children, and is by them beloved. The "Culte de la mère"("mother-worship") is wholly French, and has passed into a proverb.

The members of foreign households address each other in the second person instead of the more formal third. In France and Germany, by the prefix "little" or the diminutive *chen—petit père, petite mère, vaterchen, mutterchen*—children speak caressingly to their parents; whilst in Russia, all, from the Tzar and Tzaritza downward, are *batoushka* or *matoushka*—"little fathers" and "little mothers."

That in foreign households is more affectionate solidarity than in English, I have no longer a doubt, and I attribute our shortcoming to the following reasons: Reckless love-marriages; the national mania for "keeping up appearances;" the desire to seem richer, of more social importance than we really are; the exaction of the English wife, her thriftlessness; the secretiveness of the English husband, his inurbanity. Love-marriages—marriages of passion—charming in romance, are in prosaic work-a-day life of very dubious merit. Started at high pressure, there is imminent danger of a sudden

Digitized by Google

blow-up. "Love swells like the Solway, and ebbs like its tide," and the more impetuous its flow, the more rapid the reflux.

"Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round;" and in our islands with such velocity that young men and maidens completely lose their heads. They rush into matrimony without giving a single thought for the future, or one moment's consideration to those weighty responsibilities which the act entails. The little maid who asked her lover—

> "And what shall we have to eat, eat, eat?
> Will the love that you're so rich in
> Make a fire in the kitchen,
> And the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

was not an English little maid, we may be sure.

"I'm all for early marriages," declaims the recently ordained curate with stipend of £130 a year; and, to prove his sincerity, he takes unto himself a wife without a penny—that is, if he cannot find a rich one.

And the children?

"The Lord will provide," is the glib answer; the Lord, in his case, being a too-generous public, which, by ministering to his needs, encourages him in his folly and wrong-doing. The laity promptly follow the example of the clergy; marriages of folly are the rule, marriages of reason the exception, and, to judge by the letters anent English wives in the *Daily Telegraph*, they don't seem to succeed.

Second reason: The madness vulgarly known as "Keeping up appearances." To be thought rich or well-to-do is the ambition of very many thousand

Digitized by Google

Englishmen and Englishwomen whose circumstances are straitened, for with us wealth and respectability are synonymous terms. In other lands poverty is a misfortune, in England it is worse than a misfortune, it is a disgrace. Family respectability is gauged by the figure we cut, by the length of our butcher's bill; in middle-class circles finding its highest expression in the words, uttered with bated breath, "They are carriage folk." In France "rouler carosse" has quite a different signification—one of disdain rather than of admiration; whilst in Southern Italy to say that a man did not go afoot would simply mean that he was one degree above the rank of beggar. On reading a short time since an article on the late Laureate, I came upon a passage which points the moral to a T.

"A great man, Lord Tennyson, is he not?" observed a stranger to a resident of Haslemere.

"I don't know what you call great," was the response; "he only keeps one man-servant, and he don't sleep in the house."

Extravagance—living up to one's income or beyond it—does not tend to domestic felicity. The wife controversy, which in 1892 for weeks filled entire columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, and which I followed with the keenest interest (it is from those letters, not from personal experience or observation, that I have formed my conclusions), was waged with a savagery worthy of red-skins. The men impeached the women, the women the men; not a fault, failing, or weakness of the one sex was ignored or condoned by the other.

From the wives' standpoint, men were conceited,

Digitized by Google

selfish, secretive, heartless, thankless, unsympathetic, tipplers, gluttons, whose "conception of marital felicity was a state of porcine repletion—their wifely ideal, a professed cook."

Husbands, in their turn, wisely concealing their identity (when dissatisfied) under a *nom-de-plume*, recounted to Mr. Editor the story of their woes, and portrayed the wives of their bosoms in blackest ink. They were jealous, frivolous, capricious, querulous, vain, small-minded, affected, exacting, extravagant, wasteful; they had no more idea of housekeeping than had David Copperfield's child-wife—as helpmates they were utterly valueless. The Frenchwoman, the German, the American—even the Jap, and the lady of colour, made the better spouse.

So much for the married.

The opinions of the unmarried, male and female, are of no account, since personal experience of the Holy State they had none.

"What is matrimony?" asked an Irish priest, when catechizing a class of girls prior to their First Communion.

"A state of torment which souls enther to fit them for Paradise," promptly answered a barefooted maiden.

"Maning Purgathory," suggested his reverence. "But"—winking to his coadjutor—"the colleen may be right, afther all; 'tis little you or I know about it, Father Kennedy." The celibate can be ruled out of court.

From the letters aforesaid all that could be gleaned was, that the writers were, as a rule,

Digitized by Google

dissatisfied with their life's partners; that there was usually some bar to domestic felicity, and that the "home" of which poets sing, and upon whose calm delights we insulars so love to discant, has no existence in fact—is a delusion and a snare. To decide whether they had just cause for discontent was impossible, since they rarely stated the class of society to which they individually pertained. And yet the entire question resolved itself into one of caste.

Regarded from different rungs of the social ladder, an act, a trait may be commendable, justifiable, or reprehensible. What is becoming the lady of rank or fortune, is ofttimes unbecoming the tradesman's wife. Whether the wife should be useful or ornamental, *femme de ménage* or *femme de luxe*, is as the case may be. If the lady lives in a mansion, if her husband be a man of wealth, her realm is unquestionably the drawing-room, the boudoir; if she be a poor man's wife, her sphere is the nursery, the kitchen.

In the wife controversy, the upper and upper-middle classes held aloof; it is therefore with the middle and lower-middle I have to deal.

Third reason of domestic infelicity: The exaction of the English wife. I trow that not a few of those feminine fiats to which the English husband meekly submits would be creative of very violent marital objurgation in foreign households. With what amazement—with what a prolonged roll of gutturals would the German husband list to his Frau's behest, "Indoors, no smoking." That he smokes—that "his breath is polluted by the vile stench of a

Digitized by Google

filthy pipe," was one of the many high crimes and misdemeanours laid to the charge of poor English Benedict. Women owe more to the soothing effects of the weed than they ween.

"How your curtains reek of tobacco," observed a fastidious matron on entering the dining-room of a friend.

"Tobacco! oh, not of tobacco," was the smiling reply. "When, after dinner, I see my husband fagged, and in the dumps, I go to his cigar-box, select a cigar, bite off the tip, light it, and put it between his teeth. The effect is magical. He takes a puff, a second, smiles benignly, and all his grumpiness vanishes in smoke. What you smell, my dear, is not stale tobacco, but my husband's bad temper."

The English matron's idea of conjugal reciprocity is ofttimes sublime. The knot tied, it is the duty of the husband to cut his old friends and acquaintances, or so many of them as she, the wife, for reasons best known to herself, dislikes. He must forsake his club, forswear tobacco, and cast his bachelor tastes and habits as a serpent casts its skin—nor grumble, nor growl, nor show sign of *ennui* or discontent, but develop into a tame cat, whose hours of leisure must be passed in purring by its own fireside. That she, on marriage, should submit her list of female friends to her lord's revision is not in the contract. Drop her cronies to please her husband! To think of such a thing! Is it not the heart's desire of every woman to arouse the jealousy of bosom friends? How can she possibly satisfy that feminine longing if she keep them at a distance? Free shall they be of *her* house, and invited to *her* five-o'clocks.

Digitized by Google

Between the galaxy of fair dames and damsels assembled round the fragrant teapot, and the collection of rude men in a club smoking-room, between the refined, edifying converse of the one, and the inane town-talk of the other, how great the contrast! The man who declares himself unable to discover the difference is a brute. That the lady may hold her own—that she may be an object of admiration and of envy at these and other social gatherings, it is requisite that she be prettily dressed. Are pretty frocks expensive? Well, her husband must find the money to pay for them. Does he wish to see her in rags? He should have said so before he married her. Let him give up this, that, or the other; has she not, on her side, abandoned many pleasures and pastimes, to which, as a maiden, she was devoted? Doubtless. And they are generally the very ones which it is her husband's earnest desire that she retain—music, singing, and those other little feminine accomplishments which she used as baits to catch him, and which, having caught him, she casts aside, as of no more use.

Woman is pretty much as man makes her. How comes it that of late years so many Englishwomen (and not a few foreign) have been endeavouring to reverse the order of creation, have been declaring the equality of the sexes, aping the garb, carriage, and habits of man, and making themselves supremely ridiculous? Simply because the modelling of the plastic material has been botched—that the husband was unskilful.

Presuming his to have been an English, a love, match, the first bungle was probably made in the

Digitized by Google

days of his courtship. He was altogether too ardent, too devoted, too submissive. He assured his betrothed again and again that she was the most lovely, the most accomplished, the most charming maiden in existence. Said an American damsel to her suitor, "If I'm only half—a quarter as angelic as you say, guess I'm altogether too good for you, and you had better look lower for a helpmate." Sensible girl—very!

If my memory serve me, "The Autocrat at the Breakfast-table" propounds that in every man are three men totally distinct one from the other: the man as he is known to his family and more immediate friends; the man as he is known to himself, or as he imagines himself to be; the true man as known to his Maker. As with men, so with women. During courtship there exists in either a fourth personage. The perfect female—the angel without wings, as firmly believed by the ardent lover; the imperfect male, in default of better, eligible for a husband. Both are on their very best behaviour; both have hoisted false colours, and are endeavouring to appear what they are not. It is only after marriage that the true—the distinguishing pennant is run up at the main, and the consorts can with certainty determine each other's rating—war-ship, privateer, pirate, pleasure-craft, or honest trader. With *certainty* determine; but by careful observation they can make a very close guess. The man, unapt at dissimulation, is much more easily detected than the maid; but by following the advice of the cynic, "If you desire to know a woman's bad qualities, sing her praises to her bosom friends and rivals,"

Digitized by Google

Romeo can form a pretty fair estimate of his lady-love. After making due allowance for the uncharitableness of human nature, and the jealousy of feminine human nature, and putting down as extra good whatever has not been described as superlatively bad, he has only to extract the cube, and there she is.

On the wedding day was made the second blunder. The bridegroom failed to commence his married life as he intended it should continue. He endeavoured to make his artless bride believe that it was to be everlasting honeymoon—all billing and cooing, with never so much as divergence of opinion, or one harsh word.

The clergyman, who, the Sunday previous to his marriage, selected as his text, "Abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth," had no false notion of the *ordinary* duration of connubial beatitude. So long as the moon—the honeymoon endureth. When a love-match, it very often does not last it out.

The wedding trip ended—their moon of moons a bygone moon—lodged, housed, or established, the mated commence that conjugal existence which must endure until death, or Divorce Court decree, doth them part. If they dwell in marble halls with vassals and servitors and all the pomp and circumstance of wealth unlimited by their side; if they have town-house and country-house, entertain and are entertained, frequent the opera and all places of public amusement, assist at every social function, they have seldom a spare moment to chew the cud of hymeneal discontent, and the yoke matrimonial

Digitized by Google

is, or should be, comparatively light. If, on the contrary, theirs be an unpretending home, if there be no money for party-giving and theatre-going, if the domestic *tête-à-tête* be seldom interrupted, the yoke aforesaid is light or burdensome as the couple pull together or awry.

We will presume that they pull awry. Although they have not been married a year and a day, weary are they of each other's society; right joyful would they be to sever the knot that unites them. On one point, and one only, are they agreed—that their marriage has been a mistake, that they are entirely unsuited the one for the other. Wherefore? The lady has discovered, or pretends to have discovered, that her husband is a disappointment—a fraud. The ardent lover, the winner of her maiden affections, of her virgin heart, has proved quite too mundane, too vulgar, too human to please a woman of refinement; in a word, her ideal he is not. A *fin-de-siècle* wife's ideal! Where is such a bearded phenomenon, such a human hybrid, such an unnatural being to be found? He is the sombre Rochester, the vengeful Monte Christo, the tender Edgar, some Ouidan or yellow-wrappered novel hero, perhaps that Christian knight Sir Galahad. The ideal of more than one hysterical Englishwoman was Joseph Mayr, the "Christus" of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. It is really distressing to think how very commonplace are the generality of men (and women); not one in ten thousand in any way remarkable for beauty, intelligence, or virtue—the *tria juncta in uno*—an admirable Crichton, a Vittoria Colonna, perhaps one example in a century.

Digitized by Google

The motto of middle-class English matrons of the discontented sort is—"*Sublimiora petamus*" liberally rendered—We long for a slice of the moon. Born with a pewter, not a golden or silver, spoon in their mouths, they pose as fine ladies, and consider themselves altogether too ethereal—too refined for housewifely duties. Their husbands expect them to attend to household matters, and they will none of it. "Did he marry me that he might have *free of cost* an upper cook?" wrote one aggrieved lady. Free of cost is delicious. That a cook-housekeeper is infinitely cheaper than a feckless wife, and in that she can be discharged with a month's warning or a month's wage, less hampering, did not enter into her philosophy. "The only road to men's affections lies through their stomachs," wrote another. Does it? Then why, in the name of reason, don't they take that road?

It has been asserted by physiologists that the seat of the affections is not the heart, but the stomach. It is highly probable; the two are certainly in accord. It is not when their stomachs are empty, but when they are full, that men (and women) are most genial; their hearts expand with their waist-belts—that is, presuming the food they have eaten digestible. When it is not, their last state is infinitely worse than their first; they are irritable, quarrelsome, perfectly dangerous of approach. That the brain, and with the brain the entire nervous system, can be subject to stomachic influence, seems beyond the comprehension of my countrywomen. "It is well for men to be afflicted" (suffer the throes of indigestion), saith the Scriptures.

Digitized by Google

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," moralizes Shakespeare; and paraphrasing the text of the Immortal Bard, their grace before meat is, "May indigestion wait on appetite, and the sulks on both," an outpouring of reproaches and unkind words being the husband's grace after it. And the helpmate, who is no helpmeat, is virtuously indignant. "Men are born grumblers; there is no contenting them," wrote a despairing wife. True, very true. Man that is born of woman is an imperfect being; but it is astonishing how good, how docile he becomes when the partner of his joys and sorrows—his fellow-sinner, his wife—gives him little cause for complaint. (Lets him have it all his own way.) Precisely; whilst the lady has hers *sub rosa*. Woman to man as the moon to the sea, exercising an all-powerful influence, but silent, occult.

If we should not live to eat, neither should we eat merely to live. The man to whom the pleasures of the table are the all-in-all is a pig; the man who doesn't care what he eats, a savage; and savage likewise he who has nothing served him that he can eat—the middle-class English husband, to wit.

When the three celestial messengers paid Abraham a visit, the patriarch commanded Sarah, his wife, to "take fine meal, and make cakes upon the hearth;" whilst Rebekah's skill in cookery was such that she could make kid pass for venison. When chaste Lucrece was surprised by Tarquin, she was "combing the fleece under the midnight lamp." In the Middle Ages the *châtelaine* was wont, when her lord was on the war-path, to spin the flax and weave the linen for domestic use, and to preside in

Digitized by Google

the still-room. When the wives of patriarchs and ladies of high degree are not too proud to busy themselves with domestic concerns, is it for the middle-class Englishwoman to lift up her hands and cry, "Oh, fie!" when cookery and housewifery are mentioned in her presence?

"What great events from little causes spring!" On a well or badly cooked dish may depend the destinies of empires. Napoleon attributed his victory of Marengo to having breakfasted satisfactorily on fried chicken (*poulet à la Marengo*); the loss of Leipzig to badly cooked collops, or mutton-chops.

The exaction and inertness of English wives of the middle-classes is surpassed by their thriftlessness. Whatever the incomings of an English middle-class household, it would seem that they are only just sufficient, if that, to meet the outgoings. For her cleverness in making her marketing-money go the least far, the English housewife distances all competitors. The English butcher is her willing accomplice. He has a soul above small "jints;" with him it is the "whole hog or none"—the "lordly" sirloin, the "noble" haunch, the "prime" leg, or "scraps," which Mistress David Copperfield, ignorant of economical cookery, casts contemptuously aside. In default of joints, there are lumpish beef-steaks and fat mutton-chops, with hash—that nightmare of English husbands—by way of variety. Hash is an essentially British institution, as is likewise melted butter. Abroad, *réchauffés* are eschewed. *Fricandeaux* are made of meat uncooked; melted butter is melted butter, pure and simple; when thickened, sauce *Hollandaise*, or other variety, having

Digitized by Google

white sauce, not blue, for its foundation. At the leaden-hued, bill-sticking abomination known in England as melted butter the French poodle or German dachshund would turn up the nose. The food—the nutritious food—which in an English kitchen is consigned to the swill-tub, would, abroad, go far to feed the entire household.

That the butcher's bill is out of all proportion to income is not the fault of the mistress, but of the cook. That horrid Maria is so wasteful! Servants are the greatest plagues in life! So they are; and, despite the School Board, they will get worse instead of better. We live in a progressive age—"Upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber," the cry is that of the Alpine youth, "Excelsior!" The wife being the equal—the superior—of her husband, it is but natural that the maid should consider herself as good as her mistress, if not better. Missus, upstairs, instead of attending to her household duties, is absorbed in a *bon-ton* novel, whilst Maria, in the kitchen, studies the Rules of Polite Society instead of the Cook's Manual; or, absorbed in the Laws of Gravitation, forgets to baste the roast.

The tide in the affairs of nations has no slack-water; it is either flow or ebb. We are on the flow. When will it be high-water, and the ebb begin? How far distant are we from the millennium of the visionary who wrote "Looking Backwards"?—when every demand having been conceded, there shall be no more concessions to make; when all men shall be equal, all be paid alike—the great artist and the sign-painter, the expert surgeon and Bob Sawyer, the architect and the hod-carrier; when there shall

Digitized by Google

be no more money nor savings banks; when the token system shall obtain; when the scavenger, his day's work over, shall don his broadcloth, and sit down to plenteous fare; when instrumentalists shall cheerfully forego their slumbers, that the insomnious may, by "turning on" their telephones, have their "senses steeped in forgetfulness" by the sound of sweet music; when, in fine, there shall not remain a particle of human nature in man, and all will be angels.

One quotation from the Latin Grammar *à la* Colonel Newcome suffices to disperse all such foolish day-dreams: "The love of gain incites the Attic bee." The human bee, who should work that other bees not of his hive might benefit by his labours, would be a bee with a bee in his bonnet—not Attic, but Bœotian. That there will be high-water some day is beyond a doubt. And then? It will not be millennium. Why does not some sane being write an opuscule entitled "Looking Forwards," demonstrating by the logic of facts and by irrefutable deductions, that agitations, communistic exactions, strikes, socialism, lead not to a millennium, but to chaos—to social disruption and collapse, and that at our present rate of progress we shall, in a certain or uncertain number of years, have, in Irish parlance, "advanced backwards" to a state of existence similar to that in the days before the Flood—a state of savagery when every man sufficed unto himself, and was independent of all extraneous aid.

The secretiveness of the husband is the cause of domestic infelicity which comes next in order; so secretive is he, so averse to telling his wife what

Digitized by Google

may be his position financially, that "when"—so wrote a solicitor—"the husband dies intestate, in three cases out of four the widow has no more idea of how the money is invested than the man or the woman in the moon."

Still graver charge is his inurbanity. In little attentions, in graciousness of speech, which cost nothing, my countrymen are singularly deficient. How often have I heard the following colloquy or something similar!

Wife: "Well, George, how do you like my new toilette?"

George: "I'm no judge of woman's finery. If it isn't pretty it ought to be; that it cost enough I know."

The bill paid, it would have cost no more to have answered, "I think it most becoming—it fits you like a glove;" but that would have been altogether too amiable, too mannerly. Husbands complain of their wives' want of affection. How is it possible for them to show affection when they are so constantly snubbed?

Side-issue of the wife controversy: The ignorance of foreigners and of foreign things displayed by the disputants. We are a travelling, but not a travelled race. Abroad, the ordinary Englishman is of the *nil admirari* sort; his refrain—

> "Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see,
> My thoughts, untravelled, fondly turn to thee."

His impressions of foreign peoples are those of the midshipman: "Manners they have none; their habits are very beastly." Is it at a foreign hostelry

Digitized by Google

that he shall take his ease? Oh, how he longs for the flesh-pots of his native land—for a slice of prime, grass-fed English beef, a cut from a saddle of Southdown mutton, fare which, if he belongs to the middle-class and clubless, he must go to some renowned tavern to taste in perfection. French dishes are "kickshaws," their belauded *pot-au-feu* "wash."

In France, immediately after the *Code Napoléon*, the Constitution, comes the *Code de la bonne Ménagère* ("The Manual of the Good Housewife"); its Abracadabra, *pot-au-feu*, glory of the Gallic matron, conservation of the land, stigmatized as "wash!"

The pretentiousness of my compatriots is ofttimes astounding. Not once, but scores of times, I have heard English travellers of either sex observe superciliously, "I don't like French society"—maybe German or Italian. Speaking no tongue save their own, or that of the country so abominably that it was a torture to listen to them, their experience of foreigners having been gained in nine cases out of ten, in ninety-nine out of every hundred, aboard steamers, in railway-carriages, at the Cosmopolitan *table d'hôte*—not improbably when a unit in one of Mr. Thomas Cook's personally conducted parties—what could they possibly know of foreign society? About as much as they did of *pot-au-feu*.

Not unfrequently the British censor makes such an exhibition of himself that the pity one feels for his ignorance becomes contempt. Such an one was A. G., who wrote of the Frenchwoman, "She keeps

Digitized by Google

her gown and cap tidy, but is a mere bundle of rags underneath!" Oh, Daniel come to judgment! If there be one thing more than another for which the Frenchwoman is justly celebrated, it is for her good and immaculate underclothing. It is not in France that, to save the cost of washing, linsey or coloured petticoats are worn; nor is it in the streets of Paris or other French town that draggled skirts and splashed stockings are beheld in their greatest imperfection. In Paris streets it is not the fresh complexion, the swinging stride of the fair pedestrian that attracts the masculine eye, but the neatly-shod foot, the well-drawn stocking, the spotless petticoat, the tripping gait.

"The French or German wife has no gift of sympathy or endurance," wrote a champion of our English fair. Has she not indeed? My experience of both has convinced me to the contrary. If the letters addressed by English wives to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* be taken as evidence of their endurance, then are foreign women far more patient, for, whatever be their grievances, they do not ventilate them in the public prints; whilst so far as sympathy is concerned, if sympathy means family solidarity and affection, it finds its acme in the homes of the Celt, the Teuton, and the Gaul. In very many admirable feminine attributes Englishwomen transcend; but close observation of foreign households has led me to opine that in sundry domestic concerns they would be wise to take pattern from the matrons of France and Germany. It is in no captious spirit I hazard that opinion. To discover in my countrywomen nothing but faults and shortcomings, and in

Digitized by Google

the alien all the feminine graces and cardinal virtues is very far from my intent. It is my desire to be so impartial that, however much my fair readers may differ with me, my *bona fides* shall be beyond a doubt.

Digitized by Google

THIRD YEAR'S TRAVEL

FLORENCE TO GORIZIA

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SALZBURG. [*To face p.* 155.

Digitized by Google

FLORENCE TO GORIZIA

We left Florence on the 1st of May, and followed our former northward road as far as Bologna, where we took that to Ferrara—a very different Ferrara to that of the sixteenth century, when the Princes of the House of Este held a brilliant Court, and entertained the celebrities, literary and artistic, of the epoch—Tasso, Ariosto, and Titian the chief. Its streets are grass-grown, its vast marble palaces dismantled and decayed; in the vicinage of rice-fields, and three feet below the bed of the adjacent Po, it is malarious.

Padua.—A seat of learning; its University, "Il Bo," is the most ancient in Europe. A place of pilgrimage (the shrine of "Il Santo"—St. Antonio). Padua is somewhat more animated than Ferrara. In addition to its University and its shrine, the city glories in the possession of the vastest hall in all creation, "Il Salone" (83 mètres in length, 28 in breadth, and 24 in height), and one of the most spacious *cafés*—the Café Pedrocchi, bequeathed to his native town by a wealthy architect, and differing from all other *cafés* in that it is a thoroughfare—loungers entering at one portal and leaving by the other without let or hindrance.

Dolo on the Brenta.—It was on the banks of this

Digitized by Google

river, navigable for light craft, that, in the halcyon days of the Doges, the Venetian Gran' Signori had their country houses and held high revel; for, by all accounts, their daily life during *Villeggiatura* was *à la Watteau—al fresco* banquets, water-parties, concerts, improvisation, twanging the light guitar, serenading, flirting, and the rest. Since then times have changed, and very much for the worse. On the sluggish waters of the Brenta float few gondolas; the welkin no longer rings with the shouts and laughter of auburn-haired Venetian belles and their gay cavaliers; verdant lawns and brilliant *parterres* have been turned into kitchen-gardens; the marble terraces and fountains are shattered and moss-grown, the villas weather-stained and dilapidated, their courtyards rank with weeds.

Treviso, Conegliano.—For Italy a remarkably clean little town, and enlivened by the presence of a division of "Alpini," the finest body of men in the Italian Army, the Bersaglieri ranking second as a *corps d'élite*. Their billet is no sinecure. Mountain troops, the scene of their manœuvres is cloud-land; their tactics are those of the chamois-hunter, the contrabandist, the guerilla. Sure of foot and steady-headed, they scale dizzy heights, creep along the edge of precipices, and, by paths which a goat would consider hazardous, conduct their mules with mountain-guns and camp equipage from one strategic point to another. Out at all seasons, small detachments are not unfrequently overtaken by a snow-storm, and men and mules perish. Accidents of one sort or another are of constant occurrence, and surgeons and stretcher-bearers greatly in demand.

Digitized by Google

Vittorio.—Another prosperous place, composed of two large villages connected by a very fine avenue three-quarters of a mile in length.

Belluno.—An old town with cathedral and massive campanile 230 feet in height, whence is a magnificent prospect over the valley of the Piave and the distant Venetian plain. Up the valley of the Piave to Longarone, and thence, for several miles, through a narrow ravine to Perarolo.

Pieve di Cadore.—The smell of soap-suds in the corridor of our hotel, the wood flooring, the substitution of slovenly, greasy *cameriere* for clean, bustling *kellnerin*, and, above all, by the sight of *seideln* filled with foaming beer, notified us that the Austrian frontier was not far distant.

The town is charmingly situated on an eminence high above the valley of the Piave, and is, to my mind, one of the most attractive places for a prolonged stay to be found in the Eastern Alps; for the summer temperature is not excessive, whilst the walks and drives in every direction are innumerable and beautiful in the highest degree, that up the Val Cadore to Lezzo, with the huge Dolomite peaks Cridola, Marmarole, on either hand, being, for its happy combination of Alpine grandeur with Southern softness, unrivalled.

Pieve di Cadore.—Birthplace of Titian! It was the spot of all others to have Zorah photographed; which she was, in front of the shrine, her nose in an oat-sieve held by my wife, and her head pointed in the direction of the bronze statue of the great master.

Had Cadore good accommodation, it would be a formidable rival to Cortina.

Digitized by Google

A lovely drive of twenty miles to Cortina di Ampezzo, a summer resort which, owing to its proximity to the Dolomite region, its good hotel accommodation, its cleanliness and healthiness, is much frequented by English. It is a model town and a prosperous, the only one in the Austrian Dominions where is not a single pauper. The Hôtel Stella d'Oro, where we lodged, was out-and-out the most immaculate hostelry we had entered on our travels. A committee of Dutch matrons would have awarded unanimously the gold medal for housewifery to the sisters Barbare, the landladies, who, on being complimented by our humble selves, informed us, with pardonable pride, that no less a personage than Baron Rothschild had been her guest, and had expressed his approval. Worthy women were the sisters. On leaving, I could not find my horse-brush, and I mentioned its disappearance to the lady who receipted the bill.

She was distressed beyond measure. "What might it be worth?"

"Two or three florins; but its loss was of no great consequence, it could be replaced."

"If found, where should it be sent?"

"To Mühlbach."

A week later, a registered letter was handed me. It contained a few words expressive of regret that the brush had not been found, and the sum of two florins and fifty kreutzers. Integrity such as that deserves to be recorded.

Another beautiful drive to Toblach. The inn at Landro, crowded during July and August, was (June 4th) guestless, and so chill and comfortless that,

Digitized by Google

instead of halting there, as was our intention, we drove on to Welsberg in the Pusterthal. The landlady of the inn had a local reputation for beauty; but, being absent, our eyes were not gladdened by her charms. If the reputation was deserved, she was a *rarissima avis*, since, in a land of hard-featured women (not men), those of the Pusterthal "take the cake." Were the salvation of the valley dependent on the production of a score fairly good-looking women, its doom would be sealed. Nowhere had we seen anything approaching them for ugliness.

Franzensfeste.—Thence over the Brenner to Innsbruck, and down the valley of the Inn to Wörgl. The Kaiserstrasse (Wörgl to Reichenhall), so named from the Kaisergebirge which tower to the northward, is one of the most attractive highways in Tyrol or the Bavarian Highlands. From one end to the other—more especially between Lofer and Reichenhall—it runs through magnificent scenery, and would, but for the steep ascents at intervals, be perfect. That at Melleck, the Bavarian frontier and scene of the Tyrolese patriot Speckbacher's defeat by the Bavarians in 1809, is truly formidable, but is happily a short one. These pitches, which from the conformation of the ground the road-constructors are unable to avoid by skirting or zigzagging, are frequent in the Eastern Alps, the steepest in my experience being that on the Gastein road out of Lend; the Hirschbichl (Saalfelden to Berchtesgaden); the ascent from the Fuscher Thal to St. Wolfgang's Bad, and the Melleck pitch aforesaid. Except when the vehicle is of the lightest—a *vorspann*—an additional horse is almost invariably required. Our

Digitized by Google

fuhrwerk was the exception to the rule. Never once on our journeyings was there a pull so steep that our plucky Zorah could not or would not tackle unaided.

Reichenhall.—Bavaria's pleasantest watering-place. It is a *Bad*, not a *Heilquelle*, *i.e.* a health or medicinal spring; salt baths and salt-spray inhalations, in conjunction with pure mountain air, constituting the "cure."

The environs are highly picturesque, and the points of interest within an easy drive innumerable.

Berchtesgaden.—To me the most enjoyable of all summer resorts in Bavaria or elsewhere. The site is charming; it is unpretentious; it is within easy reach of a large town—Salzburg; there are delightful walks and drives in every direction. The Konigs-See, Germany's most idyllic lake, is but four and a half miles distant.

The salt-mine in the vicinity is well worthy a visit. It is not as extensive as the Dürnberg mine at Hallein, but is of easier access. The descent is made by means of wooden slides, and to avoid damage by friction to dress or trousers, the sight-seer is provided with a leathern apron, to be worn, like the cuirass of a Neapolitan dragoon (Bombadixit), behind. When the Emperor of Austria pays his salt-miners a visit, he wears, as Master of the Guild, his badge of honour—the leathern apron—on its seat.

It was our fourth visit to Berchtesgaden, but we lingered a fortnight.

Salzburg.—The most picturesquely situated of all German towns, Prague and Innsbruck not excepted.

Digitized by Google

BERCHTESGADEN. [*To face p.* 160.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The city lies between two abrupt hills, the Monchsberg and the Capuzinerberg, the Salzach river flowing between them dividing it into two parts—the northern nestled under the former hill, the southern under the latter. Built by the lordly Prince-Archbishops of Salzburg, who employed Italian architects, the city, with its flat-roofed houses, porticos, marble edifices and fountains, presents quite an Italian aspect; and it was for that reason, probably, that the Grand-Duke of Tuscany selected it as his residence when exiled from his beloved Florence. It is difficult to determine whether the city is best viewed from the Monchsberg or the Capuzinerberg; if it be not from the one it is from the other, or, perhaps it may be from the Gaisberg, a hill two miles distant, to whose summit there is a rack-and-pinion railway. The outlook therefrom is more than a "view," it is a panorama comprising the entire chain of Salzburg Alps, seven lakes, *and* the city. I have selected the photograph taken from the Capuzinerberg, as being the most comprehensive.

Salzburg is the most picturesque of German cities, and for the number and beauty of its promenades stands unrivalled in Europe or out of it. The main avenue along the crest of the wooded Monchsberg is one and a half miles in length; the walk through the park on the Capuzinerberg is still longer; and there are in addition promenades on either side of the Salzach, and an extensive *Stadt Park*, with a *Curhans*, where concerts are given daily.

St. Gilgen—The Austrian "Lake Country."—The Aber-See, seven and a-half miles in length, is dominated by the Schafberg, an isolated mountain 5800

Digitized by Google

feet in height—the "Rigi" of the Eastern Alps, commanding a magnificent prospect of lake, plain, and highland. The view embraces the mountains and lakes of the Salzkammergut, the Alps of Styria and Salzburg, and the Bavarian plain as far as the Chiemsee.

A shady road, four miles in length, connects the Aber-see with the Mondsee, a lake seven miles long by one and a quarter broad, having wooded, villa-dotted hills along its northern shore, the Schafberg rising precipitously on its southern. Ischl being our destination, we took boat to See, at the eastern end of the lake, walked through the woods to Unter-Ach at the southern extremity of the Atter-see, the largest in Austria, twelve miles in length; made the tour of the lake in steamer, and returned the way we went.

Ischl.—Built on a peninsula formed by the rivers Traun and Ischl, Austria's most fashionable watering-place, and summer residence of the Court. A more delightful one it would be difficult to find in any country; to enumerate the excursions for which it is the centre, would fill pages; its one drawback, ultra-dressiness. It is naturally the most expensive of Austrian summer resorts, but its dearness has been greatly exaggerated. The charges at the Hôtel Bauer and the Kaizerin Elisabeth are stiff; but there are very good houses where the prices rule very much lower—the Post, where we lodged, for one.

Tyrol's reputation for dearness is, I presume, the reason of the roving Englishman's non-presence. He has heard of the high prices prevailing during

Digitized by Google

the height of the season at Ischl and other fashionable watering-places, and jumps to the conclusion that throughout the entire country hotel charges are proportionately exorbitant. He is mistaken. Away from the watering-places and fashionable summer resorts, Tyrolese hotel-bills are reasonable. Members of the Blue Ribbon Army may possibly discover a slight increment in the charges for lodging; but the traveller who drinks a fair allowance of wine or beer will find his daily expenses about the same as in Switzerland. Throughout Tyrol liquors are good and cheap. The ordinary red wine of the country is only sixty kreutzers the litre, and beer ten kreutzers the shoppin. The daily wine-bill of a moderate drinker would not exceed a florin; in Switzerland it would be more than double that amount. Over Austrian innkeepers the traveller has a double pull; he pays for the food he has eaten, not for that which has been placed before him, and settles his reckoning in paper, gaining thereby the difference in value between gold and notes. In France, Switzerland, and Italy the guest is constrained, under penalty of an addition being made to the charge for *logement*, to eat at his hotel. He must either attend *table d'hôte*, which is irksome, or have his meals served apart, which is costly. At Austrian hotels there is no *table d'hote*; the guests dine *à la carte*, pay for what they order, and are not mulcted by Mr. Landlord if they dine abroad. An Austrian hostelry is Liberty Hall. Throughout Germany and Austria the payment of the hotel-bill is, as a rule, a pleasant, amicable transaction. The German landlord welcomes the coming, speeds the parting guest;

Digitized by Google

his civility is not dependent on the amount of the bill; waiters and waitresses are thankful for your guerdon, whether large or small.

The Traunsee, seven miles in length, dominated by the Traunstein, 5500 feet in height, is the most beautiful of the four lakes, offering the widest contrast of scenery — verdant and smiling at its northern end, severely Alpine at its southern. Its shores are a favourite *pied à terre* with royalties, the ex-King of Hanover, the ex-Grand-Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Wurtemberg having villas there, as had likewise the late Comte de Chambord. The town of Gmunden, at its lower end, is almost as expensive as Ischl; and, to judge by its hotel signs, consecrated to Mammon; for although the Golden Calf be missing, there are the Golden Ship, the Golden Spring, the Golden Sun, and the Golden Stag, and the Krone, which, if not the Iron Crown of Lombardy, is likewise golden.

Haag—St. Martin—Passau.—An ancient episcopal city at the confluence of the Danube, the Inn, and the Ilz, whose waters are of three distinct tints —the Danube, green; the Inn, gray; the Ilz, black, or approaching it.

Excursion by boat to Linz.

The scenery of the Danube between Passau and Linz is, in my opinion, far superior to that of the Rhine; for although there be no exquisitely picturesque reaches like those of St. Goar and Königswinter, nor so many ruined castles with legends attached thereto, the hills on either side are loftier, and clothed with forest instead of stunted vines.

Osterhofen—Deggendorf on the Danube.—A town

Digitized by Google

which, for the number of its public-houses, is, even for Bavaria, beer-swillingest of lands, unsurpassed.

Rusel.—The Bavarian forest, covering an area of 1800 square miles, was by far the most primeval region we had seen since bidding adieu to "Indian Garden," for two years our home in the Nova-Scotian backwoods, where the nearest house was nine miles distant, whilst across the river which flowed before the house thirty miles of virgin forest, untraversed by a road, the habitat of moose, bears, and other *feræ naturæ*, extended to the shores of the Bay of Fundy.

In the immense Bayerischer Wald cattle are raised, and some glass, linen, and iron manufactured; but lumbering is the great industry of the people, the logs being driven, as in America, down the smaller streams, and floated by the Ilz or other river to the Danube. Some large pines are seen, but the lumber is coarse and knotty.

Compared with his Bavarian congener, the American lumberer has a good time; he is more snugly housed, is better fed, and better paid; for although his wages are low during the felling season, they are high for driving and rafting. The hut of the Bavarian and Tyrolese woodman is wretched; his food, rye-bread and *schmarm* (a greasy porridge), of the coarsest. Pork and beans, wheaten bread, "slap-jacks," dough-nuts, "apple-sass," and tea *ad lib*, the daily fare of the American lumberer would be beyond the wildest flights of his gastronomic imagination; his day's work ended, to sit with his mates round a blazing log fire and smoke and yarn seem to him the acme of dissipation.

Digitized by Google

Snuff, of which he takes "sneezings" which would astonish a Highlander, and a little rank tobacco, are his only luxuries. As an axeman, he is not deft. His axe is clumsy; he has not the American swing which renders each stroke true, and he "makes as many chips as a beaver."

Roe-deer and other game roam the Bavarian forest, but not in such numbers as, from its great extent and savagery, one might be led to suppose. The shooting is mostly Governmental, and in the province of the Royal Forester. A very important personage is the Herr Ober-förstmeister, and a lofty. To obtain any favour at his hand he must be approached with humility, and be judiciously soft-sawdered. Hard as the nether millstone to the self-asserting applicant, in the hands of the cunning diplomatist, who knows how to tackle him, he is as yielding as wax. Cordial relations with this autocrat of the royal forests once established, permission to join the hunting-parties is freely accorded. The bag is not divided amongst the party, but sold on Governmental account. Feathered game is scarce, but by patience and perseverance a few auer-hahn and hazel-grouse may be called and potted. As callers, the Germans and Austrians blow the noble red man higher than a kite. They have a call for every beast that runs and every bird that flies; calls for red-deer, roe-deer, fox, hare, capercailzie, hazel-grouse, stone-grouse, woodcock, snipe, duck, quail, partridge, thrush, blackbird, woodpigeon, and owl. In the more cultivated districts of the Bavarian and Bohemian forests there is fair partridge-shooting—fair for Germany. The sportsman who is not satisfied

Digitized by Google

unless he kills his twenty or thirty brace would do well to remain at home, and pay ten shillings for every bird he bags. When shooting costs nothing, one must not be too exacting. The cleared-land shootings are, for the most part, leased by the farmers and communes of the district to a *gesellschaft*, or gunning-club, of which some sporting innkeeper is pretty certain to be captain. It is to him that application must be made for a shooting permit, and it is rarely refused. The quantity of powder exploded being out of all proportion to the game killed, the members of the club are not averse to having one straight shot amongst them, for by his dexterity they save money. It is not so much their aim to kill as to have their diversion gratis—to make the game pay the rental; and this they seldom do unaided. The honorary member is, as a matter of course, required to hand over his spoil, which is sold on club account; and he is expected to tip the *jäger*. For a week's shooting twenty marks would be considered "'ansome;" and that sum is all his sport need cost him.

A fine prospect of the Bohemian and Bavarian forests, the plain of the Danube, and the distant Alps, is obtained from either the Arber or the Rachel, the two highest mountains (4800 feet) of the region.

Eisenstein—Klattau—Pilsen (the Austrian Burton-*Hauptstadt* of King Gambrinus).—I have never visited the Staffordshire town, but if its breweries are larger than those of Pilsen, they must be vast indeed. I was courteously conducted over the *Bürgerliche Brauerei* by the manager, and in its

Digitized by Google

extensive, rock-excavated cellar drank some of the "genuine stunning" out of its native krügel.

"De gustibus non 'sputandum," as the Reverendissimo Canonico of Capri used to say. I prefer Pilsner, or, still better, Gratzer beer to any tap going. After them, Burton is vanity, and *Münchener* vexation of spirit. When I drink German or Austrian beer I am pretty sure that the fluid is not deleterious—that it is pure water, malt, and hops. German brewers and publicans dare not adulterate; the risk they run is too great. When detected, they are heavily fined, often imprisoned, and are made to publish their crime, conviction, and sentence in a certain number of newspapers. It is a mode of punishment which might be adopted in England with highly beneficial results.

Marienbad, the "Cure;" St. Oswald in the Bohemian forest, "After-cure."

At the inn at Grafenau, a neighbouring village, were a pair of swallows which for tameness and fearlessness were far and away beyond any birds we had seen in our lifetime. They had built their nest on the big swinging house-bell in the entry which summoned the cellarman, and which was in use the livelong day. When it rang, the parent-bird on duty would take a fly round the courtyard, but alight before it had ceased to rock. "Seeing is believing." Had we been related the incident, we should have accounted it "a traveller's tale."

Passau—Schärding—Neumarkt—Wels—Spital-am-Pyhrn.—A prettily situated hamlet at the foot of the Grosse Pyhrgass, 7400 feet high, the *aussichtspunkt* of the region. Over the entrance-door of the Post

Digitized by Google

is a fresco of Christ at Emmaus, and beneath it the sentence, "Herr, bleib mit uns denn es wird Nacht" ("Master, abide with us, for the night cometh")—plain, but profane.

Trieben—Leoben-on-the-Mur—Frohnleiten—Gratz (or "Pensionopolis," as it is nicknamed, owing to the large number of retired Governmental officials who reside there).—It is a pleasant city, but a cheap one no longer; for railways have equalized prices, and, except in the wilds, that great *desideratum* of impecunious *paterfamilias*, an inexpensive residence is not to be found.

We left Gratz after lunch with the intention of sleeping at Spielfeld, twenty-eight miles distant; but on arriving there we found the inn full of uproarious navvies, engaged on the construction of a branch line of rail, and unenterable. There was nothing for it but to feed the mare, who was in splendid condition, and push on to Marburg, twelve miles further. It was a bright moonlight night, the road was good, and she went along faster than she had ever done since the day I bought her. At half-past eight I pulled up at the Hotel Erzherzog Johann at Marburg, forty-one miles from Gratz.

The following morning we made an early start; and, as the sky looked threatening, and Zorah seemed disposed to get over the ground, I humoured her, and by sundown we were at Cilli; forty-six miles from Marburg.

The third day the mare, still full of going, made Laibach, forty-two miles from Cilli; and the fourth, St. Peter, forty-three miles from Laibach.

At St. Peter we were advised to delay our

Digitized by Google

departure, as the "Bora"—the furious north-east wind—was "loose." So violent was it that a short time previously it had overturned a railway-train, whilst the wreckage of vehicles on the adjacent Karst was of constant occurrence. I thought the danger exaggerated, a landlord's tale, and set forth.

On reaching the Karst, a desolate, boulder-strewn expanse, I heartily anathematized my folly. I had been in a tremendous gale off the Horn; in a West-Indian hurricane; seen very heavy weather in many seas; but the force of the Bora outblew them all. Not a soul was there to witness our perilous passage; but when, at height of the tempest, I, as a last resource, brought up, head to wind, the tableau we presented must have been stupendous. My wife, her clothes blown over her head, clutching with both hands the bit of the terror-stricken mare; I, hatless, breathless, hanging on with might and main to the dashboard to prevent, if possible, an overthrow, and blessing the various objects of our travelling paraphernalia as one after another they took unto themselves wings and flew aloft into the *ewigkeit*. For an hour we were in imminent peril, and it was with immense relief that we made the haven of Dornegg-Feistritz.

On the fifth day, at dusk, we arrived at Fiume, thirty-five miles from St. Peter. In four days and six hours the mare had covered 201 miles, two-thirds of the distance being through very hilly country.

On being brought out of her stable at Spielfeld, when she thought her day's work done, and made to perform an unwonted night stage, she seemed to

Digitized by Google

realize that it was to be her record journey; and she did her very best. It was a splendid performance.

On entering the hotel, a friend who had started from Gratz at the same time as ourselves, and travelled by rail to Fiume, greeted us with a "Here you are; I thought you would have recourse to the iron-horse at some point on the road;" and he laughed heartily when I assured him that the mare had been our sole locomotive. He refused to believe it; and it was only on my producing the four hotel bills that he was convinced.

Apart from its most unpleasant and constant visitor, the Bora, Fiume is not an agreeable residence. Did the choice lie between it and Limbo, I should be inclined to choose the latter habitation. We remained there ten days, and then, instead of making direct for Trieste, struck southwards down the Istrian peninsula to Pola, and for no particular reason that I can remember—possibly because I thought that Zorah's 2000 miles of summer travel was insufficient, and that a little more exercise would do her good.

Abbazia.—The Austrian Nice, which town it resembles as much as it does Cairo or Jerusalem.

At the culminating point of the ascent beyond Abbazia there is a magnificent prospect of the Gulf of Quarnero and its numerous islands.

Moschenizze—Pisino—Pola.—Although the chief station of the Austrian fleet, Pola does not possess a single decent hotel. There are some Roman remains and a fish-market, where we saw the night's haul being packed for despatch to Vienna. The fish of the Adriatic are much superior to those of

Digitized by Google

the Mediterranean; the red-mullet were the finest I had ever seen.

We found one day at Pola just twenty-four hours too much, and, as we could go no further in a southerly direction, made a right-about face, taking the western road to Capo d'Istria.

Rovigno.—A fair being held, there was no room for us at the inn; and its landlord could not direct us to a house where we might obtain a night's lodging. We were wandering disconsolately hither and thither, not knowing what to do or where to go, when providence, in the form of a lady who had heard of our dilemma, accosted my wife, and most kindly offered to receive us as visitors—not as "paying guests," as boarders are genteelly (and ridiculously) termed in England. We thankfully accepted her hospitality, and had a very pleasant evening, an excellent supper, and a good night's rest.

Capo d'Istria.—The town stands on an island, and is connected with the mainland by a causeway; its sole monuments are an ancient cathedral and town-hall.

Trieste.—Another calling-place of the Bora. To prevent pedestrians being swept into the harbour during his visits, ropes are stretched along the quays. Trieste is preferable to Tophet; but I should imagine purgatory to be the pleasanter place of the two.

Gorizia.—The morning after our arrival it commenced to rain, and continued to do so for an entire week. At its close we had a debate; its subject, Should we continue our journey to Florence, or winter where we were? The distance to Florence *viâ* Padua, Ferrara, and Bologna was 250 miles; the roads

Digitized by Google

would be in bad condition—road-travel the reverse of agreeable. Gorizia was a winter resort, the climate mild. Bora gave it the go-by. It had pretty environs; there were a theatre and a military band. The hotels were fairly good, and apartments were to be had should we prefer housekeeping. It had been the residence of the Comte de Chambord, and was still that of his widow. What pleased royalty should please us; and Gorizia carried it.

We found a comfortable apartment. Zora was given a loose box at the Post. We passed the five winter months, if not jovially, pleasantly and contentedly.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FOURTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM GORIZIA TO GORIZIA

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM GORIZIA TO GORIZIA

We started from Gorizia on the 24th of May, and, halting for the night at Präwald, reached Adelsberg the following day at an early hour.

. . . . . .

Carniola is the land of caverns and chasms and subterranean rivers, the habitat of bogies and of gnomes.

Of the numerous caverns discovered and explored, that of Adelsberg is the largest and most beautiful, as likewise the most accessible.

Whit-Monday.—The yearly festival. Holiday folk arriving on foot, in cart and in carriage, and excursionists by rail from Trieste, Fiume, Gorizia, and from places still further distant—from Laibach, Gratz, and Vienna. The main street crowded, inns and taverns doing a roaring business, the *fête* in full swing. We were so fortunate as to find a room disengaged at the Corona d'Ungheria, and with lodging we had to be contented, for attendance was out of the question. Indoors and out-of-doors, in the halls and passages, in courtyard and garden, chairs and tables had been ranged in serried rows, and not a place was vacant.

Most amusing was the scene from our window overlooking the garden; prodigious was the activity displayed by the waiters and waitresses, astounding

Digitized by Google

the number of plates and glasses they contrived to carry without coming to grief. On the tables whereat were seated the most importunate and vociferous guests, they discharged their load, whatever it might be, and vanished. Here, as throughout Germany and Austria, the fatted or unfatted calf had been killed for the voracious multitude, and its flesh, cooked in different ways, formed the *main* of the *menu*. Let him who had *kalbsbraten*, and objected thereto, change plates with his neighbour who preferred it to *kalbsgulias*, *kalbs-cotelette*, *kalbs-leber* or *kalbs* something dispensed him by mistake. Nothing easier. It being beyond the mental powers of the attendants to remember what had been served, each guest made his own reckoning, and paid it. Such procedure would not answer in every country, but Austrian landlords have implicit confidence in the honour of their guests; the custom obtains throughout the Empire.

Having eaten their fill and assuaged their thirst by oft-replenished *krügel* of the good beer of Gratz, the visitors started grotto-wards, and we followed them. A shady avenue some three-quarters of a mile in length leads from the town to the spot. The country on either hand, although not particularly fertile, is a terrestrial paradise when compared with the neighbouring Carso. Of the several Alpine ranges, the Julian is the most sterile, and the table-lands and valleys in their vicinage are, as a rule, either stony or marshy. It was not owing to its natural advantages, but from its being the key to richer and more fertile regions, that the Romans established themselves at Adelsberg, and that in

Digitized by Google

the Middle Ages Turks and Venetians ofttimes razed the village and besieged the castle on the heights. The valley is watered by the river Poik, a Stygian stream, which enters the mountain-side through a chasm sixty feet below the level of the Grotto, and after a subterranean course of four miles, reappears at Planina, to be again lost to view a short distance further down at Loitsch. But, as a subterranean river, the Poik is out-distanced by the Reka, which, disappearing in a fissure on the Carso, emerges at Duino on the sea-coast, twenty-three miles distant.

That the Grotto was known and visited as early as the thirteenth century, graffite within clearly proves; but, like many another marvel of nature, the Blue Grotto of Capri amongst the number, its existence was for ages forgotten, and its rediscovery is of recent date, the greater portion, from the Cathedral to Calvary, in 1818.

On my first visit, many years previously, I was not deeply impressed by the beauty of the Grotto, for I saw nothing or next to nothing, the illumination, albeit costly, being barely sufficient to reveal the outline of the cavern. This time we should behold it at its very best, illumined *à Giorno* by 16,000 candles and twelve electric lights, and all for the sum of one florin.

The entrance is not grandiose; the low, rude perforation in the rock is far more suggestive of man's handiwork than of Dame Nature's. It might be the mouth of a mine or the commencement of a railway tunnel; nothing is there indicative of the marvels to which it gives access.

We paid our florins to the janitor, and entered.

Digitized by Google

The temperature, although several degrees lower than without, was not so low as to cause chilliness. The roadway was gravelled, and trim as a garden path; it was easy going, but for the convenience of the lazy and infirm there is a tramway, on Whit-Monday suspended, for the convenience of the throng.

A few paces, and the last faint gleams of daylight faded. Candles in no great profusion threw a feeble light on the pathway and vaulting of the narrow shaft. Though several thousand human beings had passed the turnstile, not a sound struck the ear but a faint patter of footsteps and the rumbling of the Poik, which, through an opening in the rock, could be dimly descried pursuing its subterranean course. A short staircase brought us to a wider, loftier corridor, at whose extremity there is a descent of thirteen steps. Crossing two natural bridges, the first over the river, which here reappears, the second athwart a fissure, we arrived at the "Balustrade"—an estrade fifty feet above the floor of the "Cathedral," and commanding it in its entirety.

The *coup d'œil* was very striking, the rays of the electric light being sufficiently strong to enable one to realize at a glance the vast proportions of the cavern—150 feet in breadth and 80 feet in height. Spacious it is, and vaulted, but its resemblance to a cathedral is not obvious. The worthy to whom was confided the task of naming the different chambers and objects in the Grotto was not happy in his nomenclature, nor blessed with liveliness of fancy. As I had seen it twenty years before, dimly lighted with flickering torches, Atrium of Charon

Digitized by Google

would have been more appropriate; for to have beheld in the mind's eye, standing by the river Poik, black and dismal as the Styx, a band of the departed awaiting the return of the horrific ferryman, would have required no great stretch of the imagination. Times have changed. Now Atrium of Charon would be a greater misnomer than Cathedral. The electric light has dispersed Charon and his expectant spirits. The only ghosts that can brave its effulgent rays are those of Professor Pepper.

Adjoining the Balustrade is a monument commemorative of the visit, in 1816, of the Emperor Francis I., and here, prior to 1856, was the terminal point of the rectilinear gallery. To reach the inner cavities it was necessary to descend to the level of the river, cross it by a bridge, and mount by a long flight of steps to the second grotto—that of Ferdinand. The route being impracticable during freshets, a shaft 170 feet in length, connecting the two galleries, was made, and the innermost recesses of the Grotto rendered accessible at all times and seasons. The vast proportions of the cavern being best surveyed from the bridge, we decided to take the old route and return by the new.

By three flights of steps we descended to the river, which, after traversing the "Cathedral," disappears finally amidst a chaotic pile of boulders, and we gained the bridge, a wooden structure fifty feet in length. Thence the cavern presented a more basilical aspect; the rays of the electric light being cast downwards, the roof was in deeper shade, and the pendant stalactites assimilated groining; the walls seemed less rough-hewn and out of the

Digitized by Google

perpendicular, the ensemble more symmetrical, more architectural than when viewed from the gallery overhead. The murmur of the river was slightly suggestive of *Paters* and *Aves*, and the muffled voices of Low Mass.

From the bridge to the inner extremity of the artificial gallery is a climb, there being no less than eighty-two steps. At the top of the staircase is the Emperor Ferdinand monument, and here begin a succession of grottoes, large and small, embellished with stalactites and stalagmites of varied hue and of every imaginable conformation.

From the first cavern, designated æsthetically by the Adam of the Grotto the "Butchery," a lateral gallery leads to the "English Garden," and thence to the more happily named "Cave of Diamonds," the countless slender stalactites studding the roof and glittering in the candle-light presenting a most lustrous display.

The terminal wall of this lateral gallery is the "Register;" on it, they who desire to leave a record of their visit are at liberty to inscribe their names—a permit of which many thousands have availed themselves. In Austria the scribbling proclivities of the multitude are kept within certain limits; to deface with knife or pencil objects of public interest is accounted worse than a folly, it is an offence.

Returning to the main corridor, we were invited to admire a stalagmitic formation, the "Madonna and Child." It is a failure. Were Nature not the modeller, I should have attributed the work to the artist who is held responsible for the Madonnas at Loreto, Monte Vergine, and other sculptural and

Digitized by Google

pictorial enormities — Saint Luke. Hereabout the stalagmites are frequently variegated, or of a reddish hue; the stalactites, arches, corbels, etc., are Gothic in outline, the mural incrustations resemble frozen waterfalls.

"*The Aurora Borealis.*"—This is one of the many semi-diaphanous limestone formations which in the semblance of draperies, curtains, etc., constitute the Grotto's paramount attraction, and have given it its world-wide renown. Illumined from behind, so downy and fleecy seem some of them that instinctively the hand is outstretched to feel the texture of the weft. Although the hue of this Adelsberg Aurora be not precisely that of the Northern Lights, it is none the less worthy of admiration; soft and pearly, it would be considered by Titania and her attendant sprites, were they denizens of the Grotto, an excellent substitute for moonlight, and tempt them to the dance.

On Whit-Monday the centre of attraction is the adjacent "ball-room"—a vast cavern, 150 feet in length, 90 in breadth, and 40 in height, brilliantly lighted, and wherein a legion of dancers were gyrating in double quick time to that familiar tune the "Blue Danube Waltz." It was an impressive sight, and a fantastic. The flooring, although level, is as Nature made it, and the dust raised by 500 pairs of feet subdued the flare of the electric lights, threw a halo all around, and imparted a spectral appearance to the dancers. Very inspiriting was the unaffected gaiety of the holiday-makers; beyond all praise their behaviour. Although limestone dust be thirst-creative, and frequent were the visits to the

Digitized by Google

provisionary *bier keller* "round the corner," there was no drunkenness, nor horse-play, nor practical joking, nor shrieking, nor shouting, nor foul language. For decorum in public, first of all nationalities is the Austrian.

Time did not allow a prolonged halt. The ball-room is only 600 yards in direct line from the entrance, whilst the turning-point is 2600. Up and down, along shafts and galleries, through cave and cavern, past stalactites and stalagmites, parti-coloured and of every conceivable formation—in the shape of pyramids, obelisks, pinnacles, columns, caryatides, cenotaphs, candelabra, lustres, and a host of other imageries—to "Tartarus," an aqueous cave, and the Grotto's Ultima Thule, and from "Tartarus" into the glare of the electric light to "Mount Loibl." From its base, which is reached by eight zigzags, Mount Loibl is said to resemble a waterfall. The similarity is not strikingly apparent. The Rock of Moses it might be named, as from a cleft in its side issues an abundant stream, which, in rainy weather, assumes the proportions of a torrent. Let it resemble what it may, Mount Loibl, in its lofty, encompassing cavern, seventy-five metres from floor to roof, is justly accounted one of the marvels of the Grotto, albeit less marvellous than the adjacent "Calvary." Calvary! Why Calvary? Because, explains Dr. Schmidt, the myriad stalagmites rising tier above tier, sixty metres to the summit of the acclivity, calls to mind the procession to Golgatha. This happy thought must have occurred to Dr. Schmidt prior to the advent of the electric light, and on a day other than Whit-Monday. As we beheld it, it was

Digitized by Google

a very lively Golgotha indeed, almost as lively as is the Naples cemetery—the Campo Santo on All Soul's Day. Had there been sunshine instead of electric light, I could almost have imagined myself in that Southern necropolis, for the serried stalagmites are not unlike tombstones and monuments, whilst the gaiety of the holiday-makers was nearly as great as that of Neapolitan mourners. That Calvary is *the* sight of the Grotto there can be no question. Viewed from the second platform, the *coup d'œil* was enchanting and weird beyond description. The countless stalagmites of divers shapes, varied colour, and colossal proportions bristling the slope of the miniature mountain from base to summit; the striking contrasts of light and shade, dazzling in the direct electric ray, black as Erebus in the shadow; the ebbing and flowing tide of humanity, the echoing sounds of mirth and laughter, the succeeding death-like stillness combined to create in the mind of the beholder feelings of mingled awe and admiration.

On the third, the topmost platform, which is surrounded by a stalagmite *cheveaux-de-frise* of snowy whiteness, stands a very lofty stalagmitic formation, the "Lighthouse of Trieste," and at the very summit a huge rock, "Noah's Ark," a scribbling benefaction covered with names and platitudes. Luminous "Calvary" is quitted, and the gloom re-entered at the "High Altar," a triangular elevation, fitting shrine to sacrifice to Pluto.

Returning by the Ferdinand Grotto, the main gallery is shortly obstructed by a chaos of fallen stalactites—an *orrido*, as the Italians term it—and a side passage some 200 feet in length has to be

Digitized by Google

taken. A little further stand two white columnar stalagmites, 20 and 25 feet in circumference respectively, and 45 feet in height, and beyond them, 1200 metres from the entrance, is the famous "Curtain" —Nature's *chef d'œuvre* in the tapestry-imitation line. It is a diaphanous, calcareous lamina, nine feet in length and not quite half an inch in thickness, has a white centre and maroon border, and being two feet distant from the wall of the cavern, admits of being illuminated from behind. The effect is charmingly soft and graceful, whilst the thought that one rude blow would damage it beyond reparation makes one feel quite concerned for its safety. There is not much danger of a mishap. A repetition of the Portland vase vandalism is not likely to occur in Austria; but to make assurance doubly sure, a warder is posted to guard the treasure.

Three hundred paces further is another transparency known as "Le Scamisciate," literally "the shirtless," owing to the deposit bearing some resemblance to plaited linen; and then the largest stalagmite in the Grotto, twenty-six feet in height and sixty in circumference. To determine to a hair's-breadth the centennial incrustation of this and other stalagmites is impossible; but from observations made during the last twenty years it has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the deposit in a decade is scarcely perceptible. With that datum whereon to base his calculations, the visitor of an investigating turn can determine with more or less accuracy—rather less than more—the antiquity of the Grotto, and relatively of our planet.

Fast by is the "Sepulchre," where, on our march

Digitized by Google

inwards, we diverged from the main gallery into the Franz-Joseph-Elizabeth Grotto, and there we retraced our steps. A few minutes' halt to have another peep at the dancers, who were twirling faster than ever, another look at the Cathedral from the Balustrade, and after four hours' entombment we emerged into the welcome sunshine.

I have seen many marvels of nature both in the Old World and the New, and of all nature's marvels within my ken, Niagara in winter, and the Adelsberg Grotto head the list.

. . . . . .

At Laibach, thirty-two miles northwards of Adelsberg, we left the Vienna road, and turning westwards up the valley of the Save, arrived in the forenoon of the following day at Veldes. It is a charming *Bad*, built on the shore of a most picturesque little lake, is a fashionable summer resort, and has first-rate hotels with correspondently high prices. Zorah seemed bewildered at the unwonted cleanliness and elegance of her stable; had she been able to decipher her board-bill which I proffered her on leaving she would have been more astonished still. Not that I had any cause for complaint. When everything is of the very best, it is just that one pay accordingly. It is when bad is the best and the charges disproportionate that one has reason to growl.

Although Herr Mallner, our host, had entertained his Emperor, he was attentive and most obliging. A keen sportsman, he had extensive fishing concessions and the shooting over a large tract of mountain and forest, to both of which he offered me, free of cost,

Digitized by Google

the rights and privileges of a brother jäger. The invitation to shoot being for the autumn, I could only avail myself of the fishing permit, and had fair sport in the Rothwein. During our stay we made an excursion to the Wocheiner-see (eighteen miles) a picturesque but lonesome sheet of water, and thence afoot to the romantic Savitza Fall, the source of the Save.

Entry in my note-book: "Veldes is the only place, thus far on our travels, where I have found combined, charming scenery, a thermal establishment, first-class hotels, fishing, and shooting."

Up the valley of the Save to Weissenfels, where are two idyllic lakes; Tarvis, a summer resort, finely situated; Villach on the Drave, where we made a ten-days' halt to visit the adjacent lakes, the Millstatter-see, the Ossiacher-see, and the Worther-see. The last is the largest, eleven miles in length. At its eastern end lies Klagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, and reputed the coldest town in Southern Austria. Up the valley of the Drave; Spital; Greifenburg; Lienz; the Pusterthal; Sillian; Bruneck; Franzensfeste; the Brenner (old ground); the Valley of the Lower Inn (*idem*).

Kufstein—Bavarian Frontier.—There was a Passion Play at Thiersee, a short distance from the town, and we attended. It was a most primitive performance, as formerly at Ober-Ammergau and elsewhere, before the simple peasantry conceived the happy idea of turning a Biblical representation into a pageant, and of making their religious observances bring grist to the mill.

The prominent female personator had a double

Digitized by Google

rôle to play. She first appeared as Eve in traditional *deshabille*, but with an apron of fig-leaves, which by the strict letter of the text was slightly previous; and, after having changed her fleshings for a gown, was thenceforth the Virgin Mary. The other characters, Christ, Caiaphas, Pilate, Peter, Judas, and Barrabas, did their best to be natural and dignified; and, although they did not succeed, it was possible to keep a serious countenance. But when the four hard-featured old men and the four pippin-faced old women who formed the chorus began to yowl, to keep one's risible muscles under control was impossible. Whilst they had possession of the floor, to avoid giving offence, we slipped out through a side door which stood "convanient." What may be the effect produced on the minds of ignorant peasants by such an exhibition I know not; to us it was simply deplorable.

Walchsee—Kossen.—Prettily situated, inexpensive summer resorts. However poor the German *employé* may be, he contrives to save sufficient money to give his family an outing, and, during the holiday season, every village where shade, pure air, and good water (and good beer) can be had at moderate cost, has its full compliment of humble guests.

Marquartstein — Prien—The Chiemsee.—On the Herreninsel, nine miles in circumference, stands Schloss Herrenchiemsee, the most stupendous folly of poor King Ludwig. Of all royal white elephants it is the whitest and most futile, having been of utility to no one, living or dead. Intended to rival Versailles, as a monument of kingly extravagance and of vaulting ambition it is unique. Completed, it

Digitized by Google

would have caused bewilderment; in its unfinished state it gives the visitor the blues. Built on three sides of a square, its proportions are colossal, the western *façade* being 345 feet in length, and the incompleted wing 480.

The vestibule, adorned with peacocks (his favourite birds) in enamel, "gives" on a court, whence rises the grand staircase. Were the marbles real instead of imitation, it would be grander; but even presuming them real, it cannot compare with that at the Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples.

The Galerie des Glaces, 245 feet in length, has 33 lustres for 2000 candles; and the Salon de la Guerre and the Salon de la Puix, opening on either side, are proportionately magnificent. But the *clou* of the suite is the Chambre de Parade, a counterfeit of Louis XIV.'s bedchamber at Versailles, surcharged with gilding, and containing a bed which is said to have cost £125,000.

The dining-table is made to descend to the kitchen. We agreed that to sit alone or in company round a yawning shaft or a trap-door whilst the next course was being sent up was not merely an eccentricity on the part of his late Majesty, but a madness.

Traunstein (where the brine, conducted in pipes from Reichenhall (twenty-two miles), is evaporated)—*Reichenhall—Berchtesgaden—Pays de Connaissance—Lofer.*—A favourite resort of *sommerfrischers*, and starting-point for mountain-climbers in the Bavarian Highlands. It is grandly situated; and the adjacent Loferer Hochthal, a mountain-encircled plateau, four and a half miles in length, is, in its way, a worthy rival of the Cirque de Gavernie.

Digitized by Google

One great drawback to these regions, little frequented by English tourists, is the lack of good hotel accommodation. Unlike the Swiss, the mountaineers of Tyrol and the Bavarian Highlands are deficient in enterprise, in their desire to be up-to-date. What was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them, and should be for the stranger. The cooking is coarse, and the "sanitary arrangements" are quite too awful. The reek of ammonia in the corridors of all the inns, and in a large number of the hotels professing to be first-class, is sufficient to knock one down. Another serious disadvantage is the difficulty in procuring fresh fruit and vegetables. At the inns Gerostete, Kartoffeln, sliced, half-fried potatoes, saturated with lard, is often the sole *gemüse* on the bill of fare, and when there chances to be a choice, it lies between carrots, cauliflower, or French beans, one more unpalatable than the other. If the visitor desires strawberries or other wild fruit, he must go into the woods and pick it, for the village children have, they tell you, more important work to do.

Saalfelden — Zell-am-see. — The Zeller-see is a beautiful lake two and a half miles in length, from whose centre is beheld a splendid mountain panorama. The village is a fashionable summer resort, and possesses, in addition to its charming surroundings, a hotel (the Kaiserin Elizabeth), which, for stiffness of charges, rivals, if it does not surpass, the establishment of the same name at Ischl.

Bruck-in-Pinzgau. — Whilst there we made an excursion up the beautiful Fuscher Thal to Ferleiten.

Digitized by Google

Taxenbach.—Two miles from which is the Kitzloch Klamm, a magnificent gorge, resembling somewhat that of Pfeffers in Switzerland, but surpassing it in every respect. It is traversed by the Rauriser Ache, which, at one point, is precipitated in four leaps from a height of 330 feet. The path is good, and protected by railings; but its narrowness, the roar of the torrent, and the pervading gloom makes the expedition somewhat formidable for the timid.

Schwarzach.—At the Wallner inn the Protestant peasantry of the district held their last meeting in 1729, prior to their expulsion from his dominions by the intolerant Archbishop of Salzburg. The table at which they took the oath of fidelity to their faith, by dipping their fingers in salt, is still preserved, and a rude painting thereon represents the occurrence.

Lend.—The ascent of the Gastein road out of Lend, if not quite perpendicular, is so steep as to seem so when viewed from a distance; and I was assured that without a *vorspann* (a leader) the *schimmel* would not be able to effect it. But, then, the Herr Postmeister was ignorant of the said *schimmel's* capabilities. I removed the luggage from the hind seat to the front seat of the carriage, shortened the traces, patted her encouragingly, and off she started. It was a pull, and no mistake; but with a breathing-space now and again, she gallantly topped the hill, the villagers gathered round the post-house watching her with evident interest until she was out of sight.

Passing Hof-Gastein four miles from the springs, whence the hot water is conveyed in pipes without much loss of temperature, we arrived at Wildbad

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

GOSAU LAKE AND DACHSTEIN. [*To face p.* 193.

Digitized by Google

Gastein, by many considered the most delightful health-resort in Austria. That the late Emperor William should have selected it as his *Kurort* is not surprising, for the site is enchanting, the air is the lightest and the purest, and the water of the baths the most invigorating to be found; and, strange to say, the hot water is nothing but hot water, pure and simple; it contains no mineral substance, or next to none. I have a strong suspicion that it is the exhilarating air in conjunction with the baths that effects the cure. The air of Gastein! It is a poem. A morning's walk along the *Kaiserweg* is an event to be remembered. The two fine falls of the Ache, 207 and 280 feet high respectively, whilst enhancing the beauty of the site, cause the houses in their vicinity to be somewhat damp; but one is not obliged to lodge in them.

During the season's height rooms at the Gastein hotels must be secured long in advance; it being on the wane, we found accommodation at the Hôtel Straubinger, which stands first on the list. I believe that hotel charges at Gastein are on a sliding-scale, rising week by week until the season's acme, falling *idem* to its close. If ours at the Hôtel Straubinger was at a reduced rate, we agreed that the July and August Badgäste, other than millionnaires, were deserving of pity.

Hittau—Abtenau—Gosau.—The Vordere and Hintere Gosau Lakes, the latter with the Kopfwand to the right, the Geschlösskogel to the left, and the Thorstein and mighty Dachstein, with its glacier in the background, is perhaps the wildest of the Salzkammergut group—wilder than the adjacent Lake

Digitized by Google

of Hallstatt (five miles in length), which is so overhung by lofty mountains that from the 17th of November to the 2nd of February the village at its upper end does not see the sun.

Aussee-on-the-Traun. — An expensive watering-place much frequented by money-spinners of the Hebrew persuasion.

Of the four lakes in the vicinity—Alt-Aus-see, Grundl-see, Toplitz-see, Kammer-see—it is difficult to determine which is the most attractive, all of them being grandly situated and commanding superb views of the environing mountains, the Dachstein and the Todtegebirge the chief.

Steinach—Rottenmann—Leoben—Bruck-au-der-Mur—Murzzuschlag.—At the foot of the Semmering, and the branch for Mariazell, the most venerated shrine in Austria, and visited annually by over 100,000 pilgrims. I should have liked to have added Mariazell to my list of pilgrimages; but the *pilger-saison* was over, and to go thirty miles off my road to see a miraculous Virgin and Child (probably the handiwork of St. Luke) was not worth the candle which I should, in honour bound, have burned. The Austrians, like the Neapolitans, associate their devotions with their pleasures, religious rites with carnal dissipations, and, the former consummated, they have, it would appear, on their homeward journey from Mariazell, a "high old time."

The Semmering, although a pass of little altitude (3220 feet), is, in point of scenery, in the very first line, whilst the railway, for boldness of design, is only surpassed by the Gothard. On the descent to Gloggnitz, the Schneeberg is the mountain most conspicuous.

Digitized by Google

Wiener-Neustadt.—The Austrian Sandhurst (400 pupils), founded by the Empress Maria Theresa in 1752.

Half an hour before Baden was reached we passed Vöslau, where is grown the wine of that name, known the wide world over through the circulars and advertisements of Herr Schlumberger. The vineyards being of no great extent, the yield small, and the demand for the wine great, it may be calculated that the quantity of Vöslauer made to the Vöslauer drank is about the same as Rudesheimer—twenty-five per cent.

At fashionable Baden there was a great strapping, washing, and furbishing of mare, carriage, and harness for our entry to Vienna, which we effected on the 7th of September, 107 days out from Gorizia.

After dropping my wife at the Hôtel Tegethoff in the Johannesgasse, I drove to the Prater-Stern, where lived a horse-dealer, Herr Hornung, to whose kind offices I had been recommended by a distinguished client. The most I expected was that he would indicate me a good stable; but, on reading the note of introduction, he told me that I need go no further, he would take charge of the mare.

If the stable at Veldes was well-kept, that at Vienna was better; everything was in the most approved English style. Zorah was turned into a loose box, to her supreme satisfaction. There could be no mistake about it, for the first thing she did on entering was to lie down in the straw, and roll.

Digitized by Google

VIENNA

"Es gibt nur ein Kaiserstadt, es gibt nur ein Wien."

ALTHOUGH there are three Emperor cities, there is still but one Vienna—the city of music and of dance, of merriment and light-heartedness. Yet, as a city of pleasure, it falls far short of Paris. In the French capital is nothing finer than the "Ring," but then it is the Ring, and little else. There are few fine shopping streets, no imposing perspectives, no animated Boulevards with countless *cafés* having chairs and tables on the side-walk for the accommodation of the *desœvré* public. The Park (the Prater) is extensive, but not particularly picturesque, whilst the approach thereto by the Prater-Strasse offers a striking contrast to that of the Bois de Boulogne by the Champs Elysées and the erewhile Avenue de l'Imperatrice. To the lover of music, Vienna hath charms, but not to the playgoer. For a city of its size, theatrical pabulum is scant. The Opera is first-rate, and the National Theatre, the "Burg," attractive to those who appreciate German plays and German actors; but there are no *petits théatres* in the Parisian sense of the term, whilst at the minor theatres, where people go to laugh, the singing and talkee-talkee is in Wiener dialect, and utterly incomprehensible to the alien, whether North German, English, or High Dutch. There are a few "Variety"

Digitized by Google

entertainments, but none of the Alhambra, Folies-Bergères class.

Unless he be furnished with letters of introduction of the very best, society, other than that of the *table d'hôte*, the stranger has none. Vienna is not a cosmopolis the doors of whose palaces are to be opened with golden key as are those of London, Rome, and Paris. Ignored by Austrian grandees and Hungarian magnates are the plutocrats who have gained admission to the inner circles of English, French, or Italian society. The fair American has not so "good a time" in Vienna as in other European capitals. Her beauty is admired, but she is seldom courted, for the needy Austrian Aristó is not up-to-date; he considers that *noblesse oblige*, and prefers remaining poor to regilding his blazon with metal of dubious origin.

Unlike Paris, where the Boulevards *cafés* are thronged between 10 and 12 p.m., Vienna is an early-to-bed-going city. The theatres are over by ten, the gas in the *cafés* is turned down shortly afterwards, and all respectable citizens who do not sup at a restaurant go home to roost. The roisterer who rings the house-bell after 10 p.m. is mulcted ten kreutzers by his concierge. A cheap residence Vienna is not, but its dearness has been greatly exaggerated. House-rent and apartments are costly, but the tariff of the restaurants is far from high. The great Vienna Restaurateur-Sacher is as dear as Voisin in Paris; but then it is not imperative to dine *zu Sacher*, nor at the Opern Café, and there are any number of first-class restaurants where a fairly good dinner is obtainable for two florins wine

Digitized by Google

not included. At our hotel meals were not served; but the morning coffee was brought up if desired, and there was a good restaurant close by. Variety being pleasing, we must have dined at twenty restaurants during our stay, and there was not a really bad one amongst them.

Vienna is not the city I should choose for a residence, but for a short stay it is very pleasant. Most enjoyable were our excursions to Schonbrunn, Brühl, Laxenburg, and other places of interest in the environs, and delightful the evening concerts in the Volksgarten, where the famous band of Strauss performed.

Of all the Teutonic races the Austrian is to me the most sympathetic. The Viennese happily combine the vivacity of the French with the solidity of the Germans. They are an easy-going people, and apparently a contented one. They do not amuse themselves *moult tristement*. It is a real pleasure to watch on Sunday or *fête* day the bourgeoisie enjoying itself in the Prater or in the shady gardens of the *Banlieue*, and not the bourgeoisie only, but likewise the proletariat.

Austrians of all classes (as likewise the French, Germans, and Italians) look forward to their Sunday with pleasure; the Englishman awaits his with apathy if he be a worker, with positive dismay if he be a drone, *and* sane. To the former it is a day of rest, of idleness, nothing more. He is not obliged to go to his "mill"; he can lie abed if he feels inclined, or read, or smoke, or drink, but diversion he has none. To the latter it is a day of boredom; to play billiards or at any game is taboo, not so

Digitized by Google

much because it is sinful, but because it is contrary to the edicts of Dame Grundy—that it is "bad form." He frets and fumes and (mentally) anathematizes our English Sundays, and wishes (inwardly) that it were Monday morning. "Triste comme un Dimanche Anglais." Can anything be more dismal, unless it be a Scotch one? To make the day still more wearisome and unendurable, a paternal Government withholds from its non-hypocritical subjects enjoyments and recreations to which they have not merely a conditional claim, but an unconditional right. On the Puritanical pretext that the seventh day is a holy day, the paternal closes (or did when this was written) museums and galleries—property of the nation, not its own. On the seventh day, indicated by nature for bodily recuperation and healthful enjoyment, it is forbidden the clubless, the kitchenless, and the cellarless to be hungry or thirsty during the hours of Divine service, and long after them; and, should the humble tripper feel the want of a glass of ale after his walk or journey, he must to prove himself a *bonâ fide* traveller, go through the farce of exhibiting a return ticket (probably a twelvemonth old) to the grinning barmaid. Hypocrisy is England's curse.

One fine Sunday morning when I was last in London, it occurred to me that to take a river steamer to Greenwich, pass the day in its park, have a fish dinner at the Ship, and return by road in the cool of the evening, would be pleasanter than remaining in the sooty, oppressive, Sabbath-stricken city. I carried out the programme in its entirety; took sixpennyworth of water-carriage in the company

Digitized by Google

of an ill-behaved crowd of 'Arries and 'Arriets, and a diabolical brass band; passed the day in the park, reading, smoking, now regarding the shining river with the factory chimneys on its further bank, now the "holiday-makers," sleeping the time away, reminding me of alligators basking on the strand of distant Nile or Mississippi.

At five o'clock, feeling hungry, I determined to anticipate the dinner-hour, and sauntered down to the Ship. I reached its portals at twenty minutes to six.

"Are you a traveller?" demanded the janitor.

Thinking he meant a commercial gent, I answered in the negative.

"Then you'll have to wait another twenty minutes, sir," was the rejoinder; "the dining-room ain't a-hopened yet."

I was taken all aback. But like lightning it flashed upon me that I was not in a sinful foreign land, but in pious England, and that the day was the Sabbath. I turned sadly away, and passed the intervening twenty minutes in admiring the *chef d'œuvres* in the Painted Hall.

Revived by my dinner (very inferior to the fish-dinners of yore), I chartered a hansom, and started back to town. It was an interesting drive, and an instructive. The gas-illumined gin-palaces (I forget how many I counted) were doing a roaring trade, whilst at thirteen street corners thirteen ranters were holding forth to the edification of the few, and, when there was musical accompaniment, to the enjoyment of the gutter-snipes, who danced around them with heathenish glee.

Digitized by Google

A brandy and soda and a cigar in the smoking-room of my hotel calmed my over-wrought nerves. I calculated whether it would be possible to avoid spending another Sunday in London, found that it could be effected, thanked Providence, "And so to bed."

Be virtuous, go to church, keep away from all places of amusement, don't play cards or any game of chance, and you will be happy, indoctrinates the parson. Be happy, amuse yourselves, and you will be virtuous, argues the man of common sense; and, if Mass have been attended, the Catholic Church endorses the advice, nay more, enjoins it: "Ite, missa est;" for if to labour be to pray, to be happy is to be good; and people are neither good nor happy to whom the seventh day is one of enforced inaction. To make men virtuous by Act of Parliament is impossible; and, if the present condition of the English "masses" be any criterion of the efficacy of the laws which have been passed to prevent their going astray, then are they abortive.

Does our working-class compare favourably or unfavourably with the working-classes of Continental Europe? To arrive, even approximately, at the truth, it would be necessary to take each country separately, and consider the social and economic conditions of the labouring classes—an interminable, and here an irrelevant task; but my opinion, which, in default of confirmatory evidence must be taken at the reader's valuation, is, that it compares unfavourably, and opportunities for making comparison have not been wanting. What is the economic condition of English families of the working class? It

Digitized by Google

is, as a rule, a from-hand-to-mouth existence—a continual fight to keep the wolf from the door. When an English girl of the lower orders marries, what does she bring her husband over and above her precious self? Nothing. Presuming she has been in service, her wages have been spent in finery, in dressing above her condition—in hats adorned with flowers or plumes, in furbelows, fringes, and the rest. If she have money in the savings'-bank proportionate to her wages, she is a very exceptional young woman indeed—a domestic Dodo. That our neat-handed English Abigail, the parlour-maid, should be a little "dressy" is pardonable; but Mary Jane in hat, mantle, and kid-gloves wheeling a perambulator, and cook in flower-bedecked bonnet on her way to the greengrocer, is, to the foreigner, a wondrous and ridiculous sight. German Gretchen with bare arms and shawl-covered basket, is not ridiculous; neither is the French *bonne* in her snow-white cap and apron.

Abroad, female servants and others dress according to their employ, and they save their wages, that, when they marry, they may be able to contribute their quota to the feathering of the nest. French women-servants are not all of the "Pot Bouille" class; of faults they have their full share, but wastefulness (of their own money) is not one of them.

In Paris, a very remarkable sight is the interminable *queue* formed in the purlieus of a Governmental office on the occasion of an *emprunt*—the issue of a loan; the people forming the gathering belonging, in no small measure, to the class which with us has no savings to invest—the domestic.

Digitized by Google

The host of petty landowners and Government annuitants existing in France is that country's safeguard. They form the counterpoise to the moneyless and desperate vagabonds congregated in Paris and the large commercial and manufacturing towns, to whom any change, any social convulsion, would be a blessing.

Penniless is the English bride of the lower class, and she develops into a bungling, wasteful housewife. Her knowledge of cookery is less than that of a Red-Indian squaw, who can at least fry fish, and grill a venison steak without smoking or parching it. In her wigwam is either a feast or a famine, a prime cut or potatoes and red-herring.

"How is it," I asked a London butcher, "that you charge one and sixpence a pound for beefsteak, when prime meat is selling in Smithfield at four and eightpence per butcher's stone—sink the offal?"

"Sink the hoffal!" he roared, with every bristle standing erect, like quills on fretful porcupine. "Sink the hoffal, indeed, why it's more nor 'alf hoffal; who's there to buy them 'ere fore-quarters?"

"Poor people," I suggested.

"Poor people be blowed," was his indignant rejoinder; "the poorer the buyer the primer the cut."

I was assured by a very eminent member of the London School Board, that in addition to science, physics, music, singing, drawing, and other attainments useful to the lower orders, cookery was taught at the schools; and, by referring to my faithful Whitaker, I found he was right. The sum of £425—$\frac{1}{458}$ of the gross expenditure—was paid to

Digitized by Google

three superintendents of cookery; since then their number has been increased to five, and the amount paid them is now £945. And man's first duty is to live! "As the husband is, the wife is;" as the wife is, the husband is, should in fairness have been added. The thriftless, feckless wife makes the good-for-nothing, brutal husband the cruel father: it is not abroad, but in England, to the national disgrace, that the wife-booter and child maltreater is beheld in his most hideous form.

As in all large cities, there are many poor in Vienna, but they are not painfully apparent; they keep to their own quarters. One sees no red-nosed tatterdemalions hanging about the doors of public-houses, hoping against hope that somebody will offer them a drink; nor blear-eyed hags attired in the cast-off finery of the wealthy sweeping a crossing on a muddy day. The parks are not the rendezvous of vagabonds of both sexes; and the policeman who should benevolently turn his blind eye on indecent behaviour would be dismissed the force. The *camelots* and hawkers of photographs and gimcracks who in Paris pester the public seated outside the Boulevards *cafés* are not free of the side walk at Vienna.

One more Viennese feature to conclude. The cabs are clean, the horses swift, the coachmen civil. So good are they in every respect that the Austrian patrician will often employ one in preference to his own conveyance.

It being the dead season, there was not much parade in the Prater; but the people we saw when driving there compared very favourably with the

Digitized by Google

same class in other capitals. The men were manly, and the women, if not pre-eminently beautiful, remarkably well-built—well-built from an artist's point of view—its canon, the Venus of Milo or of the Capitol. The "slim below the waist" young woman is a modern craze of feminine perfection, and, out of England, little admired. Had she lived in the days of Phidias, and offered herself as model, she would have been made to pose, not as Venus, or as Hebe, but as Ganymede or Apollino. The Wienerin is well-shaped, and, as a rule, tastefully dressed, offering a marked contrast to the Berlinerin, and the women of North Germany generally, who are seldom "dressed" from the *elégante's* standard of becoming feminine apparel, but to use the French word, *fagotée*.

We left Vienna on the 22nd of October, and, retracing the last portion of our outward road as far as Bruck, arrived on the 29th of the month at Gratz, and on the evening of the 3rd of November at Cilli. And there for eight days we were weather-bound; it rained in torrents; the surrounding country was flooded, and the roads were impassable. We consoled ourselves by the reflection that things might have been worse. Had the downpour commenced at Feisteritz, where the inn was of the poorest, we should have pushed on at all hazards, and been drenched to the skin. On the 11th the roads were pronounced passable, and I made a fresh start, my wife taking the train to Laibach. I found the road very much worse than it had been represented, and the inn at Lucovitz, the halfway halt, the poorest I had encountered since Luhe. Right glad was I to

Digitized by Google

find myself comfortably housed at the Hôtel Zur Elephant at Laibach.

Two days halt to give the mare a well-deserved rest, and then in five stages—Adelsberg, Senostisch, Optschina, Trieste to Gorizia, where we arrived on the 28th of November, six months and four days from the date of our departure. On leaving Vienna, Florence had been our destination, but we had been delayed on the road, the season was far advanced, the weather inclement, and we decided to pass a second winter at Gorizia, where we reoccupied our old quarters and Zorah her stall at the Post.

And so ended our fourth year's travel. Saving the last fortnight, it had been enjoyable throughout; no accident had happened us; were only three poor hotels. We were not weary of journeying; the mare was as fresh as paint.

Digitized by Google

FIFTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM GORIZIA TO NICE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM GORIZIA TO NICE

We left Gorizia on the 29th of April, and, heading westwards, passed the first night at Udine, the capital of Frioul.

It was Zorah's native country, but she did not seem to recognize it, and, had she done so, would doubtless have pronounced it "no great shakes," for her stable was chill and the provender indifferent. "Ubi bene ibi patria," was her motto. Provided oats and hay were sweet and the straw abundant, she was Italian, Austrian, German, Swiss, French, as the case might be. Yet she had her likes and dislikes. She much preferred German, Austrian, and Swiss *stallknechts*, who "schimmelled" and petted her, to French *garçons décurie*, who treated her with indifference, and she loathed Italian *stalliere*, who called her caressingly "Nina," but, when occasion offered, which was seldom, robbed her of her oats. After a time she became one too many for the latter gentlemen. When mulcted, she would address her plaints to me direct. Had she received her full quantum of grain, she would, when I entered her stable of a morning, turn her head lazily and prick her ears, as much as to say, "It's you, is it? Mornin'," and continue to nibble her hay. But had she been given only a portion of her due, she would

Digitized by Google

put her nose in the manger and whinny; the culprit's confusion when I roared, "*Birbante!* (scoundrel) my mare tells me she has not had her full feed," was often very amusing.

Pordenone—Conegliano—Bassano.—A most picturesque Venetian town, with ancient ivy-covered walls, and by the Val Sugana to Trent. The valley is one of the most beautiful and diversified in scenery of Northern Italy. At Solagna, four miles from Bassano, the road enters the Canale di Brenta, a wild ravine, and runs between precipitous cliffs as far as Primolano, a distance of sixteen miles. Thence onwards to Levico, where are arsenical baths; the scenery is smiling and Italian. Vines and mulberries are chiefly grown, and there is a large output of silk, whereof a considerable portion is spun at Pergine and Borgo di Val Sugana.

Trent.—Thence to Riva over old ground.

The road from Riva to Brescia by the Val di Ledro, albeit seldom taken by English tourists, probably owing to the high charge made for carriages, is quite as charming as that through the Val Sugana. From its rock-hewn commencement towering above the Lake of Garda, until the verdant plain of Lombardy is reached, it offers a succession of lovely prospects—lake, river, mountain, forest, pasturage, vineyard, orchard. In the event of war between Italy and Austria, it would be one of the military strategic roads for the invasion of either country. On the heights above Rocca d'Anfo, a village on the Lago d'Idro, a sheet of water six miles in length, the Italian Government has constructed fortifications which seem impregnable, and I believe are so. At

Digitized by Google

Barghe, fifteen miles from Brescia, we left the direct road thereto, and took that to Salò, on the Lake of Garda—a town famed for a liqueur *Acqua di Cedro*, and still more so for its mosquitoes, the largest and most blood-thirsty in Italy.

At the Brescia theatre was opera. It is only in second-rate Italian towns that one has the chance of hearing the operas of bygone days, "Linda de Chamonix," "L'Elisir d'Amore," etc. The *mise en scène* is poor, but the music and singing are usually fair, not unfrequently praiseworthy, whilst the prices of admission are so moderate that an English or American *impresario* would go into convulsions were they quoted in his presence. At Spezia, where both singing and dancing were remarkably good, a box cost four *lire*, an orchestra stall one *lira*, an admission-ticket twenty-five *centesime* (twopence-halfpenny). At Brescia the orchestra stalls were two *lire;* but then the performance was *straordinario* (special). The prima donna was Russian, whose voice, although not equal to the Diva Patti's, was flexible and sweet.

If our evening's entertainment was cheap, our night's entertainment was dear. Despite the display of Baedeker, the landlord of the Italia would make no abatement. "Brescia Armata" was a gun-making, not a sight-seeing city; foreigners were rarely seen. I might send his bill to Baedeker, and welcome. I did so.

Lovere.—On the Lago d'Iseo, whilom residence of Lady Wortley Montagu. So far as beauty of site is concerned, she might have selected a worse. The view from Mont' Isola, an island in the centre of the lake, with Lovere and the Val Camonica in the

Digitized by Google

foreground, and the snowy peaks of Adamello in the back, is not surpassed on any of the Italian lakes.

A lovely lake is that of Iseo, but lack of hotel accommodation has prevented its being lauded, as it deserves to be, by handbook compilers. The hotel Sant Antonio was as poor as its namesake, and its landlord aggrieved when I told him that his charges were only twenty-five per cent. lower than at the Hotel Cavour in Milan. Twenty-five per cent. lower, and the Signore grumbled! *Sancta Maria!* Between his pot-house and a grand hotel he could perceive no difference. An *albergo* was an *albergo*, and the prices to be charged were identical. Bergamo, Lecco, and through the Brianza—the "Garden of Lombardy"—to Bellagio, another charming drive.

Como-Lugano.—Old ground.

Bellinzona—Roveredo—The Pass of the Bernadino.—From Roveredo to Mesocco, at the foot of the ascent (twenty miles), the Valley of the Moësa, with its luxurious vegetation, numerous cascades and ruined castles, is very pleasing; but thence onward to Splugen, where the Bernadino and Splugen routes unite, the scenery is the most unpicturesque and uninteresting of all the Alpine passes. Beyond that village it is the finest. On no Alpine route is there a gorge which for savage grandeur can be compared with the Via Mala, where the Rhine rushes between perpendicular cliffs fifteen hundred feet in height, leaving barely sufficient space for the roadway.

Thusis—Reichnau.—At the junction of the Vorder and Hinter Rhein—the village where Louis Philippe sought a cool refuge in the hot revolutionary days, and earned an honest living as usher in a school.

Digitized by Google

Ragatz.—We halted a day to visit the Gorge of Pfœffers, and then drove quickly down the uninteresting valley of the Rhine to Rorschach, on the Lake of Constance, least beautiful of the Swiss lakes —if it can be called Swiss, since Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden has each a port thereon. Constance, Engen, Tuttlingen, Rottweil, Schiltach, Freudenstadt, and down the romantic valley of the Murg to Heidelberg.

. . . . . .

"Alt Heidelberg, du feine
Du Stadt an Ehren reich,
Am Neckar und am Rheine
Kein' andre kommt dir gleich."

If it be not quite as unrivalled as the poet sings, Heidelberg is a very delightful place—picturesque, clean, well-built, *freundlich*, *gemuthlich*, all that is pleasant, cheerful, and untrammeled—its one drawback, the ubiquity of monkey-capped, bebooted, wolfhound-accompanied face-plastered students. That their presence should irritate me is a stupidity on my part; I own it, and make my apology. Instead of disliking the scarred faces of these *Studenten*, I ought rather to admire them, for they are the emblems, not so much of courage as of chivalry, for I think I have discovered the reason why these young men fight, and hack each other, and get their faces disfigured. It is because the men are so much handsomer than the women, and they do so in order to equalize, as far as may be, Dame Nature's unequal gifts. These *Herrn Studenten* are excessively clannish, and stiff and ceremonious with their fellow-students of other corps than

Digitized by Google

their own; but they are polite, rather disposed to be friendly with the Englishman who speaks their language and makes them advances. The cordiality which prevails between them and their professors is remarkable. They rise and salute respectfully when one presents himself, but will invite him to do them the honour of partaking a glass of wine. Imagine an English undergraduate asking the headmaster of his college to have a drink!

Despite the scarred faces, right pleasant is it to sit in the Schloss-Garten, with its venerable ruins on one hand and the lovely prospect of the Neckar Valley on the other, and listen to the admirable music of the military band. I never weary of watching the entire absence of self-consciousness, the *gluckliches familiensleben*, of the little groups around me; the men placidly smoking and drinking their glass of wine or beer, the women busy with their embroidery or knitting, the children romping around. On smaller incomes than English of the same class, their expenditure on *menus plaisirs* is far greater. How do they manage it? By household economy. The astute German matron does not "keep books" with her purveyors, and trust to their honesty that she gets her money's worth. Accompanied by basket-bearing Gretchen, she goes herself to market and buys what she wants at closest market price; that she should be mulcted for the defalcations of others would seem to her preposterous. The meat must be cut to her liking, not to that of Mr. Butcher, and the weight must be exactly what she requires, and no more. On her return home she superintends her handmaidens in the kitchen, and

Digitized by Google

sees that there be neither extravagance nor waste. Although a lady by education and position, she does not consider such household cares beneath her.

In France, Madame keeps her *cordon bleu* well up to blue-ribbon standard, and takes care that the lady does not "make to dance the handle of her basket with too great abandon." Austrian ladies of rank are not above looking after their servants; they consider it their duty to personally supervise all matters connected with the household; to prevent waste; and in a greater or less degree, all over Northern Europe, the mistress is not merely the wife of the master, but the *Hansfrau*—the housekeeper.

By the *Hansfrau's* good housewifery much is saved; by the avoidance of needless expenditure more. The Germans have no ambition to appear richer than they really are—to live in the style of those next above them on the social ladder. They snap their fingers at appearances. Abroad, people much prefer being rich to being poor; but when they are poor they make no secret of their poverty. They cut their coat according to their cloth—their meat as there may be money available to buy it. They don't (bar the Italians) run into debt that they may be held in high esteem by their neighbours, who would be rather pleased than otherwise to see them bankrupt.

The German woman is a thrifty and likewise a considerate helpmate. She does not want her husband to be tied everlastingly to her apron-strings, nor does she bewail her hard lot should he pass his evening away from home. On the contrary, she is pleased to think that her *Mann* is spending his

Digitized by Google

evening agreeably—drinking his *glas bier* with his cronies, playing his game of cards at his *café* or his club—fully assured that in the greater amiability of the gentleman when he is at home she will find compensation for her temporary loneliness.

Knowing the idiosyncrasies of my sex, I should, were I a woman and desirous of keeping my husband at home, politely request him to go out, for in our nature is much of the mule, not a little of the Irish pig; if Dublin be our destination it is best to persuade us we are going to Cork. The German Frau is not cantankerous; she admits her *Mann* to be the *Herr* (the master), and indoors and out-of-doors allows him to do as he wills. She does not pose as a martyr, as a being misunderstood—a "Lady of Lockesley Hall."

The author of that monody has, I feel convinced, by writing it caused domestic infelicity incalculable. The Englishwoman who finds, or fancies that she finds a similarity between her lot in life and that of the Lady of Lockesley is a very common type indeed. She overlooks the fact that the woes of that "shallow-hearted" châtelaine were purely imaginary, conjured up at early morn by a discarded suitor, brimful of bile and hate; and that, whilst this Bedlamite was mouthing his Jeremiad in the park, his lost Amy was doubtless slumbering peacefully by the side of her lord, and passably contented with her fate. Presuming, for the sake of argument, that the Laird of Lockesley was in truth the clown his rival portrayed him, in accepting him for a husband the lady took him for better or worse, and if, like the Dutchman, he proved on more intimate acquaintance to be "all

Digitized by Google

worse and no better," she had only to make the best of a bad bargain, as others do. That he was not her "ideal" is very probable, few husbands are; but "when one has not what one likes, one must like what one has"—in that adage lies the true philosophy, not alone of married life, but of existence.

The German wife lets her husband go out of an evening without protest, and endeavours to amuse him if he remains at home. The Teutons are a musical race; a large percentage of the women (and men) sing and play well. Notwithstanding her household cares, the *Gnadige Frau* finds time to "keep up her playing." Persuaded that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" (and beast), she plays and sings to the animal that owns her (not that she owns), and strokes the creature's fur (or his bristles, if he be of the grizzly species) the right way, and not the wrong. She is fully alive to the fact that there is a deal of human nature in a man, that he is conceited, egoistic, impatient of control; and so she does not contradict him or run counter. She lets him believe that he is a very fine fellow, and that he plays first fiddle in the family orchestra.

Veracity, sincerity, are meritorious qualities; but, in a crude form, they are apt to be highly dangerous to their possessor, making him or her far more enemies than friends. The man who "always says what he thinks" is a social nuisance, and the woman who is wont to give those about her, and her husband in particular, "a bit of her mind," is not a household angel, but a domestic scourge. However conscious of his own personal defects and moral deficiencies a

Digitized by Google

man may be, he does not like to be reminded of them. If sincerity means blurting out his imperfections, then would he much prefer that the wife of his bosom was a little insincere—a trifle unveracious.

Unlike her English and American sisters, the German woman of the middle-class rarely pines for the "Higher Life."

Unversed in the jargon of the period—what that may precisely mean, I know not. The higher life—the highest life of woman, as I comprehend it, is one of perfect womanliness, and that for which she was created—to be a cheerful helpmate to the man she has wedded, to bear children, and prove a loving mother to them. To fulfil these obligations it is unnecessary to have studied at Girton or at Newnham, to have taken a University degree. Political economy is one thing, domestic economy is another. To understand the true signification of *placens uxor* it is not essential that a woman be well-read in the classics; nor need she be a "dab" at mathematics to check the tradesmen's bills. There is such a thing as knowing too much. A "sweet girl graduate" is the very last maiden a man of sense would select for his wife. "Hath she wisdom? it is well; but beware lest she excel," is sound doctrine. To be spoken of as the husband of Mrs. So-and-So cannot possibly enhance a man's self-esteem.

In all the domestic concerns of life, in every matter where there is community of interest, woman is, or should be, man's equal, and allowed to have her say. To that prerogative no right-minded man says nay. But to interlope in those pursuits—in those

Digitized by Google

vocations and callings which are man's special province, is a procedure which the husband or father has, it seems to me, the right to forbid.

Nature has ordained that there shall exist not alone a structural but an organic difference in the sexes. The man is strong, the woman weak; the man is bold, the woman (naturally) timid; the actions of the former are governed by the brain; those of the latter more or less by the heart, and so on to the end of the chapter. Admitting that in the acquirement of knowledge woman is man's equal, her power to utilize that knowledge, to turn it to as good account as the pre-ordained bread-winner, is more than problematical. The Oxford or Cambridge lady graduate may have taken high honours in International Law, and yet make a very indifferent ambassadress. The chances are that she would not distinguish herself. Forgetful of Talleyrand's maxim, "The tongue was given to conceal the thoughts," she would allow it free play, and be outwitted by her masculine and more reticent antagonist. In jurisprudence an embryo Eldon, her judgments would, I trow, be ofttimes inequitable were she raised to the Bench. That tender heart of hers would be constantly leading her astray. Were I Caliban, and my adversary Adonis, "the judges (male and female) arrayed a terrible show," I would respectfully elect to have the case tried by one of the sterner, less impressionable sex; and if the amputation of my leg or arm were necessary, I should much prefer having the operation performed by a man, for although the lady M.R.C.S. might be academically a Liston in petticoats, when it came to handling saw and bistoury

Digitized by Google

it is possible— extremely probable—that her nerve would fail.

That in many important affairs of life, the husband is wise who consults his wife, I am convinced. What I venture to observe is, that outside her own proper sphere women seldom shine; that less energetic, less persevering than man, in the more serious callings and pursuits of life they do not excel—that a fight against nature usually ends in defeat. The weaker sex cannot lay its very mediocre success in music, sculpture, painting, and Belles-lettres to the jealousy, to the exclusiveness of the stronger; for the field of literature is a Republic, as is likewise the world of art, wherein gender and class distinctions there are none—of both the motto, "Palmam qui meruit ferat."

The Germans are affectionate husbands, and kind and considerate fathers. It is the future welfare of their children, not the consideration of their own social importance, that influences them in their selection of a school. The boys are sent to gymnasium or State school, where the instruction imparted is practical and cheap. (See Appendix.) The money saved is devoted to helping them on in life. Upper-middle and middle-class youths having received a sound commercial education, and possessing a small capital, can find berths in their own country; or, should they emigrate, it is not to Australian wilds, but to English and American counting-houses, where their knowledge of languages causes them to be preferred to monoglot Britons. The "tow-haired" Teuton is gradually ousting the English clerk from our great export houses, and our commercial

Digitized by Google

travellers from many foreign markets. Stupid pride prevents English paterfamilias of the upper and upper-middle classes from sending his sons to a second-rate school. They must receive their education at one of the great public schools, where the curriculum is appropriate for youths whose future is assured, or who are destined for one of the learned professions, but altogether inappropriate—detrimental for those who will have their own way in life to make. The money which should have been set aside to give his younger sons a start having been squandered on their "liberal" education, their manhood reached, he is at his wits' end to find them billets without further expenditure. He importunes his friends and acquaintances to exert their influence in their favour; he rings at this door, knocks at that, and, failing in his efforts to find them employment, as a last expedient, sends them to a "crammer," in the hopes that they may be able to pass their examinations for governmental employ. If they succeed, so much the better; if they fail, all the worse. The fault is not his, but theirs. They have had the most expensive education (the one best calculated to unfit them for a fight with adverse fortune), and, as they have been unable to turn it to account, they must seek their fortunes in the colonies. And with a sum which a petty tradesman would be ashamed to offer his sons in their pockets, and handicapped with the most expensive tastes and habits, they are packed off to the Antipodes. Algeria is the *oubliette* of French *décavés*, Australasia that of England's hapless younger-sondom. The number of well-educated men who

Digitized by Google

through parental culpability, not their own, are at the present time acting as common bush hands, hut-keeping, shepherding, fence-making—thankful for any odd job that may be given them—is appalling. There are thousands of them, abject (it is not the work that degrades, but the low companionship), reckless of life, despairing. Under more favourable terms of enlistment, Australia would be a prolific recruiting ground. In France and Italy the younger children are by law entitled to their share of the father's estate. In Germany and Austria the law of primogeniture will soon be numbered amongst the abuses of the past.

"Annul our laws of primogeniture and entail, and you drive the last nail into the coffin of England—the England of stately country-seats, of princely hospitalities, of field sports," argues the Conservative first-born. "The nobility and the squirearchy," all our old families would be bowled over one after another like ninepins, and Burke's "Aristocracy and Landed Gentry" would become as obsolete as Dame Julia Berner's "Hawking." Not necessarily. Despite our laws of primogeniture and entail, a considerable number of old families are yearly bowled over, and a large percentage of the "Ancestral Homes of England" are in the possession of the Philistines—self-made men, merchants, manufacturers, dabblers on the Stock Exchange. Presuming we had an English "Law Cavour," whereby the power of the father to will his property was limited to the half, that half would be left to the eldest son, who would share the remaining moiety with his brothers and sisters. But under

Digitized by Google

the new dispensation there would be more girls with money; money should marry money; the heir to the family honours would marry an heiress. There would still be a deficit? Then husband and wife would have to save to make it up. Abroad, the verb "to save," *épargner*, *sparen*, has a meaning; with us it has next to none. A large proportion of my compatriots live up to their incomes, not unfrequently beyond them. In no other country, Italy excepted, are so many out-at-elbow gentlemen, so many ladies who "have seen better days."

German girls are taught the accomplishments of a lady and the duties of a housewife, and on their marriage receive a *mitgift*—a dower proportionate to their station in life.

"Who giveth this woman in marriage?" demands the incumbent of St. Fetters-cum-Shackle. "I do," responds smiling papa. And along with her, what? And echo answers "What!"

The venal, but sensible foreigner—French, German or Italian—does not consider the beauty (be the same more or less) of the beloved one a sufficient counterpoise to his monetary bread-winning contributions to the life partnership. The virgin must bring a dowry proportionate to his personalty; or, in default thereof may "Coif Saint Catherine"—remain celibate. A paternal government not only condones, but is *particeps criminis* in his turpitude. It fixes the dowers of officers' wives, the amount varying according to the country, and the grade, from £1200 to £2200 which must be preinvested in government securities, or the marriage is taboo.

Germany is the land of music, Italy the land of

Digitized by Google

song. In France, the band of the regiment in garrison plays once or twice a week on the promenade; occasionally at balls or concerts—at *café* or beer-gardens, never. In Italy, it ministers still less to the enjoyment of the public. At Florence, a winter city, a city of pleasure that lives upon foreigners, there is military music twice a week in the Cascine, once in the Piazza San Marco. It is the same in the other large cities, Rome and Naples being the sole exceptions. In Germany and Austria it is not by the kind permission of the colonel and officers that the regimental band performs at this or that place of public resort, but by order of the general commanding the district, and at the desire of the sovereign people who pays the piper. It is to please the masses, not the classes, that the military bands are so numerically strong, that such attention is given to the instruction of the bandsmen.

Of all German institutions, the open-air concert is, to my mind, the most sensible and agreeable. It is the existence of gardens where one can sit in the shade, and *bier-kellers* where one can pass the winter evening in listening to good music that makes me prefer Germany to Italy or France, as likewise the greater congeniality of the people. Friendly and warm-hearted are the Germans (the Badeners and Wurtembergers especially) when taken the right way. Were I to say otherwise, I should be an ungrateful churl; for I have been the recipient of many courtesies at German hands. I will instance one.

At Allerheiligen in the Black Forest, a young lady seated herself beside me after supper and

Digitized by Google

proceeded to embroider a tea-cloth. I asked her for whom it was destined. For her mother—a birthday gift. I observed that her mother was fortunate in having dear ones to remember the anniversary; I had one no longer. She asked when was my birthday. I told her, and the subject dropped.

The day arrived, and, indisposed for mirth, I told the head waiter that I would be served in my own room. The dinner-bell rang, and there came a knock at my door; on opening it I saw a group of ladies in the corridor. They had come to fetch me. I pleaded indisposition. They insisted, and walked me off. On entering the dining-room I found the table decked with flowers, and in front of my seat a large birthday cake with my name and the date worked in spun sugar, and underneath, "Die Damen Allerheiligen." My health was drunk with musical honours, friendly speeches were made, and I was presented by my more intimate acquaintances with a drawing, a photo, or other little keepsake. In what other country would I, an alien and a stranger, have been the recipient of similar kindness and considerations? With a wide experience of men and manners, I can answer unhesitatingly—in none.

By the Bergstrasse to Darmstadt, a very charming drive. After cheerful Heidelberg, we found the Hessian capital insupportably dull, and as the carriage had to be varnished in honour of fashionable Kissingen, our destination, we made a week's excursion to Frankfort, Homburg, and Wiesbaden.

Were I to choose Germany as the land of my adoption, its "pensionopolis," Wiesbaden would be my abiding place. Its winter climate is milder than

Digitized by Google

that of Dresden, or Stuttgart; it is livelier (in winter) than Baden-Baden; it is less academical than Heidelberg; not so overpoweringly æsthetic as Munich; not so soldier-ridden as Berlin. It is only an hour by rail from Frankfort, one of the most up-to-date German cities, and close to *Lieber Vater Rhein.* It possesses a first-rate orchestra, and an opera-house worthy a city of ten times its population. It has mineral springs, baths, and the usual watering-place attractions. The heat is great in summer, but the Taunus mountains and the pine-woods are not far distant. All the enjoyments of life are obtainable, not for next to nothing, but, as times go, at moderate cost.

Aschaffenburg—Lohr—Hammelsburg.—Through a monotonous wooded country to Kissingen, a watering-place in every way inferior to delightful Marienbad. We found the place depressive, the river Saale evil-smelling, the drives uninteresting, and the water of the "Rocoksky" spring very much less beneficial than the Kreutzbrunn. We were comfortably lodged. Zorah was installed with royalty; for in her stable stood the four grey horses sent by the Regent of Bavaria for the use of Prince Bismarck during his cure. Had she possessed the power of speech, and been English instead of Italian, she would thenceforth have spoken of her Kissingen stable-mates as "my friends the Wittelsbachs."

We were not sorry when our month's cure was over, and we started for Herrenalb, where our *nachkur* was to be made.

Werneck — Wurzburg — Tauberbischofsheim — Bu-

Digitized by Google

chau—Jagtsfeld (*Neckar Valley*)—*Bonningheim—Pforzheim—Herrenalb.* An unpretending little *Bad*, having pleasant forest drives in every direction. We remained there a month.

Gernsbach—Baden-Baden.—Since the age of ten, when *en route* for Italy with my parents, I beheld for the first time its Conversatsionshaus, with its crowd of gamblers and pleasure-seekers, polyandrian and the rest, up to date, I had been a frequent visitor to the queen of German watering-places, and had watched with interest its varying fortunes. Times have changed and things with them; but, at Baden, less than elsewhere. There are gaming-tables no longer, and the punters and roisterers, with their attendant ladies of pleasure, have betaken themselves to Monte Carlo, Ostend, and Aix-les-Bains, where they can have their flutter at the tables; but the general aspect of the place—the garden in front of the Cursaal, the rows of booths, with their Swiss and Tyrolese owners, the Lichtenthal Allé, the Alte Schloss and the environing pine woods, present precisely the same appearance as in the days of my boyhood, ever so many years ago. By the suppression of the gaming-tables, which the townsfolk feared meant for them ruination, Baden has not lost but gained. The Spa is more frequented than ever, and by a more respectable class of guests. It is only during the race-meeting that there is the old hurly-burly.

Offenburg.—Where is a statue of Admiral Drake, "the introducer of the potato into Europe." At a neighbouring town, Kieppenheim, there is a monument to George Stulz, the eminent London tailor.

Digitized by Google

Emmendingen, Freiburg in Breisgau, Bellingen, Sissach, Dagmarsellen, Lucerne.

The Alpine travelling season was over, and we hastened onwards.

A lovely drive round the eastern base of the Rigi to Brunnen. Axenfels, on the mountain-side above the town, three-quarters of an hour's walk, commands one of the finest lakes and Alpine prospects in Switzerland. Easy of access, neither too high nor too low (2200 ft.), close to the woods, out of the hurly-burly, it is in my opinion the place on the Lake of the Four Cantons, where the warmer months can be passed most agreeably. By the rock-hewn Axenstrasse, and the Valley of the Reuss, to Wasen.

The Gothard.—Taken in its entirety, the finest of all the Alpine passes. From its commencement at Fluelen, on the Lake of Lucerne, to its termination at Lugano, it offers a continuous succession of magnificent and diversified scenery. The Valley of the Reuss, verdant; the ascent to Gœschenen, grand; the Devil's Bridge, wild; the summit, savage; the descent to Airolo by the Val Tremola, sombre; the Valley of the Ticino, radiant; the Lake of Lugano, enchanting. At Gœschenen, our travelling was within an ace of coming to an abrupt termination. The man at the level-crossing of the railway line lifted the bar to let us pass when a train was due, and the mare was just on the rails when it came rushing round the curve. Had she been frightened by the noise and whistle of the engine, and swerved, we should have been killed to a certainty.

We had fine weather as far as Andermatt, but there the sky looked threatening. The landlord of

Digitized by Google

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE, FROM AXENFELS. [*To face p.* 228.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

the hotel predicted snow, and advised us to turn back and take the train at Gœschenen; but we decided to risk it. We made an early start, and arrived at the summit by midday. Not a soul did we meet on the road, and at the Hospice were only the two custodians who remain there during the winter months; for, since the completion of the tunnel, the snow on the road is left to be cleared away by the spring sunshine, and all traffic ceases. Whilst the mare was having her feed, I questioned the caretakers anent their billet.

"How long was the dead season?"

"Five to six months."

"Were there no wayfarers?"

"None."

"How did they manage to pass the time? Had they a *geschäft*, a *mestiere*—an occupation of some sort?"

"None; they sat by the stove and smoked, or went to bed and slept, and they ate between times."

They showed me their winter provision of bread; there was a stack of it. A lively existence! That of lighthouse-keeper at Anticosti, which I thought for dismalness could not be exceeded, is gay and festive by comparison. Were one of them to die, it would be lonesome for the survivor.

An hour from the Hospice the snow began to fall heavily; before reaching Airolo, the ground was covered to the depth of three inches. In twenty-four hours had occurred our two nearest approaches to a catastrophe. Blocked at the Hospice! The bare thought of it made us shudder.

Biasca — Bellinzona — Lugano. — Thoroughly

Digitized by Google

Italian, with narrow arcaded streets and an out-of-door-living, swarthy complexioned population; a very hotbed of socialism, and, notwithstanding, the most habitable town on the Italian lakes. Its winter climate is mild (at Gandria the lemon-trees are left unprotected), the markets are fairly well supplied; for the number of its walks it stands unrivalled; the Luganese assert that there is a fresh one for every day in the year. We had passed a season at Castagnola, the sunniest and most sheltered spot on the lake, and had enjoyed our sojourn greatly.

Como.—And then a long, weary, dusty drive of thirty-four miles to Milan. For foreigners Milan, like Turin, is a city of passage. There are no sights save the cathedral and the Brera gallery. After them the greatest attraction, especially for the droughty, is the Café Biffi, in the splendid but draughty Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, whereat is dispensed the amber fluid of Fatherland.

Pavia—The Certosa.—The most sumptuous monastery, Carthusian or other, in the world, now secularized.

Across the river Po. Voghera, Novi, Busalla, Pegli. On the shores of the blue Mediterranean once more, and summer weather. Savona.

They who have "seen" the *Riviera di Ponente* through a railway-carriage window have but a faint idea of its beauties, for it is out of one tunnel and into another. From Savona to Nice the road scenery is a moving panorama of loveliness. Towns of ancient aspect, picturesque villages nestled on the shore or perched upon the mountain-side, crumbling watch-towers, country-houses embosomed in a

Digitized by Google

wealth of greenery, bold headlands, precipitous cliffs, wave-worn rocks, shingly beaches, little sandy coves where bare-legged fishermen are mending their nets, and their swarthy, naked children disporting in the briny; forests of olive and gnarled carouba, majestic maritime pines, shady orange and lemon groves, thickets of palm, vines festooned from tree to tree, gardens which throw those of Babylon into the shade; imposing edifices, sumptuous villas, palatial hotels. The turquoise sky above, the sapphire sea beneath—"La Côte d'Azur."

Finale: Alassio.—An English colony with its voucher of respectability, and claim to second-class watering-place rank—a chapel. Porto Maurizio, picturesquely seated on a rock. San Remo, principal Italian sanatorium for the weak of lung. Palm-planted Bordighera. Dispiriting Mentone, chief French sanatorium for the consumptive, and last resting-place of the feeble who frequent the pestilent gambling-rooms of adjacent Monte Carlo.

Digitized by Google

MONTE CARLO.*

ALTHOUGH many years had elapsed since that bright autumnal morning, when, from the lofty Cornice road, I first beheld the Rock of Monaco, its town and castle, distinct in my mind's eye I had the picture.

Down, away down to the water's edge a forest of olives and caroubas, with here and there the white walls of a peasant's humble cot—not a house of any importance or villa to be seen. La Condamine and Monte Carlo—then known as Les Spélugues—were territorial areas, not overproductive, unattractive to the builder, and comparatively valueless. To have purchased the freehold of the ground whereon now stand the sister towns, one need not have been a millionnaire. "Monaco on the Rock, which neither sows nor reaps but yet must eat," was hungered. The purse of Charles, the reigning prince, was in inverse ratio to his pedigree, one of the longest, dating back to the tenth century. To live in the simplest style he was forced to tax his subjects, who were naturally discontented, and disposed to revolt. What to do? Princes better off than himself—the Grand Dukes of Baden, Nassau, and others—increased their incomes by granting gambling licenses to "fermiers des jeux." Why should not he follow

* See Appendix.

Digitized by Google

suit? The gain would be great, the loss of caste trifling; for, be it borne in mind, that it is only since the war of 1870, when the Germans, victorious and flush of French gold, suppressed the public gambling establishments of the Fatherland, that the world has had its eyes opened to the infamy of authorized gaming-tables, and has clamoured for their suppression.

In the year 1858, in a building—the only one then standing at the Condamine—gaming-tables were by princely license set a-going, the *entrepreneurs* being MM. Aubert and Langlois. Finding the industry unprofitable, these gentlemen speedily transferred their gambling rights and privileges to a M. Frosard de Lilbonne, who, being of an aspiring nature, removed his tables from the low-lying Condamine to the towering Rock, locating them in a house facing the Castle. If he hoped that the gonfalon of the Grimaldi waving in close proximity to his *tripot* would attract visitors, vain were his hopes. The number of punters was so small, the money they dropped so trifling, that he had to pass the deal, as had likewise his successor M. Duval.

Thus far the industry had proved disastrous to the lessees, and the chances of ultimate success seemed more than dubious. Monaco was difficult of access, the only roads that led to her gates being the Mentone junction, striking the Cornice at Cap Martin, and the silent highway the sea. To reach the place by land, from Nice entailed a drive of three hours; to get there by sea, an hour's discomfort on board the cranky little steamer, which, once daily, plied between the Bay of Angels and the Port of

Digitized by Google

Hercules. Hotels there were none. Under pain of having to pass the night *à la belle étoile*, or pig in a pot-house, visitors, male and female, had to make the return journey in the steamer which started at 11 p.m., or in carriage. The German casinos, then in full swing, were far more accessible, and could offer infinitely greater attractions to those seeking in play a little pleasurable excitement. Anything but bright was the outlook, when the "Société Lefèvre et Cie, Duval Successeurs" took up the running. A clause of the gaming concession provided that, under penalty of forfeiture, the *tenancier* or *tenanciers des jeux*, should, within a given time, build on the arid Spélugues, over against the Rock of Monaco, a casino commensurate to the importance of the undertaking. The time accorded was nearly up; the capital of the society inadequate for the due fulfilment of the building obligation. A beginning was, however, made, and for some months the work lingered. Its suspension was imminent, the collapse of the society well-nigh certain, when, in 1863, M. François Blanc, who "farmed" the tables at Homburg, appeared upon the scene. A very shrewd man was he. That there was money, much money, to be made out of the concession, he felt convinced. But two things were wanting to insure success—capital, and a tenant with all his wits about him. He had the first, or could find it; as to the second, he was that man. He offered seventeen hundred thousand francs for the goodwill of the business, the transfer of the permit to himself. His offer was accepted; the transfer was ratified by the Prince, and the *régime* Blanc began.

Digitized by Google

Although sole proprietor, he thought well to leave the title of the concern unchanged. "Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco" sounded innocuous, and looked imposing in print. It was a decided improvement on Cur-Saal-purer, more breezy. That from the Rock of the Spélugues, where was built his eyrie, issued no water, mineral or sweet, and that the only baths in the Principality were down at the port, and of the most unattractive order, did not trouble him in the least. "What's in a name?" With equal appropriateness the superintendent of the Barking Sewage Works might designate his habitation "Bel Respiro."

"La Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Étrangers de Monaco," tersely M. Blanc, since he was the Alpha and Omega of the business, commenced operations with a share capital of fifteen million francs. For the first few years the investment was unproductive. M. Blanc's *clientèle* was none of the most select, being composed in great measure of the old impecunious Nice set, and of plungers for whom the waters of northern spas had become too hot, and who hoped to find those of the Mediterranean cooler and more buoyant. The incomings were small, the disbursements large. After the Prince's tribute had been paid, and the stipend of the Bishop, the reclamation of the Spélugues been advanced, and the restoration of the Cathedral, the balance was on the wrong side of the ledger. But M. Blanc contrived to meet all his engagements, and the day arrived when, receipts exceeding expenditure, concerning the excellence of his investment remained no longer the shadow of a doubt. Fully

Digitized by Google

alive to the efficacy of *réclame* (*Anglicé*, "puff"), M. Blanc kept on golden terms with the fraternity journalistic. To the late M. Villemessant, proprietor of *Le Figaro*, the vogue of Monte Carlo is largely attributable. So attractive did that gentleman find the place, so genial the Farmer of the Mount, that he selected the best site disposable, and built thereon a villa—a very fine villa indeed, which he named after his favourite author, the satirist Beaumarchais, whose bust graces the pediment, and, with head turned Casino-wards, seems knowingly to wink.

Liberal when it was his interest to be so, lavish M. Blanc was not. During his tenancy, on the embellishment of the Casino he spent comparatively little. As the number of visitors increased, and more *roulette* and *trente et quarante* tables became requisite for their diversion, he added a room thereto; but to his successors was left the option of building a more sumptuous edifice.

In July, 1877, he died. Throughout the fourteen years of his management everything had run smoothly, or, to use an appropriate French expression, *sur des roulettes*. By the unsparing use of printers' ink, Monaco the little known had become Monaco the renowned, or the notorious. By the opening of the railway the road thither had been made easy if not precisely safe; and last, not least, the suppression of the German gaming-tables had, by the enforced retirement of their respective *tenanciers*, left M. Blanc without a rival in the field. Rich beyond his most sanguine expectations, *archi-millionnaire*, an authority on all matters connected

Digitized by Google

with finance, his eldest daughter married to a prince, M. Blanc had exemplified the truth of the adage, "Nothing succeeds like success." A public benefactor, ever mindful of others' welfare, with his last breath he commended to his wife the inhabitants of the Principality, "Whom he had loved so well."

On her accession to power, Madame Veuve Blanc, with the approval of her ministers, decided to effectuate the architectural betterments which her husband had left in abeyance, and to confide the execution of the same to M. Charles Garnier, the designer of the Paris Opera House. Money being no object, that eminent architect drew his elevations and his cheques with a free hand. Despatch being imperative, his artificers worked night and day. On the 12th July, 1878, the work began, and in the January following the building was completed.

The task assigned M. Garnier was none of the easiest, for it was required of him to raise a stately pile on the existing insignificant building. That he performed it in a highly creditable manner only captious critics and the ultra-æsthetic will attempt to gainsay. On the Thames Embankment, Garnier's edifice would be almost as incongruous as—well, as is the Savoy Hotel; but, illumined by the golden sunshine, with the blue sea in front, and the blue sky o'erhead, and tropical vegetation on every side, the Casino, with its Mauresque towers, its toned walls, its mosaics, statues, and profuse ornamentation, is in perfect accord. Were its interior decorations less meretricious—were they chaste, they would be out of touch with the company, or by far the larger

Digitized by Google

portion thereof. Madame Blanc reigned, but did not govern; Monsieur Blanc governed, but did not reign. He was one of a triumvirate, somewhat similar to the French Consulate formed by Bonaparte, Cambacérès, and Lebrun. Blanc Wagatha, Stemler-Wagatha and Stemler were simply zeros tacked on to "Bonaparte" Blanc, the unit.

During the four years' titular sovereignty of the widow Blanc, the management of affairs was confided to a director-general, and at her decease to a directorate composed of a director-general and three supervisors — indoor, outdoor, and financial — who formed "Le Conseil d'Administration."

Under its present directorate, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has prospered. The incomings have greatly increased, and there has been a "boom" in the shares of the institution. When the son and sons-in-law of Madame Blanc determined, shortly after that lady's decease, to cut their connection with the lucrative, but excessively disreputable, concern, or rather to become latent, sleeping-partners therein, a certain number of their 52,000 shares were put up to sale, and so eager was the public to purchase, that in less than a twelvemonth they doubled in price, and have since risen to 3500 francs, seven times their par value, with ready sale. For the maxim, "High interest means bad security," does not, it would seem, apply to Monte Carlo Bank Stock; and on the first day of November the possessor thereof can present his five per cent. coupon for payment, and on the first of May pocket his dividend, whatever it may be, in full assurance that on the same dates of the year to come he will

Digitized by Google

renew the pleasurable operation. Inuendos of less prosperous times in store, of a possible falling off in the receipts, the sanguine shareholder laughs to scorn. Other industries may have their good times and bad times, their ups and their downs; but the gambling industry is *semper-virent*. There would have to be a subversion, social, financial, and terrestrial, to stop gamesters of all nationalities from visiting Fortuna's noblest fane, and contributing lavishly to its sustentation.

That the gambling concession made by Prince Charles to M. Blanc was reprehensible cannot be gainsaid; that it was the making of the Monégasques is certain. Had it been refused they might possibly, despite the proximity of Nice, have remained virtuous, but most assuredly they would have remained poor and miserable. Thanks to those infernal tables, and the profits derived therefrom, the said Monégasques, from being the poorest people of the littoral, have become the wealthiest; they have been relieved of all taxation, their land has reached a fabulous price, and they, at least, have reason to endorse the maxim of the Jesuits, "The end justifies the means."

Gambling is a vice, and should be prohibited. "Delenda est Monte Carlo!" is the battle-cry of the Anti-Gambling League. If gambling be a vice it is a prevalent one; to put a stop to it is impracticable. Extirpate it in one locality, and it forthwith crops up metamorphosed in another. The prohibition of lotteries, the extirpation of gaming-tables, has served but to resuscitate the gambling spirit of the community. For every erewhile gambler there are now a

Digitized by Google

hundred speculators; for people no longer play, they speculate. Instead of staking their money upon the turn-up of a card or on the hazard of the die, they do so on the rise and fall of shares, American for choice, as being the most "sensitive," the most risky, and send their broker a "cover." The outside broker's sanctum has replaced the lottery-office—the Casino. The modern *Salle de Jeu* is a "bucket-shop." It is from the frying-pan into the fire, compared with the sums lost yearly on the London Stock Exchange. The £450,000 net profits of the Monte Carlo Casino is a bagatelle. The betting that takes place in Merrie England on sporting events is stupendous; no croupier was ever half so busy as is the "big" bookmaker at an important race-meeting. It is not the English, too prone to pass adverse judgment on others, that are entitled to intermeddle in affairs Monégasque, still less their American cousins. The United States is a gambling focus: Wall Street the *tripôt* where the entire world is despoiled. There, the amount of the stakes has no limit; fortunes are made and lost at a single *coup*. In the game between bulls and bears, false reports represent the doctrine of chances; as they may be credited or discredited, the players score. For their backers, the ingenious public, the financial result is the same. Bear wins—*zero*. Bull does not lose—*réfait*. To the successful American railway-share manipulator or the "corner"-maker the fortune amassed by M. Blanc would seem a very modest one indeed. Commencing his little game with no capital save brass, by getting the better of others by trickery he becomes "milliardaire." It is by the

Digitized by Google

ruin of hundreds that fortunes similar to that of the late Mr. Gay Gould are acquired.

The abolition of public gaming-tables in their fatherland has been too recent for the Germans to cry, "Oh, Weh!" whilst the existence of weekly lotteries in Italy and Austria put the natives of those two countries out of court. That "two blacks don't make a white" is true enough; but for one sweep to call another sweep blackman is ridiculous.

For English visitors to the Riviera to hold indignation meetings, to ban from pulpit or platform, to dictate to an independent Government, to demand that this or that should be done or undone to suit the religious or other views of a party, is an impertinence, and doubly so when the party is self-constituted, and numerically insignificant. They are not obliged to visit Monte Carlo, and if to their oversensitive nostrils the very air seems laden with mephitic fumes from the invisible "hell," they have only to seek a purer atmosphere. The French alone have the right to protest, and, as the tables are indirectly a source of revenue, it is highly improbable, unless there supervene some occurrence so discreditable as to call for governmental interference, they will ever do so.

To whitewash the Monte Carlo Casino, to endeavour to demonstrate the impeccability of its directors, is very far from my intention. I abominate gambling. Were the doors of the Salles de Jeu to be closed to-morrow I should rejoice. But I am a lover of fair play, and when I hear the Direction accused of sins whereof it is guiltless, I interpolate a

Digitized by Google

few remarks, not exculpatory, but extenuatory, on its behalf.

This my train of reasoning. So long as human nature remains human nature, the passion for gaming will exist, and just so long will facilities, overt or covert, be afforded for its gratification. Which is the best, or rather the least baleful? Within certain limits, I opine the former; for whilst the gamester who frequents a private hell is never sure of fair play, or if he play at a club be it never so select, runs the risk of being cheated by some member, ostensibly the gentleman, but in verity a card-sharper, *di primo cartello;* at the latter he knows what are the odds against him, and he can calculate with more or less accuracy the amount he stands, I do not say to gain, but to lose. With more or less accuracy; considerably less than more; for the bank has in its favour chances other than those specified by the little words, *zéro*, *refait*, which represent a tax of three per cent. on the venture. Lack of ammunition—of money to continue the fight on the part of the assailants, the punters, is one point in its favour; the recklessness of losers and the timidity of winners a second; its own impassibility a third; whilst last, not least, is the partiality of Goddess Fortune, who, at Monte Carlo as elsewhere, does not favour the brave—the plunger—but ranges herself on the side of those who, deeming discretion the better part of valour, fight from behind unassailable intrenchments.

It was not with the benevolent intention of providing innocent and inexpensive amusement for the public that MM. Benazet, Blanc and Cie., ran the

Digitized by Google

tables at Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and finally at Monte Carlo, but with the selfish one of enriching themselves, and they naturally took care that the odds should be all in their favour. They considered it only right and proper that the bank should win, and when some particularly fortunate player made a *coup*, departed with his winnings and never more returned, they were exceeding wroth.

"Il reviendra," was the philosophic response of a certain *tenancier des jeux*, when informed that some lucky punter had effected his retreat with the spoils of his campaign against the tables. On one occasion the sum thus impounded amounted to no less than 180,000 francs.

"The gentleman has gone, you say? Good. He will return."

One fine morning our philosopher is apprised that the 180,000 francs despoiler is in the neighbourhood.

"Ah! He will soon be here——"

"Is he yet arrived?"

"No, monsieur. He is dead, poor fellow."

"Poor fellow!" was the indignant rejoinder. "The rascal *robs* me of 180,000 francs, and you call him poor. That *is* delicious!"

As interests differ the situation changes. In the eyes of the Administration des Bains de Mer de Monaco, the lucky player—the *veinard*—is, if not precisely a swindler, a gentleman too clever by half, whose speedy return is most devoutly to be wished. In the eyes of the unlucky gambler—the *decavé*—the members of the said Administration are swindlers and worse. At their devoted heads the wicked and the good, the just and the unjust, hurl their shafts.

Digitized by Google

Scarcely a high crime or misdemeanour set forth in the penal code but has been at one time or another laid to their charge. If not in the strictest sense of the word murderers, in that men have through their instrumentality destroyed themselves, they can be accounted such. Indirectly they are robbers; for although there be no cheating at the gaming-tables, a very considerable portion of the money deposited thereon, and raked in by the croupiers, belongs not to the gamesters, but to their wives and families, who, by its loss, are left destitute. They may not keep a bagnio, but by permitting ladies of more than doubtful virtue to frequent their establishment, encouragers are they of vice; and so on right through the calendar.

Admit the charges proven, that the tables have been the perdition of hundreds. *Per contra*, they have been the means of affording honest employment to thousands of workers, and innocent enjoyment to tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands non-gambling visitors. Without them the Spéluges would have remained as nature made it, a barren rock; there would be no gardens, no concerts, no attractions whatever. To all save bigots, the good of the greater number is the consideration, and at Monaco the loss of the few has been the gain of the many.

. . . . . .

The gardens of Monte Carlo are an arboreal epitome of the entire earth. The deciduous trees of Europe intertwine their branches with their bark-shedding Australian congeners; the palm trees of Asia and Africa nod their feathered heads to their

Digitized by Google

THE GARDENS, MONTE CARLO.

[*To face p.* 244.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Digitized by Google

mates from over the Atlantic; the araucaria from Norfolk Island stands stem to stem with the thuja —the *Washingtonia gigantea* from the Yosemite Valley—whilst here and there, left where it stood, and completely out of alignment, one of the ancient occupants of the soil, a gnarled olive or venerable carouba, seems mutely to demand, "Stranger, prithee tell me, is it to my advantage or to my everlasting misfortune that I have been introduced to these exotic bedfellows?"

In that they recall old scenes and associations, specially attractive are these gardens to those who, like myself, are travelled. As I stroll through their mazes I take an imaginary trot round the globe.

Cedrus Libani.—A flotilla of shore-boats manned by red-capped, red-sashed, baggy-breeched, swarthy, yelling pirates; an open roadstead; a town of Oriental aspect, backed by mountains;—those of cedar-grown Lebanon, Beyrout, Asia.

Phœnix Dactylifera.—A low line of coast; a fiery sunset; palm trees outlined against the crimson sky; —off Alexandria, Africa.

Abies.—Two hunters seated by a camp fire, one white, the other red; a birch-bark canoe drawn up on the sandy shore of a little lake; in the middle distance, a rude log shanty; the night wind sighing in the pines o'erhead;—the forest primeval, North America.

Cocos.—A moist, enervating atmosphere; a tropical vegetation; an avenue of magnificent palm trees, all of equal growth, and forming an enchanting perspective. The Botanical Gardens, Rio, South America.

Digitized by Google

Eucalyptus.—A fierce sun; a burnt-up pasturage; a widely extended crescent of white-fleeced sheep; a lost-his-way, weary, perspiring horseman, getting his bearings from a copper-complexioned, unkempt, cabbage-tree-hatted, pipe-puffing, bludgeon-wielding, most unpicturesque Corydon; cockatoos screaming in the adjacent gum trees;—the Bush, Australia.

Araucaria.—Norfolk Island. The habitat of that graceful pine is personally unknown to me, but from a description given me I can picture it to myself. A terrestrial paradise, the antithesis of Monaco, inhabited by a race so preter-superlatively virtuous as to need no repentance; a spot where reigneth an eternal Scotch Sabbath—minus the whisky.

Turf kept verdant by perpetual watering; parterres gay with flowers of every variety and of every hue. My native land.

An Olive Tree.—Back again at Monte Carlo. Let Puck hide his diminished head. I have put my girdle round the earth in very much less than forty minutes.

Were these gardens the sole attraction, many would, on their account alone, select Monte Carlo as their winter residence. To breathe pure air, and bask in the sunshine; to behold all around, during the winter months, verdure and tropical vegetation; to be able to read one's book or one's paper without having a tatterdemalion scratching himself in disagreeable proximity, are no small blessings. Beauty is preferable to ugliness; fragrance to fetor; cleanliness to dirt; and the presence of well-clad, well-to-do people to that of the great unwashed. And in this pleasance one's ultra-fastidiousness is gratified. The

Digitized by Google

scene is of the fairest, the air of the purest; not a *prolétaire* is to be seen.

Strange as it may appear to those whose idea of the place has been derived from the "Shocking Occurrence" contributions of the penny-a-liner, "Hanging gardens" they are not. One may wait until Doomsday before seeing *sus per col* from the branch of a tree, the inanimate form of a self-murderer. Suicides there are, no doubt; how many there have been since the opening of the Casino it is impossible to state, for the Administration, with what seems to me bad policy, keeps the matter secret. There being so much mystery, people naturally imagine that the suicidal record must be altogether too dreadful for disclosure, and indulge in the wildest surmises; while romancists, and quill-drivers of every denomination, with no one to say them nay, evolve the score of self-murders out of their inner unconscientiousness, and make the annual aggregate what they choose, the number varying from five to fifty, the former being the correct one.

Not that there are so many suicides, but there should be so few, surprises me. In the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo the ruined and desperate speculator, the peculator, the bankrupt, through the fault of others or his own, sees, or imagines that he sees, his last chance of salvation. He hastily scrapes together every bank-note and coin to him belonging or not belonging, upon which he can lay his hand, takes a ticket for Monaco, plays on the red or the black, on the number which he is so certain will turn up and bring him fortune, *and*——

And his last coin is raked in by Nemesis in the

Digitized by Google

guise of an apathetic croupier, *and* he leaves the gay and festive scene, and, seeking some retired spot, from this world and its sorrows makes his exit; *and* his body is found and buried in a nameless grave in the suicides' corner of the cemetery; *and* the sad event is, despite all the efforts made to conceal it, quickly noised abroad; *and* a paragraph headed, "Another Dreadful Suicide at Monte Carlo" goes the round of the papers; *and* the crime is laid entirely to those hateful tables, whereas, were the truth known, the *finale* would have been precisely the same if, instead of "trying his luck" at Monte Carlo, the poor wretch had remained at home in the midst of his *lares* and *penates*. I say "poor wretch" advisedly, for in the majority of cases the suicide is not an inveterate gambler, but some weak, foolish fellow, who thought to retrieve his losses at play, and, having failed, despondingly owned himself vanquished, and threw up the sponge.

The unceremonious party who comes to Monte Carlo with pre-determination to retrieve his losses by winning a good round sum at the tables, or else, by the performance of "Harikari" on the scene of his final discomfiture, bring them into fresh disrepute, is not a *persona grata* to the Administration. Instead of the odds being in favour of the bank, as duly ordained and promulgated, they are all the other way. It is no longer *pair ou impair*, *manque ou passe*, but an *impasse*, out of which, for the Administration, egress is there none. Could the fell intent of the "Heads I win, tails you lose" visitor be surmised by the janitors at the doors of the Salles de Jeu, he would most assuredly be conducted then and

Digitized by Google

there to the sanctum of the committee, who, on the condition that he departed *instanter*, and never more returned, would give him the sum of which he stood in need—and their blessing.

To the hardened, to the professional gambler, Monte Carlo is not Tom Tiddler's ground—the odds are too much against him. Sleight-of-hand avails him naught. His little industry can be carried on to much greater profit at Aix-les-Bains, or other watering-places where baccarat, piquet, and écarté are in vogue. He much prefers blowing out his neighbour's brains to his own. If the star of fortune does not shine he is not despondent, for he expects to see her rise ere long above the clouds on the horizon; and when his bright particular star is so persistently eclipsed that he finally loses heart and makes away with himself, there is sound of suppressed applause, for, to the world at large the death of a gambler is decided gain, its valedictory formula, "Nothing became him in this life like his leaving it."

Until 10 a.m. the early riser has the gardens almost entirely to himself, and for a terrestrial hell they are astoundingly calm and peaceful. Not a sound to be heard but the dash of the wavelets on the rocks, and the cooing of doves in an adjacent aviary. Wonderfully pure for a Gehenna, the atmosphere. No smell of smoke in the air—not a suspicion of brimstone. The fragrance of newly mown grass and the perfume of flowers are alone perceptible. The adventurers and adventuresses of all lands, who at Monte Carlo most do congregate, are remarkable by their absence—are probably at that

Digitized by Google

early hour sleeping the untroubled sleep of the conscienceless.

Putting diversity of taste aside, a habitation, a resort is, to a great extent, pleasant or unpleasant, desirable or undesirable, as the individual makes it for himself; and not a little to his state of mind at any given moment. To the luckless gambler the view from the gardens would doubtless seem hideous, the cooing of the doves be discordant, the perfume of the flowers offensive, and the entire world around him out of joint. Let him depart, and return there later in the day, after a successful bout at the tables; and during his brief absence everything will appear to have undergone a change for the better—the prospect have become fairer, the doves more tuneful, the flowers more fragrant, and disjointed nature completely re-articulated.

That Monte Carlo is the picked spot of the Riviera, all agree. That it offers attractions not to be found elsewhere is generally, if reluctantly, admitted. Whether its advantages are outweighed by its drawbacks, or its drawbacks by its advantages, furnishes inexhaustible matter for acrimonious disputes seldom or never settled, since each disputant views things from a personal and not a collective standpoint.

"What is one man's meat is another man's poison," and the locality which is eligible for Brown may be ineligible—positively lethal—for Jones and Robinson. To hazard an opinion as to the desirability of any particular residence for this man or that, it is imperative that one know the being in question, his social status and condition, his fortune,

Digitized by Google

his idiosyncracies. "For whom is Monte Carlo a desirable abode, for whom an undesirable or a perilous?" It is a question not very difficult to answer, the people for whom the place is eligible forming a small, a very small, percentage of the body pilgrim. These their points, parts, and descriptive particulars—

Averse to racket; if married, without sons and daughters in the hobbledehoy or *ingénue* phase of existence; unaddicted to gambling; comfortably off, but not wealthy; having resources in themselves, and indifferent to society; not fastidious in the matter of commissariat supplies, nor over-particular as to the character and efficiency of servants; fond of music and of greenery, of smiling nature and of sunshine.

Reputedly a hurly-burly, Monte Carlo is in truth a very quiet place, and the short season over, or for eight months out of the twelve, not quiet only, but positively soporific. Even at the season's height—during January, February, and March—it is only in and around the Casino that there is any ferment.

Unlike Florence, Rome, Naples, Nice, in the streets of Monte Carlo are no sounds of revelry by night, no roysterers making it hideous with their singing and their yowling. The right to disturb the public rest by vocal effort is not conceded by the Monégasque statutes as it is by the Italian. The clause, "Si po Cantare" is wisely subjected to police restrictions. By uproarious sounds one's slumbers are seldom broken.

It is a quiet little place, and outwardly a decorous;

Digitized by Google

indecent behaviour is not tolerated. It is not so much the outward and visible evidences of depravity by word or gesture that parents who bring their sons and daughters to Monte Carlo have to dread, as the latent, the tainted air of the Casino.

For people of limited means, and with an unlimited, an uncontrollable, passion for play, Monte Carlo cannot be a residence in the true sense of the word. To them it is merely an *étape*, a bivouac; the duration of their stay short or medium in accordance with the length of their purse, their run of luck or of ill-luck. They may have their systems and their martingales, but as yet only one system uniformly successful has been discovered—that adopted by the bank, succinctly elucidated by the two words *refait*, *zéro*. The punter may have a run of luck; he may be *en veine* for a day or two, or a week, or a fortnight; but, sooner or later, the tide of fortune will assuredly turn against him, and on those cruel reefs, *zéro* and *refait*, he will make shipwreck. And knowing that the odds are dead against them, despite the still small voice of reason, which tells them to desist, men and women stake their money on the red and the black, on this number or that, and will continue to do so until the crack of doom. Some play for the fun of the thing—"Just to have a shy at the tables, you know;" others in the hope that fickle Fortune may make an exception in their favour, and give them, just for once, a slice of luck; and not a few because they are possessed of the demon of play, and are powerless to resist its evil impulsions, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." Many a poor fellow who has

Digitized by Google

commenced by staking a five-franc piece at roulette "just for fun," has ended by plunging at trente-et-quarante, and been ruined. They who desire to make Monte Carlo their winter abode must not play at all, and they should have resources in themselves, and be willing to forego society. So far as amusement goes, outside the Casino limits there is none, whilst society, properly so-called, is non-existent.

House-rent and all the necessaries of life being dear in the Principality, Monte Carlo is not the place for people of narrow means; parade being impracticable, it is ineligible for the wealthy. There is no Corso where to display handsome equipages; the road to Mentone in one direction and to Nice in the other being either collar or break the entire distance, driving is not pleasurable, but irksome.

To those fond of good living, the poorness of the Monaco markets is a serious disadvantage, and for *bon vivants* and anchorites alike there is the plague of servants. But these drawbacks are in great measure counterbalanced by four benefactions, which, to non-gamblers, are Monte Carlo's chiefest attractions—a nearly perfect winter climate; Nature in her most winsome aspect; good music; and last, but not least, the lovely gardens of the Casino.

Monte Carlo paradisaic, which begins at the ravine of the Gaumates, above La Condamine, ends a short distance beyond Les Moulins, from point to point a little over a mile. That it is not only the "Beauty Spot" of the Riviera, but likewise the one where hibernation can be effected with the greatest amount of physical enjoyment, does not admit of a doubt. Mountains, varying in height from 1800

Digitized by Google

to 3700 feet, encircle it from north-east to west, and rising immediately behind it—not at a considerable distance back, as at Nice and Cannes—effectually protect it from the colder winds. Open to the south, it has a large amount of sunshine, but not the full amount, the sun during the winter months disappearing behind the Tête de Chien shortly after three o'clock. That frost is rare the tropical vegetation testifiès. When the mercury drops and the sky looks threatening, the gardeners hasten to stretch tilts over their flower-beds; but it is not so much that they fear frost, or a fall of hail or snow, as to put in the time—to make pretence of superlative assiduity.

The building area in this section of the Principality is small, but rising behind it to the level of the old Cornice road there is in French territory space for hundreds of villas, and now that the Monte Carlo-La Turbie rack-and-pinion railway is completed, their erection is merely a question of time.

If building lots at Monte Carlo be not quite as costly as were similar locations at Bajœ during the reign of the Cæsars, it is only the wealthy that can afford to purchase, the price demanded in the vicinage of the Gardens being one hundred and fifty francs the square mètre. Further afield, eighty is considered reasonable, forty ridiculously cheap, and when the lot has been bought and paid for the purchaser is not at liberty to erect a house to his taste. The plan has to be submitted to the Board of Works, from whose fiat there is no appeal. Everything must be harmonious and pleasing to the eye. The Church of St. Charles, which overlooks the Casino,

Digitized by Google

has been so bedecked as to seem a *dépendance* of that establishment. The cathedral, standing on the Rock of Monaco, and now approaching completion, is Renaissance. To defray the cost of rebuilding it was an obligation which Prince Charles imposed on M. Blanc. It was a "hedge" with the recording angel, and completely upsets the doctrine that one cannot serve God and Mammon.

Ad majorem Dei Gloriam, no place of worship other than Catholic, Roman, and Apostolic is allowed within the limits of the Principality. A line *must* be drawn somewhere, and heretical temples (that of Chance or Mischance excepted) are outside the pale devotional Monégasque.

Le Temple Anglican is beyond the frontier, and the chaplain is licensed by our bishop *in partibus* for "Monaco-La Turbie," a Franco-Monégasque neutral zone created by the right reverend gentleman to meet the exigencies of the situation. The heretical temple being outside his diocese, the Bishop of Monaco is content; as it is not within it, the conscientious scruples of the Bishop of Gibraltar are satisfied, and he can sleep in peace.

"Beyond the frontier" sounds distant, but it is close at hand, the little Principality being length without breadth—two miles sea frontage, but an extension inland of some few hundred yards. The English Church is but a step from the Casino and the principal hotels.

If the souls of my countrymen and countrywomen are in peril, their bodies are, or should be safe. One chaplain has the cure of the former, but for the cure of the latter, English doctors are there five.

Digitized by Google

That in the Principality of Monaco the superfluous is "Chose la plus necessaire," the so-called *Marché* of Monte Carlo evinces, it being nothing more than a back road, with the trestles of hucksters and the baskets of costermongers deposed on the ground on either side. A market—a market-place with central building—being greatly needed, a "Palais des Beaux Arts" was built instead. In the Principality are two markets, one at Les Moulins, the other at La Condamine, the tryst being held alternately, odd days of the month on the Hill of Charles, even, beneath the Rock of Monaco.

The Monte Carlo day beginning in the afternoon, market-going is what the French would term a morning "distraction," but of the mildest. In Italy, in Southern Italy more especially, to the foreigner who has some knowledge of the vernacular, and who is not afflicted with the spleen, marketing is endless fun. Not so at Monaco. It would be easier to squeeze blood out of a turnip than to elicit a jocular word from a Monégasque marketman or marketwoman. They come to sell their wares, and have no time for pleasantry. To offer them less than the price they demand would be considered a personal insult. On arriving with their carts and baskets they all agree with one consent what the prices for the day shall be, and to those prices they rigidly adhere. As sounding cheaper, they calculate by the *etto* and weigh by the *gramme*. Never do they allow their scales to kick the beam in the customer's favour. If there be so much as one strawberry or a pea-pod over and above the precise weight, they religiously remove it. The gold scales

Digitized by Google

and weights of the Casino treasurer are their standard; everything is *à poids d'or*. For the dearness of their wares they have a ready excuse; nothing is home-raised, every article is imported. It is impossible to imagine how much is wasted in transit. That at Nice and other towns along the Riviera there is a heavy *octroi* and at Monaco none does not enter into their philosophy. That Monaco neither sows nor reaps is owing to circumstances beyond her own control; but she might fish, and she doesn't, or only in a half-hearted way. The sea that laves the Rock is not *senza pesce* like the Gulf of Genoa. Fish there are, and fishermen no further away than Beaulieu; but when there are fish—golden fish—ashore asking to be caught, why seek them in the vasty?

Towards 11 a.m. things get a little more lively. On the steps of the Casino stand the porters of the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco, ready to receive the *bad-gäste*, and on the pavement below fire-brigade men on the alert, and prepared for any emergency. Windows are wide open at the Hôtel de Paris, whilst at the Café de Paris on the opposite side of the square a very mixed assemblage is eating, drinking, smoking, reading, chatting, but for the most part immersed in abstruse calculations of the martingale description, which, properly worked out, shall make two and two five, and end in the discomfiture of the bank and the arithmetician's enrichment.

Benighted foreigners who imagine themselves astute are endeavouring, with deplorable waste of breath, to induce some highwayman of the box to

Digitized by Google

abate his demands for a drive to Beaulieu or Mentone; whilst in ludicrous contrast, Mary Jane, regardless of the eternal fitness of things, and apparently unconscious of evil, wheels Innocence, in the shape of a blinking little Briton, right through the middle of the Vanity Fair.

Toiling up the Avenue de Monte Carlo come four three-horse omnibuses heavily laden with the Army of Defence—MM. les croupiers, whose habitation is Monaco Ville or La Condamine, and, hurrying up from the railway-station as fast as their legs will carry them, the foreign legion of the Army of Attack—punters just arrived by the train from Nice or Mentone.

From the four points of the compass, from palatial hotels and from cheap inns and pensions, from *appartements de luxe* and from modest *garnis*, from *café*, tavern, and bar, singly or in squads, combatants, male and female, scuttle along fearing to be late for the opening of the doors of the Salles de Jeu, and so unable to get a seat at the tables. And the cry is, "Still they come." Exclusives from Cannes, worldlings from Nice, people of the very highest respectability from Beaulieu; invalids from pious Mentone, Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics, and nondescripts—the attraction for all, "that hateful Casino," or more correctly, "that odious Cercle des Étrangers." For the Établissement des Bains de Mer de Monaco is not an ordinary Cursaal to which the simple purchase of a ticket gives access; it is a "Cercle sans Cotisation," a non-subscription club, and admission thereto is by favour of the direction, which, on demand, issues to applicants cards of

Digitized by Google

entry of two descriptions, blue for the atrium, theatre, and reading-rooms; *couleur de rose* ditto *and* the Salles des Jeux. What constitutes ineligibility for admission can only be surmised. To youths under age, to Monégasques, and to natives of the Department of the Maritime Alps, no cards for the gambling-rooms are given; but to all others they seem to be freely accorded—too freely in the opinion of many, and certainly a very considerable number of the approved whom one sees staking their five-franc pieces at the roulette-tables would be met with a curt "No rooms vacant," were they to apply for accommodation at a high-class hotel. The controllers in the vestibule have no time for perscrutation.

"Have you papers? Your card? Your name?"

"John Tomkins."

"Your nationality?"

"Anglais."

"Your address?"

"*Pas issy*—Grand Hotel, Nice."

"Please sign your name on the back." And the formality is over, and John Tomkins goes on his way rejoicing. The card is available for the day; but, as is duly notified by foot-note, it is liable to withdrawal. So long as Monsieur John Tomkins demeans himself in manner befitting a *Rentier Anglais*, free is he of the establishment. But should he misbehave—say, lose with his money his temper, and disregarding the maxim, "Silence is gold," make observations reflecting on the management, he will be bowed out of the club. There is always a liveried chamberlain at hand to show the

Digitized by Google

indelicate visitor the way—very many chamberlains; for in the strength of its staff the Cercle des Étrangers de Monaco surpasses all other cercles in France or out of it.

If the proper study of mankind be man, it would be difficult to find a better station than the atrium of the Casino, for pacing to and fro on the encaustic pavement are seen natives of every country beneath the sun, and representatives of every class save the workaday.

Were a ribbon in the button-hole warrantry of the wearer's distinction, a *Ruhmeshalle*—a Hall of Fame—would be the Monte Carlo Casino. In addition to the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, the ribbons of well-nigh all the orders of Europe and out of it (save and excepting the English) are to be seen, and not a few *de circonstance*—created solely for the personal adornment of the flaunter. Despite the number of decorated, outwardly, very far from distinguished are the majority of the loungers. Some few there are who pertain unmistakably to the upper classes of society in the countries whence they hail; but the nobodies are to the somebodies as four to one. Half are French, or converse in French. The English-speaking come next in point of number, although the German-speaking run them close, for, despite increased taxation and the enhanced price of everything in Fatherland since the war, the Teutonic contingent of the invading army has been year after year steadily augmenting, and is now the strongest force, or approaching it. French, English, American-English, German; what language comes next in succession? Since Babel was never heard

Digitized by Google

such a confusion of tongues. Laughing, joking, with heads erect and elastic footstep the passengers by the train from Nice, throng through the entrance door of the Salles de Jeu, all of them possessed of an infallible system or martingale, confident of winning, eager for the fray. Silent, reflective, with lagging gait, singly, by twos and threes, emerge by the door of exit the worsted; and by the same door a few who by the glint in their eyes and their self-satisfied carriage may be accounted winners, or to have escaped scot free.

An oppressive graveolent atmosphere, a portentous stillness; the soft tread of many feet; whispering voices; the *frou-frou* of silken apparel; the tinkle of gold and silver; the purr of the revolving wheel; the hum of the ivory ball, and its clatter as, losing impetus, it bobs around, and falls finally with a decided "click" into its destined compartment. But at intervals, distinctly audible, the incantation of the croupiers, "Messieurs faites vos jeux. Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus." A breathless pause. "Onze Rouge, Pair, Manque," or whatever be the finding.

Seated or standing round the two tables in the first room of the suite, a triple ring of players and onlookers. Round the four tables in the adjoining Salle Mauresque, ditto; round the two tables in the next room, ditto; round the three tables in the gorgeous dual saloons devoted to trente-et-quarante, ditto. Eight roulette-tables and three trente-et-quarante in position, and all so beset that one has to crane the neck to get a glimpse of the *enjeu*. Except when the play is exceptionally high, when

Digitized by Google

some punter is staking the maximum and to a very large amount winner or loser, following the game is not a very exciting pastime, or is not so to me, devoid of gambling proclivities. In the turning of the cards, or the revolution of the wheel, is nothing emotional. If red does not turn up, black will; in one or other of the numbered compartments the ball is sure to find a resting-place; and whatever the colour, whatever the number, same result—gravitation of stakes—bankwards. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

Only three per cent. in favour of the bank! It is a bagatelle. Still, even at that rate, presuming there be neither *veine* nor *déveine* ("luck" or "ill-luck"), after thirty-three revolutions of the wheel, the capital of the player at roulette will have been engulfed—at roulette, for at the trente-et-quarante tables the daily gains of the bank are comparatively small, if the greatly superior amount of the money staked be taken into consideration. Putting the number of *coups* in the day at a roulette-table at three hundred, to win with only three per cent. advantage the estimated 10,000 francs, the sum staked each *coup* should average 1100. Observation has satisfied me that, except during the season's height, and at the busiest hours, it is nothing like that amount. But, as I have already explained, it is not on *zéro* and *refait* alone—the three per cent. which the bank levies on the stakes—that it relies for its profits, which amount to half a million sterling annually.

Amongst other high crimes and misdemeanours, unfair play has been laid to the charge of the bank.

Digitized by Google

By constant practice, so adroit has the roulette croupier become that he can make the ball fall into whichever compartment he pleases, the number being, as a matter of course, that whereon is staked little or no money; while his brother of the trente-et-quarante table, will, when the bank is persistently losing, "correct the game"—pack the cards. The accusation is absurd. One has only to observe the ivory ball bobbing around before falling into a compartment to be convinced that the feat ascribed to the croupier is an impossibility. To accomplish it, it would be necessary that his hands should have the delicacy—the accuracy of a mint balance, since the impulsion given to wheel and ball, respectively, increased or diminished by so much as, say, one fly-power, and the ball would find a resting-place other than that intended. But admitting it to be possible, the adroitness of the croupier would, it seems to me, be prejudicial rather than beneficial to the bank. For it is permitted to make one's play whilst the ball is rolling, and the knowing ones, ever on the alert, would wait until it had started, and then stake their money in parity with the croupier's little game, on the uncovered numbers. Again, the croupier who cheated for the enrichment of his employers would not scruple to do the same on his own account. By preconcerted signals he would direct a confederate how to play, and would divide with him the plunder.

Sharp eyes—those of professional gamblers—watch the *trente-et-quarante tailleur* as he ranges the cards. Up to every device, to every trickery, they would detect in a trice the incorrect "correction" of

Digitized by Google

the pack; and unless they could turn it to their own advantage there would be a rumpus. But the bank's privileged gain—three per cent. on the money staked—is the strongest voucher for its fair play. It is so great as to need no increment by dishonest practices. The society's balance sheet showing an incoming of 22,000,000 francs in the twelvemonth, suffices to deter some people from "trying their luck" at the tables; a few millions additional, and fools would be scared.

Whatever cheating there may be is on the side of the players; for flagrant, brazen dishonesty, the female division being well to the front. Craftiness is the characteristic of *chevalier d'industrie*, effrontery that of the *chevalière*. It is not the game she watches, but the players, taking deepest interest in those who, trying their luck for the first time, have placed money haphazard on several numbers wide apart. More particularly favoured with her regards are the sons of Albion. Their French is that of *outre-manche*; they are diffident—hate a scene. She waits until the one she deems the greatest greenhorn has money on the winning numbers, and quietly claws it in. Then ensues a mild or energetic protest on the part of the despoiled.

"Pardong, madame, l'argent à moa."

Quick and with disdainful glance, the rejoinder—"Comment à vous, monsieur? Mais vous radotez."

"*Radotez*. What does she mean by *radotez?*"

Before he can crack the nut, or find words to express his indignation, the time for making formal complaint has passed.

Digitized by Google

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux," enunciates the croupier, and the game proceeds.

"Why didn't you make the —— disgorge?" I overheard a young Englishman ask his friend.

"Make her disgorge! I should just like to hear how you would have set about it," retorted the victim. "In that Parisian French of yours you would have made appeal to the bystanders, or to the indifferent croupier, or to that fellow perched behind him, who is supposed to watch the game and act as arbiter, and doesn't. Or perhaps you would have simplified matters by endeavouring forcibly to repossess yourself of your money, and become the laughing-stock of the crowd—been probably ejected for your pains. A thousand times preferable to lose one's money than to figure as the sorry hero of a gambling-house broil."

Many being of the same opinion, the pilferings in a twelvemonth are very considerable. The *chef de partie* is not Argus; when fifty players are staking their money at the same moment, he has not an eye available for each; and should a dispute arise as to ownership, he must be exceedingly cautious in making award. Master of ceremonies is he rather than umpire; his mandate, presumedly, to arrange, to temporize—to pay the amounts in dispute sooner than have a disturbance.

Intent on the game; registering minutely on card or tablet each successive number and the colour as it turns up, sit or stand the players. Here are to be seen old stagers, men and women, who have never missed a day at the rooms since that unlucky one, in the far distant past, when their evil genius led

Digitized by Google

them to Monaco, and who will continue their daily visit until the pallid croupier, Death, shall notify them that life's game is ended. That amongst the gamblers there should be so few sudden deaths can only be attributed to their total absence of heart, or the petrifaction of that organ. People are admitted to the Salles de Jeu who would be denied entrance to a general hospital, and directed to one for incurables. Decrepits, paralytics, valetudinarians on the last stage of life's journey. To behold one of the number crawling with the assistance of a friend to the seat reserved for him at the table is a piteous spectacle.

Well-nigh as great a leveller of class distinctions as the grim potentate aforesaid, is the Demon Play. At his board all are equal. With a matron who may be an ex-housekeeper on one side of her, and a man who is unmistakably a sharper on the other, sits punting away a French *grande dame*, who in her own circle is notoriously of the haughtiest; whilst over the shoulder of a white-haired German baroness, the proud possessor of armorial quarterings unutterable, a painted member of the Vieille Garde tosses her louis on the board. Captain Rook, whose signature is not good for a "fiver," hustles the financial magnate with millions at command; and watching the game, and ogling the winners, the wily *cocotte* stands shoulder to shoulder with artless English maidenhood.

Eager to get their money "on," the standers squeeze and shove, and stretch their arms over the heads of the seated, regardless of protests and the head-gear of the ladies. There is continuous growling and scowling. For gamblers are superstitious; they

Digitized by Google

believe in the evil eye, and when they perceive some bystander whose glance they consider provocative of ill-luck, they look daggers, arsenals, at him, and not unfrequently rudely desire him to begone. Their credence in omens, and in the virtue of talismans and fetich, is steadfast. Were they searched for *porte-veines*, their number and diversity would amaze. Coral horns, coins bent or pierced, medallions, beads, crosses, images, puppets, horseshoes, relics of sorts, bits of hangman's rope, snakeskins. Compared with the gambler's *pot-pourri* the weird sister's hell-broth was a simple *pot-au-feu*.

During the years which have elapsed since the gaming concession was transferred to M. Blanc, one man only, Garcia, has by his persistent luck caused trepidation. His system was short sittings, and the maximum stake; and so redoubtable was he, that, when he engaged, M. Blanc would often take the chair of the *chef de partie*, and watch the fight. Winner at one time of millions, it is said, possibly of two, thorough in the end was the defeat of the doughty Spaniard; *decavé* in its most abject sense, he was forced to leave the scene of his triumphs and return to his native land. Since his time, *veinards* of less degree have had a few hundred thousand francs of winnings in their possession—temporary possession; *bien entendu*, for that having won they should have ceased to play would be contrary to gambling ethics. Nine-tenths of them returned as a matter of course, and, of course, lost not only their winnings, but their original capital into the bargain. "Il reviendra." Right well did the astute *fermier des jeux* know his clients. Unless death intervene,

Digitized by Google

or funds be lacking, to his chosen arena the true gambler is certain to return; if a victor, to augment his spoils; if unsuccessful, in the hopes of retrieving his losses.

Not to conceal the losses of the bank, but to have them noised abroad through the medium of the subsidized press, is the endeavour of the Administration. The report that some one has won a large amount, that the bank has been "broken," is the best of all advertisements. It is a voucher of fair play, and demonstrates how erroneous is the idea that at Monte Carlo the luck is one-sided, how stupid is the quip that, "Turn up red, turn up black, *c'est toujours Blanc qui gagne.*"

Break the bank! Unless bank-breaking means the winning at one or other of the tables the amount of the daily deposit—

"The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo"

is a myth. The bank's existence like that of a dynasty is unbroken—continuous. The king is dead. The day's allotment has been swept away—*la banque a sauté.* Just a minute to let the herald don his tabard and break his wand on the balcony of the palace, the Casino treasurer to furnish a second instalment from his reserve fund, and then, "*Vive le roi! Vive la banque, Gaudeamus!*" In that its losses, or its reputed losses, tend to enhance its credit and increase its gains, the Monte Carlo bank differs from all other banking institutions. A rush of clients invariably follows the announcement of a mishap. *Zéro* and *refait adjuvant*, of *veinards*—of lucky players the board of directors has no dread.

Digitized by Google

It is not in following the game at roulette or trente-et-quarante that entertainment is to be derived, but by observing the gamesters, who may be divided into five categories: Incidental players; players for pastime; players for excitement; gamblers who play solely to win money, or whose aim is to do so; professional gamblers.

The incidentals afford by far the most interesting study. Few of them, comparatively, are gamblers innate. Wintering at Nice, or other town of the Riviera, they have come to hear the famous concerts; or, bound for Italy, they have broken their journey at Monte Carlo, "just to see what the place is like." Dangerous ground for others, it is not so for them. Either they have "registered a solemn vow not to stake so much as a five-franc piece," or they are firmly resolved to venture no more than a sum predetermined. If they win, all the better; if they lose, none the worse. In the calorific atmosphere of the Salles de Jeu, their wise resolves melt like wax; and, in a breathing-space, the virtuous visitors who have registered the solemn vow not to stake so much as a five-franc piece may be seen staking five-franc piece after five-franc piece, louis after louis, bank-note after bank-note, and the prudent ones, who to their losses have fixed a limit, in unlimited gambling career. Although they be not the bank's most profitable clients, dear to the management are the incidentals. Their presence imparts to the *cohue* in the gambling-rooms a semblance of respectability. Having no "system," they do not waste time by tiresome hesitation and endless card-prickings, but stake their money, coup after coup, in a sportsman-

Digitized by Google

like way. And when they have lost all the ready money they have with them, instead of making unpleasantness by declaring they have been bamboozled, or what not, quietly withdraw and give others a chance of trying their luck at the tables. Cleared out, but perfectly solvent, they are not disconsolate. They change a few circular notes, or draw on their letter of credit; and should notes and credit be alike exhausted, telegraph to their bankers for further supply.

Mighty convenient for gamblers with banking accounts is the electric telegraph, very frequently far too convenient for their welfare. Had the momentarily moneyless to wait a week or ten days for a remittance by post instead of having it sent them by electric flash, their gambling fever would have time to cool, the wisdom of never throwing good money after bad *might* possibly occur to them, and they *might* decide to defer until the Greek Calends their attempt to break the bank at Monte Carlo, and bid the quite-too-fascinating and depletive locality an eternal farewell. The incidentals are the *corps d'élite*—the light brigade of the gambling host; players for pastime and players for excitement form the centre.

The player for pastime is a gambler ingrained, but his passion for play has a limit. There is method in his madness. Instead of punting continuously and at random, he patiently notes the fluctuations of the game, and ventures his money cautiously. Fully alive to the fact that the bank is the stronger, he avoids a decisive engagement, and by guerilla tactics endeavours to prolong the fight. If the

Digitized by Google

fortunes of the day be against him, he consoles himself with the reflection that he has had some amusement for his money, and that, having brought with him no more than he was willing, or rather, was prepared to lose, he will be able to resume the battle on the morrow—cool is he ever as the typical cucumber.

The player for excitement differs from the player for pastime, in that his passion for play is so intense, so uncontrollable, as to fall little short of madness. The interest he takes in the game is proportionate to the risk incurred, to the importance of the venture. The fact that the *veine* is against him, far from imbuing him with caution, serves but to increase his temerity—whether the amount staked be large or small, it must, presumably, be more than he can afford to lose, for, were it not, the excitement would lack the desired intensity.

People play to win, not to lose; but gamblers pertaining to the three foregoing categories play likewise because in gambling they find diversion. Not a pleasure, but a very serious business, is gambling to those in the fourth class; their object in playing is to win money, nothing else.

When the observer proceeds to classify, according to his lights, the gamblers pertaining to this division, he is amazed to find how largely it is composed of —well, of parties scarcely up to "Cercle" standard. Appearances are deceptive, but to judge by them, fully one-third are of the lower middle class—tradesmen in a small way of business, commercial gents, clerks, etc., whose savings cannot possibly be great. Presuming them honest, it were easier to account

Digitized by Google

for the rosettes and ribbons which so many of them display in their button-holes than for the money in their pockets. By the decease of a relative some there may be who have "touched money;" but unless death has been extraordinarily busy in the ranks of rich uncle- and aunt-dom they cannot all be legatees.

The women are on a par with the men. Wives of tradesmen, or having some business of their own, ex-housekeepers, small annuitants, etc. "What are they doing in this galley?" he asks himself. Risking their money with the firm conviction that the doctrine of chances, as calculated time and again by experts, is erroneous, and that three per cent. on the stake is the entire odds against them; because they have read, or "heard tell" of people arriving at Monte Carlo with a few hundred francs in their pockets and departing with thousands, and that, Fortune aiding, they hope to do the same; that they are greedy of gain; because the number of idiot asylums is insufficient for the fools at large.

Professional gamblers at Monte Carlo differ from professional gamblers elsewhere in that they play, as a rule, for others and not on their own account. Denied the deal, their dexterity in the manipulation of cards is profitless, and the only advantage they have over the inexpert lies in their superior coolness and judgment. The little game of the professional is to pick up a flat, and, by convincing him of the infallibility of his particular system, induce him to furnish funds for its probation. Why does he not follow it, and make his fortune without extraneous

Digitized by Google

assistance? For the simple reason that it is a system to work which successfully a certain capital is requisite, and that for the moment he is out of cash. His is a safe game. If he wins, he shares the gains; if he loses—well, the capital was insufficient; or this or that which does not occur once in ten thousand times has caused his infallible system to work ill. In fine, the bank has had the best of it, and if M. Mouche cannot raise more money, he, M. Araignée, has the honour of wishing him a "pleasant journey home."

Occasionally, for some breach of the conventionalities, the systematist is forbidden the rooms, and then he may be seen gyrating round his Paradise Lost like an evil spirit in pain.

Of the innumerable systems "discovered," bad is the best. One system there is, by adherence to which money can never be lost—the total abstention. Outside it, is there a single good one? Unquestionably, no! Is there a fairly safe one? Yes. To reserve one's ammunition for the last three rounds, or, better still, to have but one "shy" at the table. Said M. Blanc, "Were players to enter the Salles de Jeu, stake their money, and not return until the day following, I should soon be bankrupt." He could make the admission without damage to his interests, for he was well aware that such pusillanimous tactics would be scouted by gamesters.

Messieurs, Faites vos Jeux.—The Monte Carlo Mansion-house being the Casino, that its officials should be revered, its *employés* held in high esteem, is only natural. In the Monégasque table of precedence, gentlemen, armigers *ex-officio*, are MM. les

Digitized by Google

Croupiers. Though disreputable the vocation of croupier, its exercise does not necessarily entail complete loss of self-respect, as many suppose. Amongst the 200 members of the corps, are, it is asserted, comparatively few black sheep; the majority are well-conducted, many being married, their wives in some line of business. The pay being good, varying, according to class, from 250 to 600 francs per month; the duty light, two turns of three hours' duration, and the engagement permanent, when a vacancy occurs there are many applicants. One-half the croupiers are French, the remainder, in numerical order, Alsacians, Italians, Belgians, and Germans; England has no representative.

Le Jeu est Fait.—Were he alive, jubilant would be M. Blanc on beholding the packets of bank-notes, and the piles of gold on the table. What a difference between times past and the time present! Up to M. Blanc's accession, and for some years after it, the minimum stake at trente-et-quarante was five francs; at roulette, two; and, for the accommodation of players, tokens representing the latter amount were in circulation. Discovering that these tokens of base metal, bearing on one side the superscription, "Cercle des Étrangers de Monaco," and on the other, "Jeton de deux francs," were being counterfeited wholesale by a gang of coiners, M. Blanc deemed it expedient to call them in and to raise the minimum at trente-et-quarante and roulette to twenty and five francs respectively. One-hundred-franc gold pieces, *plaques*, with the effigy of Albert I. on one side and the escutcheon of the Grimaldi on the

Digitized by Google

other, have replaced the two-franc *jetons* of yore. As coins they are worth no more than five Napoléons, whilst as a circulating medium they are disadvantageous; but as tokens of the Prince's favour, as evincing his desire to befriend and foster the great industry of his dominion, and that as "fish" they largely increase the haul of the bank, they are invaluable. With bank-notes only in his possession, the player will demand change, and stake a louis; but having notes *and plaques*, he will very frequently stake a *plaque*, to split a gold piece being to make, as it were, two bites of a cherry.

Rouge Gaigne.—Whether red gain, or black, the result of the *coup* be in favour of the players or of the bank, is of little interest to the non-gambling onlooker. Both sides are tarred with the same brush; the money passes from hands which are dirty into others which are unclean. Spoilers and despoiled are alike unsympathetic. A very cursory inspection of them suffices; the Salle des Concerts is infinitely preferable to the Salons de Jeu.

The Salle des Concerts.—The theatre is, to put it mildly, in the very highest style of decorative art, and when first viewed, the general effect is somewhat overpowering. Columns, caryatides, pilasters, anaglyphs, medallions, shields, masks, mirrors, lustres, candelabra, paintings, carvings, castings, gildings, hangings, are posed and superposed in most astounding profusion. "Quite too awfully meretricious," is the verdict I have heard passed upon it by æsthetic fellow-countrywomen. But one grows used to everything, even to dyed hair, *gigot* sleeves and patchouli. I have little doubt that,

Digitized by Google

from seeing it daily, Ahab thought Jezebel's face a *chef d'œuvre.*

Prior to the season 1892–93, music—Monte Carlo's greatest indoor attraction—was gratis. Now a charge of three francs is made for admission to the classical concerts, and one to those given in the Palais des Beaux Arts. It does not require much acumen to comprehend that the enforced payment for admission to these concerts is but the prelude to a grand transformation scene, wherein the Monte Carlo orchestra will make its appearance as an entirely self-supporting troupe. That M. Blanc would never have demanded payment for admission to his concert-hall I feel convinced, for it would hardly have escaped so shrewd a man that such innovation would change completely the footing of his establishment; that it would be no longer a *club sans cotisation*, but a place of public amusement, access to which could, only by some quibble, be refused. When the late lamented M. Blanc was director, that he should have endeavoured to make as much money as possible out of the concern, one can understand. But he was a man of wit, and knew when to be generous and when to be close. In the art of throwing a sprat to catch a whale he had no superior. The excellent five-franc dinners *vin compris* which he provided for his clients at the Hôtel de Paris had a magical effect in restoring, mentally and physically, those who had been depleted at his board of green cloth. The toothsomeness of the repast, and, above all, its cheapness, would console a man for the loss of thousands; and, as the *décavé* rose, like giant refreshed, from the table, he would declare, with an oath, that old Blanc

Digitized by Google

was not a bad sort, after all. No five-franc dinners *vin compris* now. The tariff is six francs, *vin non compris*; and it is not like a giant refreshed, but like a bear with a sore ear, that the diner pays his bill and takes his departure.

In this world everything is relative—goes by comparison. The Monte Carlo orchestra is first rate, and, presuming a resident to assist at every classical concert, the amount disbursed would be fifty francs, or a hundred if he attended those at the Palais des Beaux Arts. But the orchestra at Wiesbaden, where is no gambling, is likewise super-excellent, whilst the price of a season ticket to its Cursaal is very much less than that amount.

M. Arthur Steck, the *chef d'orchestra*, has his large troupe — eighty-six the muster-roll — well under command. The soloists—twenty-three in number—would form by themselves a fair-sized band. To please everybody is impossible; but, to my taste, the music selected is altogether too French. That Monaco is virtually France signifies little. Monte Carlo is cosmopolitan, and art has no nationality.

It is fortunate that M. Steck has not eyes in his back; for at the concerts, and at the classical concerts more especially, they would behold sights which would fill his musical soul with horror and indignation—*virtuosi* reading newspapers; *dilettanti* yawning; *conoscenti* fast asleep. And, sad to say, the culprits are mostly English. Martyrs are they to fashion; and it being fashionable—"quite the correct thing"—to attend the classical concerts, to the classical concerts they throng; just as in their native land they attend oratorios, having no knowledge of

Digitized by Google

music, and pay their half guinea to hear Sarah Bernhardt, understanding not one word of French. They sacrifice themselves on the altar of Apollo: but not a few are unconscious of their martyrdom; they shut their eyes, and sleep a soulless sleep—a sleep that is very difficult of waking, I can vouch. The storm in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony passes over their heads without disturbing them; whilst the Wagnerian tintamar in *Der Fliegender Hollander*, scarcely makes them start.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

moralizes the poet; but breasts there are upon which sweet sounds make no impression—the gamblers', to wit. Tethered by his martingale, fathoms deep in the doctrine of chances, he hears not a note, and if he cast his eyes around it is in the hope of hitting some lucky number or combination whereon to play. The row where he is seated is the ninth—*neuf*. The gentleman beside him has a red tie—*rouge*. The lady in front has three daughters—*impair*. That a neighbour is minus an arm—*manque*. *Neuf*, *rouge*, *impair*, *manque*—nothing can be plainer. To lose such a chance would be madness. Off he rushes to the Salles de Jeu; for punting, like murder, brooks no delay. "If it were done, when 'tis done, then't were well it were done quickly." He is often back in less than ten minutes, poorer, but not wiser. Out comes his card and pencil, and at it he goes again.

The Terrace at Monte Carlo, unrivalled as a winter promenade, is, as a rendezvous of fashion, not pre-eminent. Compared with the promenades at other

Digitized by Google

much-frequented Continental resorts, the *coup-d'œil* is, even at the season's height, lacking in animation. The reason is obvious. Elsewhere the promenade is *the* lounge, *the* rallying point of all the visitors; whilst this Terrace is merely an adjunct of the Casino—an outdoor *foyer* to which the asphyxiated gambler can rush for a breath of pure air; a basking place for invalids; a gazebo for tourists. The view therefrom is exquisitely lovely. To the right a sea-girt rock, crowned with a miniature city, whose picturesqueness is enhanced by the ivy-grown walls and bastions of an adjacent castle; at its base a little port, with yachts at anchor; and nestled on the tongue of land connecting it with the main, a larger town of modern elevation.

Rising immediately behind it, a fortress-capped mountain, olive-clad on its lower slopes, bare and precipitous towards the summit. To the left a succession of mountain spurs descending to the coast, the nearest projecting promontorywise far into the sea, and with a mediæval village on its southern declivity; the remainder grey and sterile, the extreme seaward ending of the loftiest and most distant defined by a line of white houses—Bordighera.

Feathery palms, spiky aloes, and prickly cacti of luxuriant growth proclaim a southern clime; the trimness, the neatness, the expense—regardlessness of everything—attest a flourishing exchequer. Not a cracked vase or broken baluster along the balustrade's entire length; not a weed visible on the gravelled terrace; not a decayed flower or withered leaf disfiguring the borders; nor dab of cement nor stroke of paint needed. Buildings and accessories in the

Digitized by Google

highest state of decorative repair; grounds in apple-pie order.

It is by evening light that the panorama is most enchanting. In the brilliant, searching sunlight the limestone rocks and cliffs are somewhat glaring; the mountains, too conspicuously grey and sterile; the sea is of a too metallic blue. But no sooner has the sun dipped behind the Tête de Chien than this hardness of colouring is completely toned down. Monaco, the Condamine, Monte Carlo, and the contiguous coast-line, are thrown at once into shade; but the cliffs behind the town, the mountain-ranges, and the promontory of Cap Martin remain illumined. As the sun sinks, the cliffs become streaked with orange, the mountain-spur in rear of the hill on which stands the village of Roquebrune assumes a lavender tint, while that beyond it turns purple. On white-walled Bordighera there comes a flush of rose. Sublimer prospects there are, and more extensive; one equally diversified it would be difficult if not impossible to name. Here nature and art coalesce; the dead past is incorporated with the living present. As the eyes rove, the thoughts glide from nineteenth century realities to Grecian myths, from mediæval to Roman times.

High above the twin minarets of Garnier's ephemeral edifice—on the old Roman road leading into Gaul—the modern Cornice, loom the ruins of the colossal monument erected A.D. 8 by Augustus Cæsar to commemorate his victory over the native tribes. Beneath the recently-constructed French fortress on the summit of the adjacent Tête de Chien reposes Monaco's mediæval stronghold.

Digitized by Google

The railway skirts the Port of Hercules. According to Marcellinus, it was in the little haven below that Hercules brought up when "after" Geryon, whose subsequent overthrow he solemnized by the dedication of the port to his puissant self. From the Greek epigraph *Monoscikos*, equivalent to "alone in his glory," Monaco derives its name. A dangerous anchorage the Port of Hercules. Open to the east, when a gale threatens from that quarter the wary mariner hastens to get his vessel out, and runs for the landlocked roadstead of Villefranche. By the construction of a mole the cove might be made tolerably secure for vessels of considerable tonnage; but the Principality having no commerce, and as yachtsmen can reach the Casino much more speedily by land than by sea, there is little probability of the work being taken in hand just at present. The insecurity of the port does not prevent yachtsmen from entering it. Throughout the season yachts, large and small, steam and sailing, are continually arriving and departing, and off the rock, where, according to the story, Hercules moored his galley, the floating palaces of American archi-millionaires, financial magnates, and enriched tradesmen may be seen at anchor. Plutocratic times these!

With the Port of Monaco is associated the fable of a heathen demi-god; with its rock the legend of a Christian saint—Sainte Dévote. Martyred in Corsica during the reign of Diocletian, the corpse of Dévote was being conveyed by boat to Africa for burial when its destination was changed by direction of its heaven-flown spirit. Whispered a voice in the ear of the slumbering pilot, "Follow

Digitized by Google

the dove which you will see fly out of my mouth, and where it shall alight there bury my body." The dove, on issuing from the mouth of the defunct, headed straight for Monaco, and alighted in the ravine of the Gaumates, where was a chapel; there the body of Dévote was laid. The martyr canonized, Monaco was placed under the protection of the saint, whose relics were removed to the cathedral.

From the fabulous to the legendary, from the legendary to the historical. For the past eight centuries the adjacent castle has its records—those of its princes.

An independent Principality, Monaco manages its own affairs; but in the administration of justice, and in the levying of customs and excise duties, France intervenes. Trifling cases are disposed of by a *Juge de Paix*, whilst those of more importance are decided by the Municipal Court. But the judges in the Supreme Court are French, and delinquents sentenced by them to more than one month's incarceration "do their time" in a French prison. Appeals are adjudicated in Paris. That whilst guaranteeing Monaco's independence, France should have reserved to herself absolute control of customs and excise was a highly necessary precaution; had she not done so, to the Principality's great industry, smuggling would have been speedily added. Goods from abroad are subject to the French customs duty, and on French excisable products there is no drawback. All articles of consumption are dearer than at Nice or Mentone, for the abolition of the *octroi* has served, not to decrease housekeeping expenses, but to increase the gains of the tradesfolk.

Digitized by Google

It is only by their immunity from direct taxation that non-traders have the pull over their neighbours, French and Italians. The householder is not worried by the vexatious visits of the tax-collector, and, except for water "laid on," rates has he none to pay.

For the proper conduct of affairs in his little dominion—reparation, sweeping and lighting of streets and roads, and police maintenance; for schools, hospitals, and asylums, the Prince provides. His private fortune being amply sufficient for his personal requirements, he can devote the Casino tribute, or a portion thereof, to the betterment of his domain and of his people; for the Prince of Monaco is an autocrat. With the assistance of a governor-general, a treasurer-general, and divers committees he orders the affairs of his household. The discontented are at perfect liberty to seek elsewhere a form of government more to their liking. They are politely requested—urged—to take their departure; and should they tarry, the police assist them in their *démenagement*. For in the Principality of Monaco, as in the island of Jersey, the duration of the alien's sojourn is dependent on the goodwill and pleasure of the authorities, whose prescriptive right it is to summarily eject, without cause assigned, any person whose presence they may consider undesirable. So drastic in Monaco are the residential regulations, that the visitor whose stay exceeds a fortnight is obliged to obtain from the authorities a *permis de séjour*. The hotel proprietor's limit is *exceptis excipiendis*, the fifth of that space. That his guest's monetary collapse may not affect him to any serious

Digitized by Google

extent, every three days he presents him for immediate liquidation his little addition. It is an indispensable precaution.

There is something in the place, possibly the presence of feathery palm-trees, which Bedouinizes the too impressionable, too impulsive visitor, who in default of a tent to fold, hangs up his bedroom key, and, without deeming it expedient to notify his departure to the secretary of the caravansary which he has honoured with his patronage, "silently steals away."

Were landlords by law compelled to advertise "Somebodys Luggage," or the luggage of somebody or of everybody who had left such luggage in their establishments and their bill unpaid, there would, I trow, be a monthly supplement to the local prints. That visitors who take apartments for the season are required to pay the rent in advance, it is needless to say. Were a Howard, a de Rohan, a Schwazenberg, or a Borromeo to ask for extension of credit, he would meet, in all probability, a polite but firm refusal. The letters of apartments have been so frequently victimized by people bearing, or assuming illustrious patronymics, that they have grown pardonably suspicious.

If credit be the soul of business, soulless is business Monágasque, for credit there is none, or next door to it. Professional men desire to be paid *séance tenante*; traders keep no books, or only with customers of whose solvability they are assured.

To the man who declared that he did not care a rap for the necessaries of life, so long as he enjoyed its luxuries, Monaco would be vastly sympathetic;

Digitized by Google

for in the little Principality, luxuries, or what are accounted such, are, *moyennant finance*, as easily obtainable as necessaries. The welcome visitor arrives by the *train de luxe*, lodges at an *hôtel de luxe*, orders his meals *à la carte de luxe*, and has presented him an *addition de luxe*, which makes his hair so to stand on end that he has recourse to a *coiffeur de luxe* to smooth it. Every trifle he requires is an *objet de luxe*, and every article of consumption, not the commonest of the common, is rated first chop, the primest of the prime, and priced accordingly. All bread, other than *de ménage* (household), is *pain de luxe* (fancy). When Mr. Butcher's meat is not obviously that of the fattened carcase of a working bullock, it is "Swiss." If his veal be at all white it is "Vichy." His mutton, when not coarse-grained and rank, is *presalé* (down), the only thing *salé* about it being its price. Every apartment not of the tenement order is *de luxe*.

For Monte Carlo's cosmopolitan guests there is a cosmopolitan *menu;* the solids and fluids dear to each exile are to be had for the asking, or rather for the paying. Whitstable oysters, Southdown mutton, York ham, Melton pies, Bass and Guinness for Britons; porter-house steaks, rye whiskey, and cocktails of sorts for Americans; Frankfort sausages, Sauerkraut and Munich and Pilsner beer for Teutons *und so weiter*. As the Bavarian counts the change returned him out of a five-franc piece, tendered in payment of the *bière de Munich* imbibed by himself and his belongings, a vision of his *mädchen* tripping to the adjacent *bier-keller*, a mark in one hand and a tray with empty *seideln* in the other, and tripping

Digitized by Google

back again, the *seideln* filled and sundry *pfenninge* change remaining, flits before him, and he observes to his spouse, "Anna! In Monte Carlo seems the beer dear." It is. And not beer alone, but everything. Where Mercury is enshrined, money has not the same value as in places where less mercenary deities are adored. To its possessors, gold is dross. The refrain of the waves as they break upon the rocks, of the leaves as they are stirred by the breeze, of the birds in the branches, of the voices of the day and the voices of the night, seems to be that from "Robert le Diable"—*L'or est un chimère.*

It is with the precognition that they will have to put their hands in their pockets, and deeply, that people, not of the country-cousin stamp, or daft, resolve to visit the "Beauty Spot." To the wealthy—to those who fare sumptuously every day—the enhanced cost of each repast is unworthy a thought. To those who have to consider ways and means, their extravagance is only once in a way; and, "what they spent at Monte Carlo" will be for their lifetime a "golden legend." *Richards de vrai* and *richards de semblant* guarantee the Monte Carlo purveyor against all possible loss; it is the prodigality of the *veinards*—the lucky gamblers—that fills his coffers. For them nothing is too dear, nothing too dainty. "Easy got, easy gone," is a proverb which holds good all the world over.

Were Shylock in the flesh, he would find Monte Carlo more congenial than Venice; the purlieus of the Casino a far better sphere for the exercise of his vocation than the Rialto; any number of Signori Bassano in need of temporary accommodation, and

Digitized by Google

no plaguy Signor Antonio to bring down the rate of usance. A wealthy man, the agent of others still wealthier, ready to lend money on the nail to inconvenienced gamblers whose means were not "in supposition," he would be held in high esteem by the *habitués* of the place. Far from being called "misbeliever," "cut-throat dog," it would be "good old Shylock!" "Shylock, worthy man; we would have monies," for to obtain funds for play the gambler of high lineage would be hand-and-glove with Satan, and consent to pay any interest demanded. At the sixty per cent. of the West End usurer his Monte Carlo *confrère* would turn up his nose. Those whose means are "in supposition," who are not considered by the local Shylocks "good men," "sufficient," sell what valuables they have with them, or pawn them. Buyers there are ready at hand. No place for its size numbers so many jewellers; and, that all may flourish, the traffic in precious stones, watches, and golden ornaments must be considerable. Rings and bracelets innumerable, which arrive at the railway-station on fingers and wrists, plump or scraggy, or in jewel-cases, depart therefrom cotton-wool enveloped, in little boxes bearing many seals and the address of some Parisian dealer. A certain portion is re-sold on the spot. Under the arcade in the Place Masséna at Nice are shop windows wherein are displayed Monaco's *spolia opima*. For those who object to part for good and all with their adornments, there is the accommodating uncle—the Gallic aunt—ready to advance money on anything and everything, but on jewellery for choice. In a conspicuous situation,

Digitized by Google

above the Mount of Charles, is the Mount of Piety—*Anglicé* the pawnbroker's—where flaming notices that money is advanced on jewellery supercharge the three golden balls of the Lombards. If the signification of the three balls aforesaid be that the odds are two to one the depositor will never redeem his pledge, they are inapposite. The balls of a pyramid pool would be insufficient to represent the chances against his doing so. It is "Lombard Street to a China orange."

Unfrequented during the earlier hours of the morning, lonesome after nightfall, are, during the colder months, the gardens of the Casino and the Terrace. Infinitely more picturesque by moonlight than by sunlight is the Rock of Monaco; but it is in mid-November, on the Vigil of St. Albert, when its castle and battlements are outlined by countless lamps, and crimsoned by the flare of Bengal fire, its buildings seemingly ablaze, that it is viewed to the best advantage. The *fête* of the Prince is celebrated with great demonstrations of rejoicing. Cannons roar, the body-guard parades; in the absence of his lord the governor entertains; the cathedral choristers sing a *Te Deum*; there are fireworks, illuminations. Work is suspended; it is *the* annual holiday. That it may be thoroughly enjoyable, the Prince's subjects, who during 364 days have been, for their welfare, forbidden the Salles de Jeu, are allowed free entry. At mid-day the rooms are invaded, and during the afternoon round each roulette-table stand, six deep, the masses—petty tradesfolk, workmen, workwomen, servant-girls, all feverishly anxious to dispossess themselves of their hardly-earned five-franc pieces.

Digitized by Google

The illuminations are on a very extensive scale; lamps by thousands glint in the palm trees, and twinkle on the velvety sward and amidst the flowers of the parterres. The Place du Casino is effulgent. From the Venetian masts planted along the terrace, festoons of Chinese lanterns shed their soft light on the dense crowds awaiting the fireworks which terminate the day's festivities. Viewed from a distance, the *coup d'œil* is charming. To maintain order, the entire protective force of the establishment is on duty, and one is able to estimate its strength. It is formidable. Were there war between the Mount and the Rock, and the forces on either side armed with staffs and bludgeons, the *sbirri* of the Directory would be fully a match for the seventy pampered mercenaries of the Prince. But between the two high contracting powers exists an *entente cordiale* of the most complete. *Chacun est maître chez soi*, for within the territory ceded to the late M. Blanc the serene jurisdiction is merely nominal. It is more especially in the autonomy of its directors and the absence of Governmental police control that the Monte Carlo Casino differs from the German gaming establishments, as they existed prior to 1871. In Baden and Homburg, no lords-paramount were MM. Bénazet and Blanc; they were the most obedient, humble servants to command of their respective grand-dukes. By reason of the revenue derived therefrom, gambling-tables were "farmed;" but the farmers were lightly esteemed, and their conduct of affairs was subjected to the strictest police supervision. It was not M. Blanc's constables, but the grand ducal gendarmerie that maintained order

Digitized by Google

at the Cursaal. Times are changed, and men with them. Quite the most important personage of Charlemount is the ex-seneschal of the Blanc family, and it is with "I hope I don't intrude" deportment that the Monégasque police patrol the roads in the vicinage of the Casino.

The precautions taken by the Administration for the safeguard of their *El Dorado* are infinite. *Pro rata*, the Bank of England is poorly guarded; the *posse* of detectives, police, firemen, and guardians of every denomination told off for the protection of the Casino bank, and the million or two of francs in its strong room would make the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" open her eyes wide with amazement, were she endowed with life and in possession of a magic mirror.

From the time of the visitor's arrival to that of his departure, he is under constant surveillance. In the short distance between the railway lift and the Casino he runs the gauntlet of twenty pair of watchful eyes. As he steps out of the lift, or making the ascent from the station afoot, attains the level of the lower terrace, limit of the Bathing Establishment and of the Society's jurisdiction, he beholds a green-coated, *kepi-dight* guardian in front of him. A few paces further, a second to the right; ditto, ditto, a third to the left. On the upper terrace two sturdy firemen pacing to and fro; in the tunnel, beneath the new wing, another; and round the corner, in front of their post, half a dozen of the brigade on duty. At the entrance of the Casino are stationed two porters whose behest it is to salute all gamblers of mark, and more especially those who, season after

Digitized by Google

season, lose a small fortune at the tables; to prevent the entry of the *consignées*—the relegated; and, strictest injunction, to see that no one carrying a bag or parcel, be it never so small, enters the temple's sacred precincts until the innocuous contents of the said bag or parcel shall have been ocularly verified. That the Casino staff should not be altogether at their ease can be understood. They must be aware that their fane is not held in high veneration; that could imprecation annihilate, it would be levelled to the earth, and that, were it not for the peril to self incurred, more than one ruined and desperate gambler would do it a mischief which would be irremediable.

On the escutcheon of the Cercle des Étrangers de Monaco should figure a Thyrsus, for to Bacchus, even more than to Goddess Fortune, is due its shareholders' golden harvest. After dinner the play is considerably higher. Wine being in, wit is out, and the caution of the pre-prandial hours is, with many of the players, superseded by a Dutch courage of the most suicidal. The evening's assemblage differs little from that of the morning; it is mixed—very; youth and senility, beauty and ugliness, innocence and depravity, refinement and vulgarity, are in juxtaposition, and the lamplight serves but to make the contrasts more apparent. It is only as regards attire that there is a change. The men, or those whose luggage is not limited to a hand-bag, have discarded their travelling suits and donned garments of more sombre hue, and the ladies possessed of wardrobes their tailor-made costumes for the demi-toilette of the *table d'hôte*. There is greater display of diamonds

Digitized by Google

and other precious stones, and likewise of some which, although not precious, shine with equal lustre. The light brigade (feminine), reinforced from Nice, musters strong. The club standard for these irregulars is not a high one, but the members of the corps are subjected to strict surveillance, and they conduct themselves in a sufficiently orderly manner. Admitted on sufferance, their cards of admission liable to withdrawal, that whilst in the rooms they should be on their very best behaviour stands to reason.

To conduct a disreputable business respectably is impossible; the most that can be done is to mitigate the opprobrium attached thereto, which is the endeavour of the Casino management. Considering what a menagerie is that in the gambling-rooms, the discipline maintained is surprising. Against the conduct of the business little can be said; it is the business itself which is reprehensible. The gaming-tables are unquestionably a European scandal, and their suppression is highly desirable. Now that the blazon of the Grimaldi has been profusely regilded, that the Monégasques have been set up, the tables are no longer indispensable to the prosperity of the Principality—have no *raison d'être*. That such is not the opinion of the Monégasques—or of the alien inhabitants of the Principality rather, since, of its entire population, 13,000 at the last census, only 1050 were subjects of the Prince—I am well aware. They are firmly convinced that to its gaming-tables, and to its gaming-tables alone, is due the popularity of the place, and that were the doors of the Salles de Jeu to be closed, hotels would be empty,

Digitized by Google

villas unlet, business paralyzed, and black ruin ensue.

Prior to the suppression of the German gaming-tables, the same sad fate was predicted for Baden-Baden, Homburg, and Wiesbaden; but events have belied that prediction. A falling-off in the number of visitors followed the closing of their gambling-rooms; business languished. But amusements less dangerous than trente-et-quarante and roulette were soon found for the attraction of the public, there was speedy recuperation, and the three watering-places are now more frequented—more in vogue than during the palmiest days of Bénazet and Blanc.

"Their luck would not be ours," growl the inhabitants of the Principality. "Between the two cases is no similarity. Monte Carlo is not a Spa—is not a summer resort frequented by holiday-makers, is not central. Apart from its gaming-tables and their suppletory amusements—concerts, pigeon-matches, etc.—a sheltered position, a fine panorama, and pleasant gardens are its only attractions.

And more than sufficient to assure its prosperity after the gaming-tables have ceased to exist. As I view matters, the tables, instead of being beneficial to the Monégasques—the Prince's subjects—are now detrimental to their interests. They attract thousands of visitors, but visitors of the return-ticket, here to-day and gone to-morrow description, whose advent largely benefits the bank and a few alien hotel and restaurant keepers—householders and tradesfolk to a very limited extent. Of the twenty-two million francs incoming, one-half goes to the society's shareholders, whose residence is not Monaco, whilst

Digitized by Google

two-thirds of the balance is absorbed by payments connected with the tables—salaries of the committee and croupiers, *douceurs* to the Press, Viaticum, etc., leaving some three millions (£120,000) for disbursements directly beneficial to the Monégasques: Prince's tribute, municipal subsidy, conservation of the Casino and its dependencies, orchestra; and to that amount they would be losers by the prohibition of gambling. Apparently losers, not actually; for, although denuded of its gaming-tables, the Casino would continue a highly remunerative concern. Daily concerts of the highest class in the spacious music-hall, which would have replaced the Salles de Jeu; Vaudeville and operetta in the theatre; *petits cheveaux* with moderate stakes in the Palais des Beaux Arts, and the other amusements provided by the new management, would attract a host of return-ticketers; whilst the sheltered position of the spot, its natural and created beauties, its cleanliness, trimness, and orderliness, its commodious hotels, elegant villas and *good* company, would bring a very large number of abiding guests, whom the presence of the tables and their attendant *bad* company had formerly kept away.

The season prolonged from three months to six, hotel proprietors would be able to reduce their charges; the number of winter residents increased, the owners of villas and furnished apartments to lower their rents, shopkeepers to abate their prices; Southdown-mutton, Whitstable oysters, and other exotic dainties would be in less demand, but the loyal purveyors would be gainers, not losers, thereby. By degrees it would dawn on the Monégasques that

Digitized by Google

money can be made otherwise than by blackmailing; that clients even more profitable than gamblers are to be found; that outside trente-et-quarante and roulette there may be, is, both salvation and emolument.

A period of privation would be very beneficial to the inhabitants of the Principality, for if their physical, their animal condition be satisfactory, their moral system is sadly out of tone. Association with adventurers and adventuresses of all denominations has so degenerated them, that to the first article of the sharper's creed, "Pigeons were made to be plucked," they give their unqualified adhesion. If they have any kindly feeling, which is doubtful, it is for the gambling horde. Residents who do not play they regard with contemptuous pity, bordering on mistrust. If not to play, what brings them to Monaco? Goody-goody example corrupts bad morals, those becoming the joyous votaries of Fortune. Why do they not reside at pious Mentone, or Beaulieu the respectable, where, by assisting at the receptions of their pastors and the five-o'clocks of their friends, they would amuse themselves sadly and with decorum?

Not to innate turpitude, but to noxious influences, to the presence of the gaming-tables and an unprincipled public, is due the prevalent improbity; and with their disappearance there may be, probably will be, reintegration. When the words, "Rien ne va plus" shall have been pronounced for the last time (March 31st, 1913), a new, a healthier, and not less prosperous era will commence for Monaco. Peccant no longer, it will fulfil its obligations to nature by offering to the respectable and well-to-do

Digitized by Google

of all nationalities what the Niçois term "Une bienveillante hospitalité."

Especially to those in easy circumstances will regenerate Monte Carlo be attractive. For the unmonied it will be too expensive; for the wealthy too circumscribed. As a winter resort for millionnaires it will never be able to compete with Cannes and Nice, where can be rented spacious villas with extensive grounds for garden-parties, and there are, for the display of handsome equipages, lengthy and level drives.

The Monaco of the future might be happily divided into four quarters—the commercial, the gay, the tranquil, and the gubernatorial.

At La Condamine, made easy of access by a *funiculaire*, would be the market and the shops, and there would reside the poorer inhabitants of the Principality, Monte Carlo would remain the *quartier r-r-riche* as its denizens love to call it—the quarter of handsome villas, palatial hotels, of amusements, and of *hig-lif*.

The college quarter would be La Turbie, on French territory, but as dependent on La Condamine for its supplies and Monte Carlo for its pleasures, to all intents and purposes Monégasque. High above the sea, but sheltered, with a southern aspect and superb outlook, retired, but only a few minutes by rail from the Casino and its gardens, the new quarter would rise apace, and its *Villini* would be in great request, provided the water-supply was adequate, and the price of a ticket, Monte Carlo return, very considerably lower than at present. As a sanatorium La Turbie would be unrivalled, for

Digitized by Google

if warmth be beneficial to the invalid, diversion is not less so; and there he will find the mean between Nice the feverish, and Mentone the mopish—nor too gay nor too dull. "Will find." Now Monaco is of all the winter resorts on the Riviera the one most to be avoided by the delicate in health, for the salutary effects of its pure free air is more than counteracted by the lethal atmosphere of its gambling-rooms. Useless to advise the ailing to steer clear of them, the attraction is too great; and if a list could be made of the consumptives who have received their finishing stroke there, it would be a lengthy one. On many a tombstone might be truthfully inscribed, "Fecit Monte Carlo."

The fourth quarter—last on the list, but as the seat of Government *de jure* first, would be "The Rock." The army of occupation so long encamped on the confronting hill, departed; disinthralled—like Hercules of yore, sole master—the reigning prince might, without much self-sacrifice, reside the entire winter in his Principality, and extend a gracious hospitality not alone to the Monégasque *élite*, but eke to alien residents and visitors of distinction. The reception-rooms of the Castle—utilized as a poor-house during the first empire—are sufficiently spacious for entertainments on a grand scale. It is improbable that their extreme holding capacity will be tested during the reign of Albert, but they doubtless will be during that of Louis, his successor, who will have it in his power to revive the honourable traditions of his house by inviting to Monaco the worthies of all lands, as did his ancestor, Honoré I., the artists of the period.

Digitized by Google

Neutral ground, as an independent state of too little importance to arouse the jealousy of the Great Powers were it selected as a trysting-place for conferences other than political, purified Monaco would be admirably adapted.

Monaco, Ville Lumière.—The spot where *savants* of all denominations, and philanthropists of all nationalities meet to deliberate and pass resolutions conducive to the common weal. How infinitely more illustrious that would be than, "Monaco, plague-spot of Europe;" "Lieu où les coquines de tous les mondes coudoient les aventuriers de tous les pays."

Since the foregoing was written, Monte Carlo has been spreading itself like a green bay-tree, and will in all probability continue to spread and flourish until the social subversion in prospect takes place. Instead of passing away like its scriptural exemplar, it has taken a new lease of life. The gambling concession which it was devoutly hoped would have ended on the 1st of April, 1913, has, by certain engagements on the part of the directorate, been graciously prolonged by the Prince of Monaco until the 1st of April, 1948. Safe in their tenure for fifty years to come, the powers on the Mount of Charles could afford to deal liberally with the power on the Rock which they had stale-mated. In requital for the prolongation of the gambling concession for the term of thirty-eight years, the puissant Council of Administration of the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco in solemn conclave assembled, under the presidency of Camille, son of Francis Blanc, the lamented founder, deceased, covenanted—

Digitized by Google

1. To pay His Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco the sum of twenty-five million francs—ten million on the signing of the contract, fifteen at the expiration of the existing concession—1st of April, 1913.

2. To expend five millions on the construction of a harbour.

3. Two millions on the erection of a theatre.

4. Six hundred thousand francs annually for twenty-four operatic performances—twenty-five thousand francs for each representation.

5. To effect sundry betterments in the Principality.

That these onerous disbursements should not, by lowering the annual dividend, be prejudicial to the shareholders, eighty thousand 300 fr. debentures, bearing interest at 4 per cent., were issued at the price of 240, and so great was the demand for them that they soon reached par, and stand now at 305. The market quotations for the old shares advanced still more rapidly; they rose by leaps and bounds from 3500 frs. to 4770, and are now 3300, the last dividend on the original 500 fr. shares being 220 fr. plus 5 per cent. interest. That they may advance in price is quite on the cards, since the number of visitors keeps increasing, and Monte Carlo, so lately decried by people of respectability, has become an ultra-fashionable resort. The titled swarm; and in reporting their comings and goings, their feastings and merry-makings, Jenkins, he of the *New York Herald*, more especially is in his glory.

To entice the unwary to venture within the magnetic zone of the Salles de Jeu new decoys have

Digitized by Google

been devised, the old ones been rendered still more attractive. Lawn-tennis matches for handsome prizes have been inaugurated, and assaults of arms, and automobile contests, and fine arts exhibitions, and edifying lectures; the number of dove-tournaments has been increased, and there are now well-nigh as many pigeons slaughtered on the greensward without as there are pigeons plucked at the green cloth within.

Regardless of the cost, the Management engages the most renowned dramatic and operatic artistes, and on a stage suitable for operettas gives the grandest operas of the *repertoire*.

The seats numbering 627, and the cost of a *fauteuil* being twenty francs, when stars such as De Reszké or Tamagno, Sembrich or Nilsson appear there is a deficit in the theatrical account, but not in the general. For the crowd which cannot be seated in the Salle des Concerts finds its way to the adjacent Salles de Jeu, where not a few of the number lose more in half an hour than would have paid their theatre-going for a twelvemonth. The cost of the orchestra, now numbering 120 instrumentalists, and led by M. Léon Jehin, has been greatly reduced; for, as I foresaw, the payment of three francs for admission to the Thursday Classical Concerts was but the prelude to further payments, a charge of five francs being now made for a seat at the International Concerts held on Sundays, and the same amount for the *Concerts Modernes* on Wednesdays. A pass for the gambling-rooms will soon be the sole favour accorded gratis.

As a winter residence, Monte Carlo is no longer

Digitized by Google

attractive. Prices have risen, the place is overbuilt; the olive trees which concealed the rugosity of the hillsides are fast disappearing. The "Beauty Spot" has diminished, the "Plague Spot" increased in size. It is a gambling focus, and little else.

Monaco, "Ville Lumière," her Prince a Mæcenas! What a chimera!

Digitized by Google

NICE

"They are wintering at Nice."

In the breasts of the untravelled, of the delicate in health, of all those who would willingly pass the cold season in a sunnier clime, did the nature of their vocations and the state of their banker's account permit, the words arouse feelings of envy and discontent.

Wintering at Nice, are they? Lucky mortals! No bitter easterly winds there, no everlasting sleet and drizzle, no fog in that happy land—land of blue skies and balmy zephyrs, of frolic and light-heartedness, of flower-battles and carnival saturnalia. Lucky mortals!

The "lucky ones" are wont to heighten the envy and discontent of their stay-at-home relatives and acquaintances by writing glowing descriptions of the Capuan existence they are leading in the Queen City of the Riviera, of the vast, the indescribable difference they find in everybody and everything, to the disadvantage, naturally—human naturally—of their native country. To paraphrase the text of Shakespeare, they gild the golden sunshine, paint the Gallic lily, throw a perfume on the violets of Nice, and, with wasteful and ridiculous excess, seek the beauteous hues of nature to garnish. So

Digitized by Google

NICE.

[*To face p.* 302.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

heavenly is the weather on this mid-winter day that she, the writer (the baser sex has seldom the time or the inclination for effusions of the sort), has brought her writing materials to the garden, and, in a summer-house half hidden by the most luxuriant foliage, where the odour of flowers is perfectly overpowering, and the warble of the birds quite too seraphic, indites this letter to her dearest friend, and so on, and so on for eight pages.

That the climate of the Riviera is a great improvement upon that of England and of Northern and Central Europe is indisputable; that it is paradisaical, in the correct sense of the word, is untrue. Where is the land whose climate can be truthfully described as paradisaic? Nowhere on our planet, so far as my experiences go, and they have been somewhat extensive. A terrestrial paradise exists only in the poet's vivid imagination.

According to Tasso, the climate of Sorrento was so serene that man became immortal under its influence. It has undergone a change for the worse since his day. It is hot—very hot—in summer, and, owing to the entire plateau being thickly planted with orange trees, is most disagreeably damp in winter.

To believe Byron, eternal summer gilds the Isles of Greece. Not so. When the wind is blowing from the Black Sea, or from the snow-covered mountains of Anatolia, a great-coat (a *grego*) is as indispensable as it is in England. Moore's "Bright Little Isle" in ocean afar off (distance, unacquaintance lends enchantment to the view) would be exposed to an occasional hurricane. And so on through the

Digitized by Google

entire list of poets. O ye poets, for how many disillusions are ye responsible!

Eternal summer! To the man who has lived in the Tropics, or in some warm latitude, what a diuturnity of torture do those words recall! For months on a stretch to behold the great, red, fiery sun sinking in the west, with the dread certainty that he will rise equally red and fiery on the morrow; never a change in the cloudless sky—blue, blue, everlastingly blue and maddening; weary days of enforced inaction and bodily prostration; sweltering nights of turning and tossing; winged and creeping torments ever. If that be paradisaic, I much prefer a climate which is variable, where there is change of season, where the sky is not always blue, and where the sunshine is intermittent, as on the Riviera Levante, and Ponente. They whose tastes are different, who desire to see the needle of their barometer stationary at "set fair," must journey much further south than Nice to find their elysium—to Egypt, or, as the last-discovered health-resort is invariably the best, to that greatly lauded oasis in the desert of Sahara—Biskra.

On the Riviera there are during the winter months many warm, sunshiny days—days that in England would be accounted not merely spring-like but summer-like; but there are also not a few which are superlatively disagreeable—gloomy, windy, chilly days—days upon which the shivering Briton declares with a malediction that the mild climate of Nice is a fraud, and that for all the benefit derivable from wintering in the Sunny South, one might just as well remain at home, where, if it be colder without,

Digitized by Google

it is warmer within, where are wooden floors and closely fitting doors and windows, and last, not least, cheerful sea-coal fires.

Benevolent and disinterested people who take advantage of an exceptionally mild winter to enumerate the flowers blooming in their gardens at Christmas, and to extol in our daily prints the mildness of the Isle of Wight, of Devonshire and Cornwall, may continue writing until the end of time without convincing the winter migrant that he can hibernate as pleasantly on the shores of the English Channel as on those of the Mediterranean Sea. That the climate of Devon and Cornwall is mild no one denies, but theirs is a mildness engendered not of sunshine but of moisture—by the vapour of the Gulf Stream. One might just as well take up one's abode in a Turkish bath as at Torquay or Penzance. If warmth be necessary for the invalid, exhilaration is still more so; and that the heart may rejoice, it is imperative that there be blue sky and sunshine. During the winter months, what may be the average duration of sunshine in Devon? Exercise in the open air is highly beneficial to every one, and to the valetudinarian more especially. On the Riviera bright days are the rule, gloomy ones the exception; in southern England the reverse is the case. How many days per month is walking enjoyable in Cornwall? The vast superiority of English comfort is the only valid make-weight, and of this the most has been made—altogether too much in my opinion.

The subject of English comfort is a delicate one, and to avoid giving umbrage it requires to be tenderly treated. I will, therefore, cheerfully admit that a

Digitized by Google

more comfortable abode than a well-built, well-planned, well-organized English house is not to be found in the world, and having done so, will ask the reader, How many such houses can you reckon? To be well organized, it is of course insufficient that the entrance hall be large, the principal staircase broad and easy of ascent, the rooms lofty and spacious; it is indispensable to real comfort that the house be thoroughly heated from basement to attic, that there be equable temperature throughout. What may be the percentage of English houses provided with *calorifères*, and in which there is no perceptible difference in the temperature of reception-rooms and corridors? To merit the appellation "comfortable," not only must a house be warm in winter, it should be cool in summer. To insure coolness it is necessary that the outer walls be thick, the rooms lofty. Are the generality of English houses so constructed? Are they cool in hot weather? Are they designed for one particular season, or for no season in particular? If he be not a millionnaire, or, at least, sufficiently rich to own town-house and country-house, he will scarcely affirm that his houses and those of his acquaintances are in every respect perfect. It is assuredly not in apartments by the seaside that the ordinary mortal will find English comfort; and this being the case, the great, the only ostensible superiority of our south coast over the Riviera vanishes.

To grumble being our prerogative, that my countrymen and countrywomen should find much to censure in the conduct of hotels and pensions at Nice and elsewhere is only natural. I have heard

Digitized by Google

them abuse the climate, and declare their conviction that, taking one day with another, that of England was, in winter, the superior of the two. Back again in their native land, they view things in a different light, and assure their stay-at-home acquaintances that nothing would induce them to winter in England; that the Riviera is charming, everything pertaining thereto perfection. Perfect the Riviera is not, but as a winter resort it is about the best to be found on this planet.

Whether the visitor be warm or chilly, comfortable or uncomfortable, contented or discontented, is more or less a question of money. If he can afford to rent a villa or a well-appointed apartment, he will have to encounter but two serious annoyances—the inventory infliction and the plague of servants. The inventory infliction is the blackmailing to which the outgoing tenant is subjected at the hands of his landlord, whose wont it is to present a bill for breakages and dilapidations purely imaginary. Prince and *parvenu* are fleeced alike, and the landlords of Nice have, by their exactions, earned for themselves a most unenviable notoriety.

Conscientious landlords are the exception; to find a good servant is next to impossible. If in England they are the "greatest plagues in life," at Nice they are the bane of one's existence—a very pestilence.

They may be divided into three categories: the Niçois or Niçoise proper, the mountaineer, and the alien marauder, one worse than the other. The first is, if a female, insolent, discontented, exacting, and, if with any pretensions to comeliness, certain to

Digitized by Google

have a follower, selected from amongst the thousand lazy rapscallions who infest the town. The second is a degree less saucy, but entirely ignorant of her duties, wasteful, clumsy, and slatternly. To enumerate the shortcomings and malpractices of the ladies belonging to the third division—they who "put in" the summer at some fashionable resort in France or Switzerland, and the winter at Nice or other town of the Riviera—is impossible; they are altogether beyond enumeration. If *femme de chambre*, she is invariably of the tip-toppest description; if cook, *cordon bleu;* and whilst a *gâte-sauce* of the vilest, demands the highest wages. As cook, she is not content with the sou per franc which it is the reprehensible French custom to allow the autocrat of the kitchen on all purchases made at market; she must have two sous, three, even more. Unless the visitor bring his own servants along with him (which is an expensive procedure and hazardous, English servants abroad giving, as a rule, infinitely more trouble than they are worth), he will have to bear patiently the domestic trial. To import the unsophisticated article from Italy, Germany, or elsewhere is, I know, worse than useless. Direct from his native Vaudois Valley, I was sent, in the capacity of groom, a youth having the best of characters, as vouched by the *pasteur* of his parish, whose model scholar he had been. Before the expiration of a month this pious, virtuous, well-educated, Protestant Vaudois was as deceitful, disobedient, untruthful, and thievish as any season-interloper in the place. For sixty francs a month—the wage of a scullion at Nice—a good man-cook

Digitized by Google

can be hired at Turin. Agree to give him eighty, pay his railway fare to and fro, allow him his pickings, and if, during the height of the season, he can obtain a hundred or a hundred and twenty elsewhere, off he goes. Twice was I served that trick. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of the Riviera which demoralizes the most ingenuous natures.

That there are some good servants in Nice is certain; but they are treasured as pearls of great value by the native families and old residents who are so fortunate as to possess them, and are not to be had for love or money. I know one who has been in the same family for forty years, and has earned the Montyon medal for long and faithful service. Were it not that she would be maltreated, if not killed outright, by the characterless, good-conduct-medal-less viragoes, her fellow-servants, her mistress ought to place her in the market-place, the arena of licensed and unlicensed peculations, and where the price of everything is altogether too high to permit of further augmentation in the shape of cooks' bonus. In a cosmopolitan city, the winter rendezvous of millionnaires from all parts of the earth, "the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring," and prices rule high. Taking into consideration the dearness of supplies, the inventory unpleasantness, and the worry of servants, it is a moot question whether it be not better and cheaper in the end to live at a hotel than in furnished apartments, provided that the number of the party does not exceed three, that a sitting-room and fires in the bedrooms are not indispensable, and that the wine-bill be not

Digitized by Google

out of all proportion to that incurred for pension. Apartments are not let by the month, but for the season, and to derive any monetary benefit by renting one, the lessee must take possession in November, and not leave until the end of April—stay out the entire term.

Except during the season's height, hotel charges are not exorbitant—fifteen francs per diem *en pension*, and even less if for a long sojourn and by special agreement. Charges vary according to the room selected, those facing south being the dearest. Cheap or dear, south it should be. "Where the sun does not enter, the doctor enters," is the truest of Italian proverbs; and if, from motives of economy, the pilgrim to the shrine of Sol be compelled to take a room with northern aspect, the benefit he will derive from that magnate's presence will be *nil*; the money he has spent on the long journey have been wasted.

Hotel guests enjoy the society which the house affords—the society of the *table d'hôte*, polychrome, polyglot, somewhat "mixed," as the saying is, amusing to the ethnologist and Bohemian, but disquieting to mammas with daughters in the *ingenue* stage of maiden development.

During the height of the season balls are given at the larger hotels and pensions, to which the guests have prescriptive right to invite their friends, and the management to admit strangers of respectability in such number as not to overcrowd the rooms. At these balls, wound up with a grand cotillion, the palm for super-excellence in all feminine graces and virtues, natural and artificial, is almost invariably

Digitized by Google

adjudged by "Our Reporter" to the American fair. It is not surprising. As the orchis is now the flower most in vogue, so is the stove-raised American girl society's favourite. Faults and shortcomings which are decried in virgins of other nationalities are accounted unto her as lovable attributes. Being *à la mode*, she is perfection. If she lose her pre-eminence it will not be through lack of puff. To extol her charms brings grist to the editorial mill; for where is the woman so devoid of vanity, so unfeminine, who does not hasten to purchase for transmission to friends and rivals a copy—very many copies—of the paper in which she is affirmed to have been the loveliest, the most charming, the best-dressed of the throng? It is certainly not amongst Columbia's daughters she would be found.

Our fair, the youthful more especially, who long for social success in Paris, Rome, Nice, and the cities and watering-places where Americans most do congregate, find themselves heavily handicapped. Papa, having his position to maintain, and the future of his son and heir to consider, is wont to be ungenerous in the matter of disbursements for his daughter's apparel; mamma holds fast to the adage, "Beauty unadorned, adorned the most," and disapproves of aids thereto—of "making up." With American parents it is not so. Father considers that the girls are more entitled to largess than the boys, who can work for their living. So far as his means permit, they are at liberty to buy what pleases them. Mother is just sufficiently Gallicized as to admit the truth of the French maxim, "Art embellishes Nature," that all is fair in love and war, and smiles approval at her daughters' clever

Digitized by Google

devices for heightening their charms. And so from the *ateliers* of Worth, Redfern, or other sartorial celebrity, come the dresses and mantles; Madame Virot furnishes the "cunning" little bonnets, Guerlain the war-paint, and the most fashionable Parisian *faiseurs* and *faiseuses* the remaining hundred and one articles of feminine adornment. Rings has the siren on her fingers, and if not bells on her toes, like the lady of Banbury Cross, there emanates from her a sound as of tinkling dollars, equally melodious. Armed with the most improved weapons for the subjugation—the annihilation—of the male sex, what chance has her rival, poor English Phyllis, with her antiquated bow and arrows? Unskilled is she in the art of feminine warfare; whilst her peaceful arts, her accomplishments, are calculated to excite enthusiasm in the Anglo-Saxon rather than the Latin breast. To the Frenchman and Italian, that a young lady can walk twenty miles, can climb mountains, pull an oar, steer a yacht, and compete successfully with men at lawn-tennis, is matter for wonder and awe rather than admiration. Could she dance gracefully, recite fluently, improvise glibly, sing sweetly, play brilliantly, or even babble prettily—ah! then they would be her most devoted slaves.

Putting the allurement of their dollars aside, American girls find more admirers on their travels than do my fair countrywomen. They are more sprightly, more natural, more desirous of pleasing and of being pleased; can more quickly adapt themselves to the exigencies of the situation than their English sisters. For adaptability and imitativeness the American woman is unsurpassed. Born in

Digitized by Google

"frame-house" or log-shanty, her earlier years passed in back township or forest clearing, the change from calico to silk effected quite recently, when her father struck oil or made that lucky speculation—behold *La Belle Americaine* in Parisian or Roman salon flirting with princes or engaged in repartee with the nobles of the land. And when reverses come, when the oil ceases to flow and there is financial shipwreck, see the same woman resignedly re-exchanging silk for calico, and calmly envisaging misfortune. It is marvellous, prodigious.

Many years since, on the line between Arona and Turin, I chanced to travel in the same compartment as five pretty American girls, all brimful of life and spirits.

On arriving at Novara, the station *restaurateur*, to whom I was known, thinking to do me pleasure, rushed off to the telegraph office and quickly returned with the copy of a despatch just received from New York, announcing the total destruction by fire of the City of Chicago. On returning to the carriage, despatch in hand, I asked my *vis-à-vis* whether she or any of her friends hailed from the "Garden City."

"Yes," they cried in chorus, "we are all from there."

For an instant I hesitated. Should I tell them, or should I not tell them, the dreadful tidings? They were certain to hear them on reaching Turin. Would it not be an act of kindness to break it gently to them? I did so.

With American quickness, the eldest of them at once realized the full extent of the disaster.

Digitized by Google

"It's just ruin, girls," she said. "After such a fire as that the insurance companies will be unable to meet their engagements; we shall be all dead broke."

I looked from one to the other, expecting to see some evidence of suppressed emotion, if not an outburst of grief. Nothing of the sort. The upper lip of the youngest quivered, and a tear glistened on the eyelash; but she quickly brushed it away and smiled when the girl seated next her kissed her on the cheek, and cried—

"Cheer up, Nelly, dear! Look, here's the *Breguet* I purchased in Paris; I'll sell it when we get back there, and we'll have a good time before we return to the States."

The elder members of the party were in another carriage, and I offered to break the news to them at the next stopping-place. But with a consideration for their parents which increased my admiration tenfold, they declined my offer. To tell the old people of the misfortune that had befallen them one minute before it was necessary would be, they all agreed, "real mean." Time enough they should learn it when they arrived at Turin.

The American man (self-made) has not the adaptability, the imitativeness of his womankind; he retains the impress of his humble origin, of his calling, whatever it may have been, and is more at his ease in the smoking-room than the salon. As the French express it, "he effaces himself," and leaves to his wife and daughters the pleasure of parading his recently-acquired wealth. A sterling character is he, as a rule, and an entertaining; and would be

Digitized by Google

more so, were it not his wont to lug into his conversation the "Almighty Dollar," as did Mr. Dick the head of Charles the First.

Although in force at Nice, the English no longer take the *pas* as in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." The most honoured visitors are the Russians—so highly honoured and kow-towed, that were the city fathers to decree that the whilom Promenade des Anglais be renamed Promenade des Russes, it would surprise no one. As a nation we are at a discount, and, lest we should forget our secondary standing, the editors of the local papers are so good as to indite, from time to time, a paragraph to our special address, the refrain being—

"How *maussade* are these *insulars*—so gross, *si peu sympathique*,
If they would stay from Nice away, there would be *joie extatique*."

That we are accounted nothing worse than stuck-up, sulky, and eminently disagreeable, is cause for gratulation. Were we denominated "reptiles," as were the Germans for years after the French reverses of 1870, our insular self-esteem might possibly be wounded, and, to the irreparable loss and eternal bewailment of the Niçois, we should shake the dust of their city from our feet, and the promenade which we originated, and which once knew us, would know us no more. Since the above was written we have fallen still lower in the popular esteem. We are not "reptiles," like the Germans, we are simply a dirty (*sale*) lot.

In the virulent attacks upon England by the French press which followed the outbreak of the Boer War, it would be imagined that the editors of

Digitized by Google

the Nice papers, alive to the interests of their fellow-citizens, would have remained neutral, have concealed their animosity, have "let sleeping dogs lie." Nothing of the sort. Their editorial ink would seem to be made of the juice of the gall-nut without a particle of emollient admixture; their goose-quill a probe to search the most sensitive spots in our not particularly thin epidermis. It was the "Bulgarian Atrocities" clap-trap in other guise—English instead of Turks, the pastoral, pacific Boer in lieu of the poor persecuted Danubian. Their prints being severely local, little read outside the Department of the Maritime Alps, and of no editorial importance, their diatribes were addressed to the French Rivierans, and to the Niçois more especially, whose virtuous indignation they succeeded in arousing to a red-hot degree. Of countries outside their own, the French are deplorably ignorant; not one in a hundred had ever heard of the Transvaal, nor given a thought to the causes which led to the commencement of hostilities. That *les Engleesh* were arraigned, sufficed to make the charge against them doubly and trebly proven. *Conspuez les Engleesh!*

At the time of our reverses, about the New Year, the fiendish glee of the crowd which assembled each morning under the portico of the Crédit Lyonnais to read the day's telegrams was exceedingly pleasant to the English bystander; the glum faces of the same crowd on reading, some weeks later, the news of Cronje's surrender, was, to use a French word, *epatant*. Thrice were the words *sales Anglais* uttered in my hearing. It was just three times too often. Some people there are, other than Quakers, who

Digitized by Google

resent insolence and injuries, and I am of the number. I took my departure. I much prefer passing my winter in some land whose inhabitants are not demonstratively hostile, where I can imagine myself, however erroneously, a *personâ grata*, or, at least, in some spot out of the hurly-burly. My experiences of the Niçois have not been of so satisfactory a nature as to make me hope that, when the effervescence shall have subsided, I shall become once again a winter denizen of their city. (See Appendix.)

If the true rendering of the word "hospitality" be the gratuitous entertainment of strangers, then is the vaunted *Bienveillante hospitalité Niçoise* purely imaginary. Like the notice "Içi on donne à Boire et à Manger" of the French tavern-keeper, it is a set phrase—a *façon de parler*. At Nice there is, so far as I am aware, but one gratuitous entertainment —the band in the little public garden, which, owing to the concourse of loafers, is not attractive; for to be hustled in the streets by the crowd during the Carnival Corso is diversion for the very young or the very rough alone.

Considering the large number of wealthy families, resident and transient, it is surprising how rare (comparatively) are the private entertainments, how restricted the number invited, how unvarying the reporter's list. As elsewhere, party-giving is on the reciprocity system; invitations are issued mainly to those who in their turn invite, and the more luminous stars of the Nice galaxy revolve as regularly in their mundane orbit as do those above us in their celestial course. The only social gatherings open to

Digitized by Google

the letter-of-introductionless stranger are those held on the neutral carpets of the chaplain or the doctor, in the form of afternoon teas. Our five-o'clock tea has been adopted by the French, who, in its honour, have added a verb to their language—"five-ocloquer."

In addition to the balls given at the hotels and pensions, there are subscription dances (cosmopolitan) at the Cercle Masséna, occasional *sauteries* (*omnium gatherum*) at the Casino and the Jetée Promenade, and *matinees dansantes* (select) at the Cercle de la Mediterranée. Municipal functions there are few. The salary of the Préfet of the Maritime Alps is too small to permit of his entertaining lavishly, and the sound of revelry by night is seldom heard in the *salons* of the Préfecture.

If the visitor desire amusement, he must pay for it, and handsomely. Owing to the Casino and the Jetée Promenade being in the hands of one lessee, to there being no competition, there is no inexpensive entertainment. Admission to either hall is two francs—altogether too much, since for three one can have a return ticket to Monte Carlo, where can be heard gratis (on certain days of the week) the finest orchestra in existence.

That people should pay for their amusement is only fair; that they should pay for admission to the feast, and likewise provide it, is not so; and that is just what the too avaricious Niçois require the stranger to do.

At Nice, any show, any fraud, that pays is considered justifiable. Some years since there was a "Beauty Show," heralded with sound of trumpet,

Digitized by Google

advertised regardless of printer's ink. Had Venus, Hebe, and the Graces accepted the invitation of the Nice Barnum—Thais, Lais, Aspasia, and Phryne promised to display their charms—the prices of admission to the extemporary Mount Ida (the Municipal Casino) could not well have been higher; and when the night and the hour arrived, when the Beauties were assembled—oh, shade of Paris! what a sight was there! How to describe it in a manner the least injurious, the least satirical, compatible with the truth? Well, as a Beauty Show, it was an exhibition; but regarded as an exhibition—an exhibition of fine art, of brilliant colouring and feature-painting by old masters, or rather by old mistresses—it was not altogether devoid of interest.

Equally catch-penny, but infinitely more offensive, is the "Passion Play," given occasionally at the same casino during Holy Week. If, when performed by pious, if not strictly virtuous, Bavarian peasants, with the firmament for a roof and the mountains for a background, as at Ober-Ammergau, the legitimacy of the emprise be debatable, what shall be said of it when given, as at Nice, in a tawdry theatre, redolent of musk and other sensuous perfumes, where the bewildered playgoer falls into a sort of St. Anthony's trance, and sees, or imagines that he sees in rear of the flowing-robed disciples, the phantom forms of diaphanous-skirted ballet-dancers whirling in Satanic farandole?

To relieve the stranger of his superfluous coin, and, by its bestowal on the needy, to tighten the bond of gratitude which should, but does not, unite

Digitized by Google

the classes to the masses, the leaders of *la haute volée* hold a fancy fair. The Braves Niçois utterly repudiate the maxim, "Charity begins at home;" that the pilgrim has his own poor to succour is his affair, not theirs. Benefiting by *their* sun (the Niçois consider Father Sol as their special appanage; it is never "Notre beau soleil de la Rivière," but always "Notre beau soleil de Nice"), it is his bounden duty to minister to their every need. At your entrance-door there is a constant carillon. Now it is a sister *quêteuse*, now a brother mendicant; to-day your alms and oblations are requested for this charity, to-morrow for that. Begging in the streets and on the highways is by law forbidden, but beggars there are in defiance of the law. Not to the professional beggar only, but to depredators of every class, Nice is Tom Tiddler's ground to be diligently exploited season after season. The police magistrates have a busy time.

To determine precisely the amount contributed by the Niçois to their carnival prizes—*i.e.* the money awards to *grands chars*, *petit chars*, cavalcades, analcades, masquerade groups, single masks, etc.—is impossible, since, to do so, it would be necessary to overhaul the subscription lists; but were a member of the *fête* committee to assure me that it formed one-third of the whole I should be very much surprised, the Monte Carlo Directorate contributing one-half the gross amount (40,000 francs), and the Prince of Monaco and the P.L.M. Railway subscribing handsomely.

To demonstrate the niggardliness of the Nice hotel proprietors, *restaurateurs*, or shopkeepers—of

Digitized by Google

those who are the most benefited by the influx of visitors—one instance will suffice.

Prior to the night of the grand parade and Venetian illumination of the Avenue de la Gare, an urgent request is addressed to the tradesmen and others along the main line of route that they will, by a little lighting up on their own account, enhance the brilliancy of the *coup d'œil*. It is scarcely credible, but none the less true, that from one end to the other of that long avenue, not half a dozen householders respond to the appeal.

To view the famous Flower Battles on the Promenade des Anglais, which, during the hours of the Corso, ceases to be a public thoroughfare, and becomes by ukase of that law-deriding usurper, King Carnival, the exclusive domain of the *fête* committee, the prices of admission are—tribunes, 8 francs; a chair, 3 francs; one-horse carriage, 15 francs; two-horse, 25 francs.

The despot aforenamed, having studied finance in a Camorristic school, possesses a fine eye for the main chance, and although a monarch, makes no invidious distinctions. He mulcts the good for their goodness, the bad for their shortcomings; flower-bedecked carriages and non-bedecked he taxes alike; and with a sharpness which many a poor *impresario* would gladly imitate, were such procedure feasible, makes his mummers pay for being graciously allowed to mum. He awards a few not very costly banners to the more tastefully decorated equipages, pockets the gate-money, and, astride his cask or elephant in the Place Masséna, winks his wicked eye and

Digitized by Google

cogitates, "What noddies are my subjects, and what a very, very clever king am I."

Before I make my salaam to his Majesty, let me temperately consider his title to office—the *raison d'être* of carnival *fêtes*.

Carnival (*carne vale*).—Farewell to flesh. "A time of fiddling, feasting, masking, and many other things which may be had for asking." In the days when Beppo, by his unexpected reappearance in Venice, put an end to his wife's escapades, and for long afterwards, Mother Church was predominant; to violate her ordinances was a dangerous act. "For forty days shalt thou eat no meat" was not an exhortation, it was a command. The people bowed the head in meek submission; but before hanging up their flesh-pots and donning the typical sack-cloth, they had a final jollification—the carnival. The fiat being binding on all classes, all classes joined in the fun; and during the final festivities there was general fraternization and liberty of the fullest, but brutal license there was none. For in the time of Beppo were *Sbirri* to keep the rough and rowdy element under control; and the varlet who should have attempted to enhance his diversion by dirt-throwing or plucking aside a lady's mask, would have had a summary stoppage put to his laughter, and have speedily found himself on the Bridge of Sighs.

Again, in the days of Beppo the carnival was a purely civic festival—Venetian, Roman, Neapolitan, as the case might be; extraneous elements there were next to none. For in those halcyon days were no *trains de luxe*, no cheap excursions, no Cook's

Digitized by Google

tourists; the sons and daughters of the Queen of the Adriatic had all the gaiety to themselves, and that gaiety was genuine, not assumed. The Carnival of Venice exists only in song, and in the other cities of free Italy the merry-making has become such a rowdy business that the more respectable citizens would willingly see it altogether suppressed.

The Nice Carnival is a carnival but in name, and the name is a misnomer, for the Niçois and the Niçoise of the lower orders are not very obedient sons and daughters of Mother Church; they snap their fingers at her ordinances, and if they fast, it is because they have no money to buy meat. But Lent is not a season when they are out of cash; they do not fast but feast, so that *carne vale* has no meaning—*carne salve* it ought to be.

For a carnival to be legitimate in accordance with ancient usage, three things are essential—spontaneity, disinterestedness, and the active participation of the upper classes. At the Nice festival all are absent. There is no spontaneity, unless the initiative of the *fêtes* committee be so considered; no disinterestedness, for the *entrepreneurs* of the grand cars and little cars know beforehand the amount they will be paid; no active participation of the upper classes, for they hold aloof.

A fortnight prior to the arrival of King Carnival ("Dans sa bonne Ville de Nice") the carpenters are hard at work erecting tribunes in the Place Masséna, in the Place de la Préfecture, on the Promenade des Anglais, and at other coigns of vantage, and thence until mid-Lent (for at Nice the saturnalia do not end with his Majesty's cremation on the night of

Digitized by Google

Shrove Tuesday, but are revived at the *mi-Carême*) for eight interminable weeks, the town presents the appearance of a permanent Barthelmy Fair—a Beaucaire by the sea. "Every man takes his pleasure where he finds it;" it is not in watching the Nice Corso that I find mine. And I am easily amused. I enjoy a pantomime, and can laugh heartily at the misdeeds of Punch; but during the defile of the Nice guisers my animal mercury instead of rising is inclined to fall.

Although Nice be not the home of art, an æsthetic city like Rome and Florence, still—considering the amount of the money awards for the design of the cars, in the *attroupement* of the cavalcades and analcades, in the conceits of the maskers—a molecule of taste, a scintilla of refinement, might be reasonably expected. Not a semblance of creative genius, not a ghost of happy imagery, is there to be descried. To demonstrate the lamentable absence of refinement, it is unnecessary to pick each item to pieces; giving the designations of the more pretentious monstrosities of one year's celebration will suffice. "The Nightmare of Tartarin," the "Drum Major and his Magic Drum," the "Cooks' Competition," "Cats in the Parrot's Cage," "Canary Island," the "Packers Unpacked." What the different *tableaux* implied, where lay the point of the joke, was hopelessly indiscoverable.

Where was it that in the days of my boyhood I saw a carnival procession in which figured Cleopatra's Barge—Cleopatra, society's reigning beauty, and her oarswomen the prettiest maidens, native and exotic, that could be found? At Florence? at

Digitized by Google

Rome? at Naples? I think it must have been at Florence. Were the Nice rabble presented *tableaux* half so æsthetic they would howl.

On the night of its illumination, the Avenue de la Gare presents a charming vista; the *farandoles monstres* which wind up each day's Corso are full of "go;" and having seen that much afoot, the visitor who determines to observe the rest of the proceedings from a window will evince a wise discretion, for the light-hearted Niçois of the mobility—gentle as any sucking dove, according to Mr. Editor—is in truth not a whit less brutal than the London rough. Protected by wire mask and domino, the combatant in the Battles of Confetti has nothing to dread from the discharge of a shovelful of plaster pellets; but when the pellets are in a bag of strong paper, and are hurled in solid form, the warrior who receives the missile on the side of his head is apt to use unparliamentary language, and to vow that never—no, never again—will he join in the fun. It would be interesting and highly instructive to know how many people make that vow at the close of each succeeding carnival, and not only make it but keep it.

To the vulgarity and brutality of the Battles of Confetti, the Flower Battles present a pleasing contrast. Taste is displayed in the decoration of the carriages; the lady belligerents are becomingly dressed; many pretty faces are to be seen; a certain degree of order prevails. When the battle is at its height, the Promenade des Anglais, viewed in perspective, is eminently picturesque. On the seaward side, a long range of flag-bedecked tribunes; landwards, in the gardens of the hotels and villas, a still

Digitized by Google

longer one of uncovered stands closely packed with sightseers, and brightened by parasols of every hue. Between them two lines of carriages, flower-decorated and undecorated, moving slowly up and down, their occupants tossing or hurling their posies according as they feel amicably or malevolently inclined. That not a few of the alien bystanders should express themselves disappointed, and vote the whole thing a fraud, is only natural. They have read such very flowery descriptions of these Nice Flower Battles, have seen in the illustrated papers such fascinating sketches of the Promenade des Anglais at Carnival-tide, that they come expecting altogether too much. They forget that "Our Own Correspondent" is wont to round his periods, to embellish his description of events; that "Our Special Artist" possesses in a marvellous degree the art of focussing; and that whether the battle be one of bullets or one of flowers, he contrives so to mass the battalions that the "hot corner," the fiercest of the fight, is precisely where he stands, or is presumed to stand. They forget that, although Provence be the land of flowers, they are in greatest profusion, not in winter, but in spring; that February is not April; and that in the former month Parma violets are not to be picked in the hedgerows, nor roses, carnations, and camellias to be had for a song; that the decoration of carriages is a costly affair. Lastly, they have still to learn how very wide-awake are the Niçois; how cleverly they bait their hook to catch the foreign gudgeon; how all their geese are swans.

When the gudgeon—the English gudgeon more

Digitized by Google

especially—discovers that the vaunted Battle of Flowers does not "fill the bill;" that not one-tenth of the carriages are decorated, and that one half of the balance are hired landaus and one-horse *fiacres*, filled in great measure with fellow gudgeons very much out of their element in the floral fight, he is grumpy—his face shows it—and the livelier Gaul exclaims as he passes, "Look me then those English, how they themselves amuse."

It is only by courtesy that one-tenth of the carriages can be classed as decorated, for presuming the entire number in the Corso to be 500, there should be fifty worthy of commendation, if not of a prize. There may be twenty, and if the wealthier residents, who having gardens and greenhouses of their own, and so can better compete in the floral display than transient visitors who have to purchase their flowers, continue one after another to absent themselves, as of late, the Nice Battle of Flowers will soon be eclipsed by that of Cannes. What is the reason of their defection? It cannot be positively determined, but it can be guessed.

Imprimis, the Battle of Flowers has no longer the charm of novelty—is no longer unique; not a town of any importance along the Riviera but has one of its own. Secondly, it has become altogether too fair-like; there are too many stands and platforms, too many excursionists and holiday-makers to please the *beau monde*. Thirdly, despite police supervision, there are always a number of roughs in the crowd, who snatch the flowers from the carriages, and likewise not a few *drôles* in the garb of gentlemen who fling their bouquets with brutal

Digitized by Google

force. To return from the fray with cut cheek or blackened optic is not the ambition of the belligerent fair. Fourthly, these floral celebrations have a Paphian colouring highly offensive to ultra-virtuous dames. At Nice the *demi-monde* is more than half; it is seen everywhere, competes for all the Carnival prizes, and for the Floral Battle banners, with a disregard for cost which must be highly gratifying to those who have to pay the florists' bills. To out-dress *ces petites dames* the *grande dame* will wheedle and dance attendance on the autocrat of the *mode*, and submit to his impertinences with a patience she would not exhibit to the most distinguished personage on her visiting list. But out-dressing is one thing, out-flowering another; a line must be drawn somewhere, and she draws hers at *chiffons*. She absents herself from the Flower Battle, or if she deign to grace the *fête* with her presence, occupies a stall in the tribune, or appears seated in a carriage so sparsely decorated as to put banner award out of the question. "I am here by misadventure," she seems to say; "though in the line of battle, I am not of it."

With Lucrece on the one hand and Lais on the other, Mr. Umpire must pass a *mauvais quart d'heure* when the time arrives for the presentation of the banners, and would doubtless, were the Beggars' Opera in his repertory, call to mind the somewhat analogous quandary of Captain Macheath, and hum,

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

What to do? To exclude the *demi-mondaines* from

Digitized by Google

the Corso would be illegal; to exact a certificate of morality from each fair competitor would be ridiculous; to conciliate the recalcitrant is well-nigh hopeless.

The *veglione*, or carnival masked balls, at the Municipal theatre and the *redoutes* at the Casino need no description. A public masked ball is a public masked ball, and he who has seen one has seen all; but at the redoutes there is an innovation; the colours to be worn, blue and yellow, or mauve and white, are fixed beforehand, and are *de rigueur*.

Carnival over.—Not necessarily on the night of Shrove Tuesday, for, as I have before stated, the Niçois are somewhat lax in their religious observances, and when the weather is unfavourable for the final Corso, they postpone it to the first fine day in Lent.

There is a brief respite, and then come the Mid-Lent *fête*, the children's *fête*, the spring race-meeting, and the regatta. At the Mid-Lent *fête* are two Flower Battles and one redoute; but it is in a half-hearted way that the worn-out merry-makers respond to the call. There are now more banners to bestow than there are decorated carriages to receive; but there are plenty of paying spectators, so it is a great success for the committee.

The juveniles have a Flower Battle all to themselves, and likewise their own *bal costumé*, at which prizes—veritable apples of discord—are awarded to the most tastefully bedizened chits.

Monte Carlo subsidizing, the prizes offered by the Regatta Committee are of sufficient value to attract two or three racing yachts of renown, and when the

Digitized by Google

weather is propitious, when the sun shines, and when there is neither whole gale or dead calm, the Baie des Anges, beautiful at all times, is seen at its very best. As a rendezvous for yachts, Nice is a Mediterranean Cowes, since, in addition to the cruisers continually entering and leaving the port, there are some which occupy their allotted berths the entire winter, amongst them two of the largest steam yachts afloat. One last expiring effort to raise the wind, a flower show in the Place Anglecaine, and then—the gods be praised!—the festivities are ended, and Nice la Belle becomes habitable, and not only habitable, but enjoyable. And it is at this precise moment when the east wind blows keen in England, ere northward of the Alps the trees have burgeoned, at the time when the Riviera is brightest and greenest, when the sea is the bluest, when the breezes are the softest, that foolish aliens fly away. It is true that some journey southwards—to Florence, Rome, Naples, or to the Italian lakes—but the destination of the greater number is the chilly north, their home.

The pleasantest months on the Riviera are April and May, and after them (when it is not exceptionally rainy) October and November. In May strawberries and other early fruit are abundant, cheap, and super-excellent.

The sole advantage, if it be an advantage, which Nice possesses, as a winter residence, over her Riviera rivals, is that she is the gayest city. There is "something going on," theatres open every night of the season. To the rich, and the *nouveau riche* more especially, the Queen of the Riviera is a

Digitized by Google

winsome hostess, unexclusive and thoroughly cosmopolitan; so long as the visitor has money—much money—she welcomes him with open arms, and were he the Prince of Darkness, would find an extenuation for his every iniquity. Behind her Ægis the parvenu asserts himself; he consorts with nobles, and ruffles it with princes; he is as good as the best, and if he be an archi-millionnaire is doubtless, in his own estimation, "a deuced sight better." As with the men, so with the women.

For those who are not rich, or being rich are exclusive, there are more desirable winter residences than Nice, for disadvantages she has not a few, the greatest being, in my opinion, the continued hurly-burly—the interminable succession of *fêtes*. A day's jollification is desirable, but not daily jollification the entire winter through. As Lever happily expressed it in his essay, "On Growing Old," "It is one thing to dine at the mess, another to belong to the regiment;" and when the uniform of the regiment is motley, how wearisome, how loathsome does that daily dinner quickly become! To take a turn on a hobby-horse is one thing, another to hold a season ticket for merry-go-round.

The innumerable organ-grinders and the strong contingent of adventurers, male and female, and of vagabonds infesting the town, are other annoyances. To imagine that Monte Carlo is the local habitation of the freebooters, who at the commencement of each season invade the Riviera, is a great mistake. Monte Carlo is an outpost of the army, occupied in force during the afternoon and evening, but evacuated before midnight, the entire detachment, a squad

Digitized by Google

from the Condamine excepted, returning by the last trains to Nice. For Nice is their head-quarters, and there, not at Monte Carlo, are cantoned the undisciplined and turbulent members of the force, as likewise camp-followers innumerable, whose sole means of existence is theft. Crime is luxuriant; mendicity flourishing; vice rampant; the streets off the Avenue de la Gare are as trull-infested as are those in the vicinage of the Strand.

Nice has no manufactories, no industries save taking in the stranger, fruit-candying, and the production for exportation of superfine olive oil; and yet the outward evidences of poverty and want are less apparent than at Lyons, Marseilles, and other industrial centres. How do the working-classes exist? Mainly by the performance of odd jobs and piecework. Although there be few workshops, workmen are always in demand during the season, and they are paid so highly for their labours, that they earn sufficient in six months to support them the entire year.

The Nice working-day is supposed to be of eight hours' duration, from eight to twelve, and from two to six; it is usually half-past eight or nine before a ring announces the arrival of the awaited—awaited in the plural, for Nice workmen, like gendarmes, go in pairs. However trivial the job, the doer thereof must have an assistant to hold the ladder, or hold the nails, but, above all things, to hold him converse. In much gab and little work the forenoon hours pass, and on the first stroke of twelve off they start to dinner and repose, for to them all unpaid time is exceeding precious. At two, or after it, they reappear, and "put in the time" as they well know

Digitized by Google

how until five, when, the days being short and the light insufficient to enable them to see how not to do it, they say "Good night," and vanish. And for their six hours and a half scamped work eleven francs is charged by their patron—eight francs for the *journée* of the workman, three for his assistant. The drones of the hive—the rascals whom one sees with pomatumed locks and hat on one side lounging in the market-place, or stretched full length on vicinal bench—live on the earnings of servant girls and others, and that source of revenue failing, supply their needs by theft.

My final objection to Nice is that it has lately become *place forte* with a strong garrison. For one who has been himself a soldier to object to the presence of soldiers would be supremely ridiculous. I do not object to the soldiers as soldiers, but because they are out of harmony with the place. That Florence, Rome, and Naples, winter resorts, are likewise garrison towns is indisputable, but between them and Nice there is no similarity. They are cities and winter resorts; Nice is a winter resort and a city. Their garrisons are strong in proportion to their populations; that of Nice is out of proportion to hers. They are military centres, but not strongholds, or not of such strategetic importance that the artist with sketch-book runs the risk of being arrested as a spy. They have plenty of drill-grounds; Nice has not. Along the roads at the east end of the town the recruits may be seen learning the goose-step the live day long.

In conclusion, I opine that "La Belle" is altogether too brilliant for the splenic English, with

Digitized by Google

their large families and economical ideas; too lively for those who like quiet; too high pressure for the ill in health. The visitors suited to her, and whose presence she desires, are Russian boyars, American millionnaires, and the prodigal of all nationalities—people who come for the carnival *fêtes*, spend their money, and return whence they came. To entice these last, and to make the city still more Barthelmy Fairish, the "Syndicat d'Intérêt Local" has resolved to advertise next year's carnival *fêtes* on a scale so stupendous that Pear the omnipresent will be eclipsed.

Digitized by Google

SIXTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM NICE TO RŌ

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM NICE TO RŌ

After eighteen months semi-inaction (for during our sojourn at Nice we had made divers long excursions), right glad were we to resume our journeyings. We left on the 14th of May, 1888, and, turning off the Genoa road at Ventimiglia, took that to Turin by the Col de Tenda.

The Tenda road, like that through the Val de Ledro, on the Austrian frontier, is military, and, in the event of a war between Italy and France, would be hotly contested by either belligerent. Geographically it should be Italian in its entirety; but, at the time of the cession of Savoy, the French, realizing its great strategetic importance, contrived so to map out their frontier line as to split it near Breuil with a wedge of their territory. Although there be nothing to spy, any one conversant with military matters being able to determine by driving a few times along the road its strong points and its weak ones, both Governments are ever on the *qui vive* for *espions*, *spione*, *spies*. It is very absurd.

Giandola—Tenda—Coni.—The scenery is picturesque, but in no way remarkable. By the interception of French territory, there are two customs examinations instead of one: a long and very dripping tunnel saves the last mount to the Col.

Digitized by Google

Bra—Asti.—In the heart of the Pietmontese wine country.

Italian wine, which as must is not very much inferior to the second growths of French, is ruined by its unscientific after-treatment. It won't keep, or rarely. At Azeglio I drank perfectly sound white wine which had been thirty years in bottle. The best wine of Northern Italy is Gattinara, grown near Biella, in Piémont. Then comes Valpolicella (Venetian), Barolo, Barbera, Grignolino, Piémontais. The sparkling wine of Asti is a fraud, a fizzle, sweet, a lady's wine, mawkish. Central Italy has many wine-growing districts, but their produce is usually generalized under the title "Chianti," Broglio, from the estate of the late Baron Ricasoli, being about the best.

Casale—Mortara—Abbiate Grasso.—Through rice-fields. The livelong day with their legs in the water, and a blazing sun on their heads, I had always pictured the rice hands sallow, emaciated, consumed by malarial fever; and had pitied them just as I had pitied the poor negro slaves before I had seen them, "before dee wah, a-hoeing ob de corn," and putting in the time to their hearts' content on plantations in the Southern States. In both cases my pity was undeserved. I found them in perfectly good health, content with their work, and, in minor degree, with their wages. Except for their swarthy complexions and dark hair and eyes, the girls might have hailed from Holland, for they were mostly "galiot-built." Rice-growing is highly remunerative, and the Piémontais and Milanais rice-field owners rank second on the list of prosperous Italian landlords, the

Digitized by Google

first being the Neapolitans, who receive rent for their *paludi* (market-gardens), on the Campagna Felix, at the foot of Vesuvius, to the tune of £12 an acre.

Milan—Monza.—The vast plain of Lombardy on our right; the wooded hills of the lake district to our left. Lecco, the habitation of good priests, wicked nobles, and persecuted lovers, the scene of *I Promessi Sposi* (The Betrothed), Italy's one classical romance, the *capo d'opera* of Alessandro Manzoni, and dull at that. In the beauty of their surroundings, the lovers should have found some alleviation to their misfortunes, for the scenery is very charming. The Lecco branch of the lake is not so picturesque as the Como; but when the promontory of the Brianza is passed, the view is more than picturesque, it is sublime: the expanse of blue water, dotted with the white or red lateen sails of felucca-built craft; the Point of Bellaggio; on the height above it, the Villa Serbelloni, embosomed in a wealth of semi-tropical vegetation; the further shore, with its white-walled villages, graceful campaniles, and background of verdant hills; and far away in the northern distance the snow-capped peaks of the Helvetic Alps form an *ensemble* which words fail to portray.

At Lecco begins the Splugen road, which, cut out of the solid rock and tunnelled at places, skirts the Eastern shore to its extreme ending at Colico.

Varenna.—On driving into the stable-yard of the hotel, I was astonished to find standing there a cheap-Jack's van, but of a sumptuousness quite out of the common. The door being open, I peered in.

Digitized by Google

The interior of the vehicle was on a par with its exterior. It was fitted up regardless of expense, with bunks, table, settee, stove, filter, etc., just like a house-boat, which it still further resembled by having a canoe atop. There were no signs of stock-in-trade, nor of the properties of a mountebank or Merry Andrew. To whom could it possibly belong? At *table d'hôte* I learnt, for I was seated next its proprietor. He was an Englishman on his honeymoon trip, which he thought to make doubly agreeable by roaming the continent in a van. From what he told me, I gleaned that his experiences thus far on his travels (he had come from Bordeaux) had been the reverse of enjoyable. There had been trouble with custom-house officials, municipal authorities, with hotel-keepers, and society at large. The benighted foreigner would persist in regarding him and his wife as charletans, and utterly refused to believe that they were English gentlefolk travelling for pleasure. It was impossible that even English eccentricity could go as far as that. On reaching town or village the juvenile population would gather round the "wan," cut capers, turn cart-wheels, yell, and make itself thoroughly offensive. The police would not permit him to overpass the municipal boundary, and made him camp in the space outside it set apart for *marchands forain*, gipsies and others. Had I been charioteer, bloody murther would assuredly have been committed. He grinned and bore it, was determined to "see de fun out," and would start again on the morrow.

Chiavenna.—Here we turned off the Splugen road, and took that of the Engadine. We had previously

Digitized by Google

travelled the route in its entirety; and as Zorah had arrived at its southern base, and had made the distance from Splugen to Thusis (Bernardino), we inscribed "Splugen" on her roll of achievements. She was more entitled to the honour than are those daring mountaineers who, having gazed at Mont Blanc, or the Matterhorn from Chamounix or Zermatt, get the names of those giants branded on their alpenstocks.

Outside Castasegna (Swiss frontier) we found the van, which had started four days before us, in the doldrums. There was some informality in the Italian customs' receipt for van and horses (three), and the Castasegna officials refused to refund the deposit until advice should be received from Rome.

Promontogna Maloja.—A palatial hotel built by a Belgian baron, whose wife's money so burned his pockets that he invested it in stone and mortar, and became bankrupt, as did likewise three tenants in succession. It is now a paying concern. In summer it is frequented by pedagogues, clergymen, actors, and others whose systems require bracing; and in winter by consumptives, for whose comfort every hygienic appliance which science can suggest has been introduced. Like Davos, Meran, Leisin, it is an infirmary, or, to use the more polite, less alarming term, a sanatorium, or health resort.

That, in the hopes of being spared a little longer, incurables should try any place and every place recommended by the faculty, is human nature; but that the robust in health should, for the sake of skating and luging which can be obtained equally good elsewhere, run the risk of being themselves

Digitized by Google

invalided by wintering at a lazaretto like Davos, is to me inexplicable. Can it be that they agree with Rochefoucauld, and find in the misfortunes of others something which is not unpleasing? The risk incurred is great, for it is now admitted by doctors that consumption *is* contagious, and no device for the suppression of the deadly microbe has been left untried. And thus far in vain. The strong, healthy country-girls who act as chambermaids at Merau and other "health resorts," become phthisic in a brief space.

The existence led by invalids at Alpine sanatoria was described to me by a lady whose husband had not left it for two weary years. The daily lizard-like bask in the winter sunshine, and the scamper back to the graduated warmth of bedroom or hotel parlour when the air began to chill; the deadly depression and the fictitious mirth; the funerals and the luging parties; the doctor and the partner of the dance—it was not exhilarating. But by far the most dreadful part of the narrative was her mention of marriages which had taken place between consumptives. At her hotel were a couple who had been united in holy (!) matrimony, and who had been blessed with a son. This child, then four years of age, was suffering from caries, and a cripple. I did not ask my informant what she thought of the shameful business; but my opinion is that should the little martyr be so unfortunate as to reach man's estate, he will be fully justified in refusing to subscribe to the Fifth Commandment.

Pontresina.—Another favourite resort of the brain overtaxed, and a dear one. Although the season

Digitized by Google

had not yet commenced, and we were the only guests at the hotel, our bill was immoderate, and the charge for the mare's pension the same as at Luchon, six francs per diem. Putting hotel bills aside, I am no admirer of the Engadine. Six thousand feet is too great an altitude to please me. I know not what it may be for consumptives, but I am convinced that, for those in the enjoyment of good health, absolutely nothing is gained by depassing 4000 feet. Quite the contrary. At a higher elevation the atmospheric changes are too marked and rapid; the air is too rarefied—one does not sleep well. Besides, the mountains are dwarfed; vegetation is scanty.

Samaden.—Here we again encountered the van stationed as usual outside the town. We never saw it again, but we heard and read of it. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but I was told by some one that, owing to its excessive width, it had blocked the way on the Julier or Albuela Pass, and brought the diligence to a standstill. If so, the circumambient atmosphere must have turned blue with the curses and maledictions of *conducteur* and postillion. On its return to England, the van was sold to another candidate for Continental admiration. He made the perilous journey from Bordeaux to Genoa, and published his experiences by the way, which related chiefly to commissariat and the never-ending ailments of his two mares, "Mary Anne," and "The Missus."

Zernitz—Schuls—St. Martin (Tyrolese frontier)—*Nauders—Landeck.*—The valley of the Upper Inn, where the Tiroler can be best studied in his native

Digitized by Google

bonhomie and ruggedness. A stalwart man is he, and an enduring. Except it be the Turkish *hamal*, I know not his equal. Down the mountain sides, which are hereabouts so precipitous that the fowls are obliged, so they say, to wear crampoons, he will carry a load of hay or cheese that would stagger a mule or a camel. The *wildheuer* (the wild-hay gatherer) climbs to a height of 6000 feet or more to cut the Alpine grass, which, secured in a net, he carries to the valley, risking his life to gain half a florin. Accidents, frequently fatal, are of constant occurrence. Pacific as a rule, he becomes, when his strength or a lady is in question, extremely pugnacious, and fights with the ferocity of a red-skin, going so far as to gouge out the eye of his opponent. A measure or two of wine at the nearest public on Sunday, or a visit on Saturday night to his cow-tending sweetheart on the distant Alp, whose attention he invites, like a two-legged bull-moose, by prolonged *yoddling*, is the Tyrolese youth's compensation for his week's toil. Were I a Tyrolese youth, with existing tastes, I would prefer the wine. Charming on the operatic stage when singing the "Ranz des Vaches" in *William Tell*, the reverse of winning are Swiss and Tyrolese *sennerin* in their mountain châlets. The clothes they wear on mounting to their Alp in early summer are the same (unwashed) in which they return to the farmyard in autumn. They are of the "Audrey" stamp of wench, foul, but, unlike Audrey, they are seldom honest—honest in its chaste sense. Honesty is not their strong point, but their weak one.

Imst. Here we came in for a *bauer-hochzeit*, a

Digitized by Google

peasant's wedding, at which we were graciously invited to assist. It was an amusing and novel entertainment. At a table with a napkin-covered tray thereon, sat the god-mother of the bride; and, beside her, an ancient who inscribed in a note-book the amount of the bridal offerings and the name of the donor. For the Tyrolese are a highly practical race. At weddings, all the unmarried men are required to make a contribution towards the expenses of the *fête*, the amount paid by each being returned to him in full, when he, in his turn gets mated.

In the ball-room, the strong red wine of Botzen had produced its effects; and the fun was fast and furious. The terpsichorean performance of the bridal party would have made Mr. Turveydrop, had he been present, hold up his hands in horror. Deportment there was none. The "*Grand tour*" was to hold the partner aloft, and waltz with her round and round the arena. And it was a *tour de force*; for the ladies averaged eighty kilos. I danced with the bride; but, after a few rounds, I found the honour overpowering, and passed the hand. Between times, there were *pas-seul*, clog-dances, during whose performance the heavy, iron-shod mountaineer would make the walls tremble and the windows rattle. Every two hours or so, there was a pause for refreshments, the staple being *speck nödel*, bacon dumplings, of which the amount stowed away at each sitting was appalling. When they could eat no more, the dancing was resumed, and the dumplings shaken down to make room for those in cooking.

Zirl.—The ascent to Reith was the stiffest we had encountered since Lend; but Zorah collared it

Digitized by Google

gamely, as was her wont. Scharnitz Bavarian frontier. Mittenwald, *Hauptort* of the cheap violin industry, and as such, more heartily anathematized by quiet-loving mortals than any town in Europe, Nuremberg excepted.

Walchernsee.—A lovely little lake surrounded by forest. The inn—there is no village—proving clean and quiet, and as fishing was to be had, we remained a week. [The house has undergone a change since 1888, a wing has been added; it is no longer an inn but a hotel. The cyclist is abroad in the land, distance is annihilated by the wheel; Kochel and Partenkirchen the termini of the Munich branch railway lines are but two hours' ride; and on *fête* days the erewhile peaceful Walchernsee is a veritable inferno.]

Selshaupt—The Starnbergersee—Leoni.—It was in the waters of the lake that King Ludwig II. met his death. We visited the tragic spot, and marvelled how the catastrophe could have happened. The monarch being of powerful build, could easily have held the head of Dr. Von Gudden, his keeper, under water until he died. But how did he contrive to drown himself? That was the question, and it was insolvable. The lake was high, and yet its depth where the bodies were found was only eighteen inches. The Castle of Berg, where was a guard, was within earshot. Sad ending to a life which had commenced with so much promise. What were the crimes laid to his charge? He was altogether too great an admirer of Kings Louis XIV. and XV. of lavish memory, too French in his proclivities, not sufficiently alive to the benefits which would accrue

Digitized by Google

to the Bavarians by their country becoming a fief of the German Crown. He had spent enormous sums on his palaces.

So had his predecessors Ludwig I. and Maximillian II. on monumental buildings, the Walhalla, the Befreiungshalle, the Maximillianum, the Ruhmeshalle, etc. The money he had expended on his three follies or caprices—the counterfeit Versailles on the Chiemsee Schwannstein and the Linderhof, was his own, and had benefited his subjects in the masonry line; whilst their interior decorations were, to a great extent, home made. Instead of spending his income on foreign demireps he spent it on castle-building.

Lastly, he was a misanthropist—a recluse; did not keep court, nor occupy himself with affairs of state. Hated by his family and the aristocracy, King Ludwig was, despite his eccentricities, beloved by his poorer subjects, who, to this day speak of their late monarch's "ungluck" with bated breath.

Aibling—Aschau—Siegesdorf—Reichenhall—Berchtesgaden—Rehpolden—Kossen—Lofer—Soll—Kufstein Strass—Mayerhofen.—The Zillerthal, home of the zithern players and the Tyrolese singers, who, in the picturesque costume of the valley roam the world. It being the *wander-saison*, the *haute volée* of singing birds was absent; but, to please the *gnadige*, the landlord of our hotel netted a "scratch" bevy which, not untunefully, sang for our delectation; and we had a very pleasant social evening. It is astonishing how friendly and obliging these rude foreigners become when taken the right way. Seven years previously Ludwig Rainer, landlord of the Seehof

Digitized by Google

on the Achern See, undisputed King of Tyrolese vocalists, and who "had sang before Queen Victoria and all the Crowned Heads of Europe," had been equally obliging.

Jenbach—Innsbruck—the Brenner (over old ground) —*Neumarkt.*—We arrived just in time to avoid a drenching. The landlord predicted an inundation, and proved right.

In the valley of the Adige, inundations occur every three years or so, the reason thereof being entirely attributable to the wholesale felling by the woodmen of trees and undergrowth on the hills and mountain-sides. The loss they have occasioned the farmers and vine-growers of the fertile valley by their egoism and stupidity is more than ten times the amount they have been paid for their lumber and their faggots. The government has tardily taken cognizance of the abuse, and the important work of re-planting is progressing.

For six days it rained without ceasing; the valley became a lake; maize, vines, hemp—every crop was submerged; the main street of the town was a canal, with a six-feet depth of water. On the seventh day the floods began to subside; on the tenth, weary of Neumarkt, I determined to make a move. I sent my wife with the valises, carpets, and carriage-cushions by rail to Trent, and harnessed. The prophetic landlord was aghast. I would be drowned to a dead certainty. I made the sign avertent of the evil eye, and started. Seated on the back of the carriage, with my feet on the seat, the flooring awash, and the mare splashing through the flood—I presented the appearance of a turnpike Neptune,

Digitized by Google

a horse in place of a morse, a phæton instead of a concha. When the water rose above her knees, mistress Zorah would turn her head and look at me inquiringly, as though to ask, "Hadn't we better turn back? A little more and I shall be afloat, and then our headway will be of the slowest." She was never obliged to swim, but was within a few inches of it, for in places the water reached her shoulders. After six hours of perilous navigation, we made the haven of Trent with flying colours: I proud of my seamanship, Zorah none the worse for her bath; the carriage cleaner than it had ever been since its last varnishing. The landlord of the Europa took a different view of my feat. He told me that I had been guilty of unpardonable foolhardiness; that I had pulled through by miracle; and that, had I come to grief, I should have richly deserved it. I was in his eyes another specimen of the *Ing lese pazzo* (the "Mad Englishman").

Through the Val Sugana to Padua; Rovigo, Rō, where was Zorah's mate, and *remplacant* in case of sickness or mishap, and where she was to pass the winter; for our experiences of Nice servants had determined us to dispense with a groom, and, for one winter, to remain carriageless. I reintroduced Zorah to her former mate, whom she sniffed superciliously, and flouted. What did he know of the world and its ways and its stables; of mountain-climbing, and moving; accidents by flood and field? His greatest achievement was to trot into Ferrara and back, a distance of twenty-four miles, along a road level as a granary floor. A *fico* for him!

The Rō estate is situated near Polisella on the

Digitized by Google

river Po, whose bed is here several feet above the surrounding country. In times of flood, when its water attains the height of the *guardia* (the beware mark), the guardians of the embankments keep on the watch night and day; sandbags are piled ready for use; soldiers are requisitioned—at the first signal of danger the riparians prepare for flight. A most objectionable neighbour is Father Po. Some years have elapsed since his last misbehaviour; but no dependence is to be placed in him; he may burst his bonds, and play the mischief with corn-lands and hemp-fields at any moment.

For Italy, Rō is a large estate—seven thousand acres or thereabouts. The district of Ferrara is the best wheat and hemp land in Italy—a stiff marl; eight yoke of oxen are required to plough it. The yield of grain is much above the average; whilst the hemp attains a height of seven feet or more. When the immense granaries at the head station are filled to overflowing, and the outhouses piled to the rafters with bales of hemp, the question suggests itself, How comes it that in the midst of such abundance the peasantry are so miserably poor? Is it the landlord who is to blame, or is it the fault of the Government? There can be no doubt on the subject; the Government is wholly responsible.

At the date of her independence, Italy's prospects were of the brightest; she had a small debt, had, by the cession of Savoy to France, cancelled her obligations to that country; had many friends and few enemies; had only to consolidate the union of the divers States and peoples of the peninsula, remain quiet, and be prosperous and happy. She would

Digitized by Google

not. "Il Progresso" ("Go ahead"), was the cry of all parties save the clerical, and go ahead they did with a vengeance. A kingdom of yesterday; poor, having few industries, little trade or commerce, Italy must needs, without allowing herself breathing-space, ruffle it on equal footing with the older, wealthier, more enlightened nations of the world. That she might cut a fine figure, be as imposing as her neighbours, money was necessary, much money, and she borrowed it without stint. "L'Italia fara da se" ("Italy will suffice unto herself"); that was how she interpreted the dictum of that wise and far-seeing statesman, Count Cavour.

She must be a first-class military power; she must be a first-class naval power; she must have a large standing army, and a fleet of ironclads, the biggest and most costly that ever were built. Wanted or not wanted, she must make railways in every direction, and to give them a chance of proving remunerative, steam tramways were laid along the parallel high-roads to run in friendly competition.

Rome must be rebuilt and made to equal, if not surpass, the rival capitals; and having no industries save the making of beads, mosaics, and shoddy fabrics; the reproduction in marble, or in bronze, of antique works of art, and last, not least, the spoliation of the stranger—double or treble her existing population. The demolishers were set to work, venerable ruins were razed, historical edifices pulled down, shady gardens and recreation-grounds parcelled out into building lots, and architects and contractors were invited to send in their plans and their estimates for the modernization of the effete city of the Popes.

Digitized by Google

Architecturally, the modernizing of Rome has been a failure; financially, it has been ruinous. When the ukase was promulgated that the city should be rebuilt, enlarged, and embellished, the public was invited to enrich itself by investing its capital and its savings in the patriotic undertaking; and, as at the time of the "South-sea Bubble," all classes rose to the tempting bait. There was a scrimmage for town-lots, and for shares in the building societies — the "Immobiliare" of fraudulent notoriety the chief. The old Roman families sold their beautiful villa gardens to the *entrepreneur*, and invested the money in brick and mortar; the middle class exchanged their solid securities for house property; the poor staked their little all. At the beginning of the eighties, the Romans had, or rather thought they were having, a real good time. But "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream." Building operations had been carried on too fast; there were more houses than tenants to occupy them; funds were not forthcoming to complete those in course of construction—the works were stopped. Holders of mortgages foreclosed—there was *débâcle*. The Roman nobles who had sold their lands and gone in for house construction on the half-risk, half-profit agreement, were ruined, with nothing remaining them but the hope of marriage with some lady of dollars. The bourgeoisie was up a tree; the proletariat without work and on the *pavé*. And there they remain. To stroll through the new quarters, the "Prati del Castello," near the Vatican more especially, and gaze on the grass-grown streets and the half-finished crumbling houses, is a dispiriting

Digitized by Google

pilgrimage. From his windows Leo XIII. can survey the abomination of desolation, and, if he be human, must feel inward satisfaction at the discomfiture of the ungodly and the potentness of the malediction of the Church.

With lands, which under the emperors were the "granaries of Rome," lying waste, the once fertile "Agra Romana" a pestilential desert, and her population emigrating by tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, Italy must have colonies. She would have liked Tripoli, but there were serious obstacles to her march in that direction. With England's "moral support," she annexed Erythrea. Instead of a prolific milch cow, it proved an elephant of the whitest. Millions were spent, thousands of lives were sacrificed for its retention, and all to no avail. Her colonization scheme was a costly blunder.

"If you be not the strongest, be the friend of the strongest." To be in the swim, and to spite her former ally, France, she became, astute Russia passing her the hand, the third and least important partner in the "Triple Alliance." To be worthy of the honour, she increased her standing army, strengthened her navy, built her fortresses, constructed strategic roads, which began nowhere and ended at the same place, and trotted gaily along that one which, commencing at extravagance, ends at bankruptcy and national discredit and disgrace.

Her borrowed millions spent, she hungered for more. Abroad, her credit was exhausted; the Shylocks of London, Paris, Frankfort, and Vienna deemed her securities insufficient, and declined to risk further shekels. Where to find them? Happy

Digitized by Google

thought! There were the *Beni Ecclesiastici*—the Church endowments; let them be confiscated. They were; and the poor left by a paternal Government to beg their bread or starve. The money thus obtained was squandered in less than no time. How to raise the wind? Happy thought! Let's mulct the holders, both home and foreign, of our Government scrip thirteen per cent.—*i.e.* let's reduce the interest on our debt from five to four and a half per cent. Barefaced robbery! The bonds had been issued on the stipulation that the interest thereon (five per cent.) should be paid integrally, without deduction of any description. The money saved by the nefarious transaction proved insufficient to keep running the Governmental coach "Highflier." How to get more? What did history say on the subject? "Now it came to pass in the reign of Cæsar Augustus; that the fiat went forth that all the world should be taxed." Capital! Let's raise the tax on the *Richezza Mobile* (the income-tax) from thirteen to twenty per cent., and on the *Immobile* (the real estate tax) at the same ratio. Let's tax everybody—the rich, on account of their wealth; the poor, because of their poverty. Let's tax everything—the superfluities, and eke the necessaries of life; the wine the poor can no longer afford to drink, their daily *polenta*, and the salt wherewith they season it. Let's tax the water they drink, the air they breathe, and the sunshine that warms them. Alas! they are too unstable to be gauged by the tax-collector, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are the only requisites of existence that escape scot-free.

And that's how the case stands. Taxes, direct

Digitized by Google

and indirect, amount to close upon forty per cent. on gross income; and in England we growl at an eightpenny income-tax. By its exactions the Italian Government has done its utmost to approach the day, which sooner or later assuredly will come, when those who have shall be despoiled by those who have not, and the social fabric be toppled over.

Viva Italian unity! It was a splendid dream; but, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," it has left, not a "wrack," but a wreck behind. Italian unity! The different states and peoples of the peninsula are wider apart than on the 20th of September, 1870, when the Italian troops marched through the battered Porta Pia, and Victor Emanuel became "Re in Campidoglio." The Neapolitans regard the Piémontais and Lombards, and more or less all Italians outside their own borders, as *forestieri* (aliens); whilst the northerners speak of their southern compatriots as *selvaggi* (savages). Homogeneity there is next to none.

Viva La Libertà! The coveted liberty has proved Dead Sea fruit—has degenerated into license. The northern Italians are more impatient of restraint, more disposed to revolt, than in the days of the Austrian occupation; the "gentle" Tuscan has become rude and aggressive; the old Roman brutality, kept in check by the Popes, has reasserted itself; the light-hearted Neapolitans have become morose and surly. Very unpatriotic the Italian lower orders! Unquestionably. Patriotism and hunger don't accord! As workless, moneyless, breadless, I walked the streets and sniffed the appetizing fumes arising from the kitchens of restaurant or eating-house, I

Digitized by Google

should, I fear, be worse than unpatriotic, I would be communist; and so, similarly situated, would be all those smug, well-to-do philanthropists who discourse so glibly on the merit of contentment and self-denial, and go home to dine.

Leaving the mare at Rō, we took train to Nice, and there wintered.

Digitized by Google

SEVENTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM NICE TO RŌ

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM NICE TO RŌ

We left Nice on the 7th of May, and went straight to Rō to join Zorah. She had passed a lazy time, and was fat as a tick. During our visit I gave her plenty of work, and when on the 5th of June we started on our seventh year's journey, she was in fairly hard condition. Pampering had not rendered her sluggish and squeamish; she returned to her old vagrant, happy-go-lucky existence without sign of discontent, and was as blithe and as docile as ever.

By Rovigo, Legnago, and Isola, to Villafranca, and thence by the Brenner route as far as Mezzo Lombardo.

At the Austrian frontier (Peri) the Customs' officer on duty asked me if the "equipage" was of Austrian origin, whether I had a receipt therefor; and, being answered in the negative, informed me that duty would have to be paid thereon. The impost being legal, I expressed my readiness to do so, explaining to the deputy-inspector, both in German and Italian, that as my stay in Austrian territory would be under six months, it was a *lasciare-passare*, a *passirschein*—a permit for that period I required, and not a customs' receipt outright. He answered *jawohl*, selected a form, filled it in, and handed it to me, I handing him the sum of 180 florins, the amount of the deposit.

Digitized by Google

At Mezzo Lombardo we took the Mendel route to Botzen, a military road constructed in 1884, which runs parallel with that of the Brenner, but high above it. After passing the fortified defile of the Rocchetta, the road winds upwards to Cles, the capital of the Val di Non, and then by wooded slopes to the Mendelhof, a much-frequented hotel near the summit. The summit reached, the valley of the Adige bursts into sight, and the view is superb, embracing the Dolomite range—Schlern, Rosengarten, Latemar, Schwarzhorn, Weisshorn, and, at the foot of the precipice, the Kaltern lake. The road on its northern declivity is hewn in the mountain side, and descends rapidly in serpentines to St. Michael (ten miles), and thence gradually past the ruins of Wart and Altenburg to Botzen.

From Botzen over the Brenner, and thence down the valley of the Lower Inn to Wörgl (old ground). From Wörgl we struck eastwards to Kitzbühel, whence we made the ascent of the Kitzbühler Horn, a peak which commands one of the finest mountain prospects in Tyrol—the entire Tauern range, the Loferer Steinberge, and the distant Chiemsee. From Kitzbühel by the Pass Thurn to Mittersill, in the Pinzgau Valley, where are several superb waterfalls, one of them, the discharge of the Krimmel Glacier, descending in three leaps from a height of 1400 feet.

Lend—Schwazach.—At the inn we found a Russian and his wife, travelling like ourselves by road, but with a drag and team of four. The drag he had purchased in England from a regiment ordered abroad; the team was what is known as "scratch."

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

THE KONIGSEE.

[*To face p.* 361.

Digitized by Google

His journey had not been without misadventure; one or other of the horses was continually ailing, and he was waiting until a wheeler should be fit for work to proceed onwards. Zorah's immunity from equine disorders astounded and provoked the Russ. "Never once off her feed or unfit to travel in seven years! It was incredible."

Thus far we had encountered but three travellers by road—an Austrian with a pair, a Hungarian with four, and a noble Roman with five, or rather four, for when we met him he had just lost one of his team through colic.

St. Johann im Pongau—Gröbming—Lietzen—Spital-am Pyrn.—The landlord of the Post was delighted to see us and the *schimmel* again, and offered to get me a fishing permit if I would prolong my stay. The cost of the said permit was only five florins; but I was required to purchase at market value all the trout I caught, which meant that I must either eat them or give them away, there being no purchaser on the spot, Mr. Landlord having naturally more than sufficient for present wants. I was about to decline the offer, when my wife suggested to me that there was no necessity to keep all the fish I landed. I could keep those which were badly hooked, and return the rest to the water. I followed her advice, and, during my week's stay, had good sport at moderate outlay.

In Austria and the Bavarian Highlands, most esteemed of all fish is the saibling (*salmo salvelenus*), and at the Schiffmeister's restaurant on the Konigsee, it is *the delicatesse* to which tourists treat themselves—the rich bountifully, the poor sparingly, for

Digitized by Google

its cost is on a scale with its excellence. It was whilst eating it there, and dolefully anticipating the *mauvais quart d'heure* of Rabelais, that an Austrian acquaintance observed to me, "If you wish to taste saibling in perfection, go to Kremsmünster; in the fish-tanks of the monastery there are saibling—but saibling——" Words failed him to describe what those saibling were like.

Kremsmünster being only thirty-five miles distant, we determined to go there, and pronounce on their merits by discussing them. We turned off the Wels highway at Klaus, and took a cross-country road as being the shorter. A rougher one I never travelled, and it was a marvel that we reached Kremsmünster without mishap to mare or trap.

"Can you let us have saibling?" I asked the landlord on alighting.

"Certainly. About what size?"

"Say a three-pounder."

A three-pounder for two was perhaps his biggest order on record; but he made no comment, said *zu befehlen*, and in an hour it was on the table. It proved worthy of its high renown, and on leaving, I paid the amount charged therefor, five florins, without grumbling.

Linz.—We put up at the Rothen Krebs (red crayfish), one of the few remaining good, old-time German inns, and on the following morning took the boat down the Danube to Vienna, Zorah being accorded a ten days' rest prior to her return journey.

Wels — Frankenmarkt — Henndorf — Freilassing (Austrian frontier).—I presented my receipt to the

Digitized by Google

customs' inspector, and demanded repayment of my deposit—180 florins.

"There was nothing to return."

"Why?"

"Because the document tendered was a customs' entry receipt, not a *passirschein*—the money paid, a duty, not a deposit."

"That was the fault of his colleague at Peri, who had not attended to my instructions, and had filled in the wrong form."

"Possibly; it was not his. He must follow his injunctions, and return me the *schein*."

"What to do?"

"If I thought well, I could return to Salzburg, and state the case to the customs' authorities there."

I did so. They were sorry, but it did not concern them. The affair was out of their jurisdiction. Peri was in Tyrol, not in Salzburg. I had better apply to the customs' officials at Innsbruck. At Innsbruck I interviewed the Tyrolese *Zollamt Beamters*. They were so good as to admit that *primâ facie* evidence was in my favour, but the money had long been paid into the Receiver-General's office at Vienna, and to have it returned I must make application personally, by correspondence, or through the medium of a consul. The last course was the best. I would do well to have the written statement of the customs' officer at Peri who had given me the receipt.

Our destination was Nice *viâ* the Vorarlberg and the Splugen, but routes mattered not when my just rights were set at naught. My blood was up. I took the Brenner road instead of the Vorarlberg, and

Digitized by Google

in due course arrived at Peri. The customs' superintendent there had no statement to make. The official who had drawn out the receipt had been appointed to another post, and concerning the dispute at issue he knew nothing. I had done my utmost to obtain redress and had failed; there was only one course open—to send in my claim through a consul. There was an Austrian Consul-General at Venice, and to Venice I determined to go. In five stages, Verona, Montebello, Vicenza, Padua, Rovigo to Rō, where I left the mare, and thence by rail to the "Glorious City of the Sea," where the Fates willed we should winter.

The morning after my arrival I called on the British Vice-Consul, briefly stated the case, and requested him to present me to his colleague, the Austrian Consul-General. That gentleman was exceedingly polite, as are most Austrian officials of the higher class; he expressed his regret that I should have been put to so much inconvenience through the stupidity of a customs' under officer, and said that if I would draw up a "protocol" of my case, he would transmit it to Vienna. He warned me that the matter would not be settled offhand, that there would be much red-tapeism, and that weeks, probably months, might elapse before the money was refunded. If to winter in Venice was not my desire, I could leave the matter in his hands, and he would see to it. I gratefully declined his kind offer. Whether I passed the winter at Venice or on the Riviera, on the Adriatic or the Mediterranean, was to me indifferent; I would await the award of the Vienna tribunal. I did not speak

Digitized by Google

the precise truth. Wintering at Venice was highly inconvenient and distasteful both to myself and my wife; had not my *amour propre* been involved, I would have let the 180 florins go, and ten times the amount along with it. But it was; hence my resolve to remain at Venice, or in Limbo, until my tender susceptibilities were tranquilized by a fitting apology and the restitution of my impounded deposit.

The interview terminated, I returned to the British Vice-Consulate for instructions as to the composition of the protocol. It was the first time I had occasion to apply to one of our consular body for assistance, however trifling, and it was satisfactory to feel that "for this once" it was not in the dread form of a furious British subject with terrible charges against brutal *carbinieri*, or iniquitous Jacks-in-office to fulminate, but as a smooth-spoken English Shylock demanding the restitution of ducats to him justly belonging.

The protocol drafted (five pages folio), and deposited at the Austrian *Chancellerie*, we started apartment-hunting. In a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal, with outlook extending from the Iron Bridge to the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, we found just what we wanted—a compact little *quartiere* consisting of four rooms and a kitchen. During the Austrian occupation it had been the abode of a staff officer, who, preferring Teutonic warmth and stuffiness to Italian chilliness and draughtiness, had installed porcelain stoves, and fitted double doors and windows. Our staff was two hands and the cook. *Primo*, a gondolier, who for the modest wage of five lire per diem provided a gondola and navigated it, acted as

Digitized by Google

valet and table attendant, stoked the stoves, ran on errands, and made himself generally useful. *Secondo*, a dame, who made or unmade the rooms, and kept her tongue going gibble-gabble the whole day long. *Terzo*, the cook, not sent to us by the devil, but by a Milanese friend, and who was deserving of the high encomium bestowed upon him; for we agreed that in our varied housekeeping experiences he had but one superior—Vicenzo, our cook at Naples. And so our hibernation commenced.

Our winter at Venice! Despite our comfortable quarters, and Giuseppe's good cooking, I cannot assert that we found it enjoyable.

As the traveller floats in his gondola down the Grand Canal, and views for the first time the glories of Venice, he thinks to himself how charming it would be could he become the owner of the Ca d'Oro or other fairy palace, and live there for ever and a day. Were his dream realized—were he presented the palace of his choice on the condition that he resided there nine months out of the twelve—he would, I trow, soon repent him of his bargain. If a mortal of British ordinary mould, six months would not have elapsed ere "Beautiful Venice, City of Song," would have become hateful to him, and he would be counting the days to vacation time with all the impatience of a schoolboy. Pretenders to thrones being unwelcome guests in the great European capitals, one can understand the Comte de Chambord or Don Carlos selecting Venice as their residence; but what could have induced Robert Browning to purchase a huge palace there is as incomprehensible as—as his poetry. Were Venice

Digitized by Google

only passably lively, my animal barometer would have fluctuated between fine and variable, for I am not hypochondriacal—am disposed to view things on their sunny side; but it was so hopelessly, so indescribably dull that at the end of a fortnight the fluid fell as low as it could fall, and remained there.

My sensations were those of one bereaved, of a mute, of a chief mourner; for the passing to and fro beneath our windows of the *felze*-canopied, hearse-like gondolas made me imagine myself an assistant at a never-ending, still-beginning funeral.

Out-of-doors, the choice of recreation lay between gliding ghost-like along the canals in our gondola, pacing up and down the draughty Piazza San Marco, winding through the narrow, sunless Calli, or taking a constitutional on the Riva dei Schiavoni or that of the Zatteri.

In making the night their day the Venetians show much wisdom. Not until the evening is well advanced, not until lamps are lighted, curtains drawn, and the ladies of society are ready to receive—about the hour of four in winter and at nightfall in summer—does the Venetian mundane day begin. Only when the moon throws sufficient light to reveal the splendour of ancient Venice, casting the squalor, neglect, and decay of modern Venice into shade, can the stranger shake off his depression.

Our daily routine was pretty much as follows:—Nine a.m., breakfast. From half-past nine to eleven, reading the news, writing, with intermittent vain attempts to find something to divert in the passing along the silent highway of funereal gondolas, and the crossing and recrossing of the ferry-boat at the

Digitized by Google

adjacent *traghetto*. Eleven to one, feeding the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco; a visit to the Rialto and the fish-market; a constitutional along the Riva dei Schiavoni or that of the Zatteri. Lunch. Two p.m., Antonio to announce the gondola at the steps; oar-propelling progression to Santa Maria Maggiore or the Lido. Four p.m., disembarkation at the Piazzetta. For an hour, coffee-sipping or vermouth-imbibing at the Café Florian, watching the while chilly tourists comforting the inner man after their day's sight-seeing with something hot and strong, and the native frequenters of the establishment eking out their *bibite*, and performing resignedly that hardest of hard labour, "killing time." A turn round the arcades, with halts to inspect for the hundredth time the jewellery, photographs, lace, glass, in the shop-windows. Home. Seven p.m., dinner; *post-prandial*, music, cards, reading. Eleven, bed. During its brief season we went occasionally to the Fenice, the grand opera-house; but the performances at the other theatres were so mediocre that we preferred our own fireside.

The weather in December, January, and February was vile. For days at a time the fog was so dense that the houses on the opposite side of the canal were scarcely visible. There was a snowstorm. Anything more dismal than snow-enshrouded Venice it is impossible to conceive. The whiteness of the shore, of landing-stages, palace-steps, bridges, and housetops imparts to the waters of canal and lagoon a leaden hue; the gondolas look more funereal, the silence is a silence that "can be felt." The "Stones of Venice," those with which she is paved, are not

Digitized by Google

attractive to the foot-passenger. After a fall of snow they become so slippery that walking on the flat is hazardous, and the ascent and descent of the steep bridges which span the constantly recurring side-canals (*rii*) dangerous, if not to life, to limb.

To keep warm is the aim of the entire population. The gran' Signori and Signore assemble in the smallest room of their vast, comfortless *palazzi*; the middle class crouch round their braziers; the poor lie abed, or, if obliged to brave the elements, carry about with them a *scaldino* (pipkin) containing live charcoal. The *cafés* and wine-shops are crammed, as are likewise the apothecaries, to middle-class Italians most favourite of trysting-places. With all her glamour, Venice is the poorest of Italian cities, and the misery of the lower classes during the winter months is appalling. To the visitor whose peregrinations are confined to the strangers' quarter, the poverty is not so painfully apparent; to realize its intensity the remoter districts must be visited.

At the expiration of ten weeks, I received a note from the Austrian Consul-General requesting me to call upon him. On presenting myself, he informed me that the K.K. Customs' High Directors at Vienna had admitted the justice of my claim, and had returned the deposit, which he handed me with an apology, which was no more than my due; and so the "incident" (a very vexatious one) was, in diplomatic parlance, "closed."

The winter being two-thirds over, we determined to worry out the remainder. With March came finer weather, and, from the fifteenth of the month to the date of our departure, 25th of April, the hours

Digitized by Google

no longer "dragged their slow length along," but were thoroughly enjoyable. The Queen of the Adriatic awoke from her winter's lethargy, visitors began to arrive, and, of nights, there was music on the water. Viewed from our balcony, the procession of gondolas with their Chinese lanterns presented a charming *coup d'œil*, whilst the singing was very much superior to the ordinary run of open-air minstrelsy, many of the vocalists pertaining, we were told, to the chorus of the Fenice. But at Venice most imposing of all spectacles is a public funeral, one of which (that of the Armenian Patriarch) we had witnessed during a former visit. It was not the body-bearing barge with its catafalque surrounded by chanting monks that riveted the eye; it was the *cortége* of hundreds of gondolas gliding noiselessly along in its wake that made the sight indescribably imposing and impressive.

To be viewed aright, Venice, like Melrose, must be visited "by pale moonlight"—that of May for preference. The church and galleries "done," the visitor is wise who remains indoors during the day-time, and does not leave his hotel until the moon is high in the heavens. Then, embarking, he will tell his gondolier that there is no need to hurry, that he can go where he will, provided he does not miss the concert, if there be one. And he is taken athwart the shimmering water, in the direction of the Lido or Santa Maria Maggiore; and, if he speak Italian, his pilot will enter into familiar converse, and tell him all about himself and his belongings—how Mariannina, his wife, has recently presented him with a fourth pledge; how his brother Beppo is

Digitized by Google

soldiering in accursed Africa, and his grandmother in her eightieth year; and, in view of an extra *buona-mano*, how hard are the times.

And returning, his gondolier will join the procession following the floating orchestra, and he will dreamily listen to the singing, and, on its cessation, he will make another round, and another, until, the church clocks striking midnight, warn him that it is high time for bed. Seen in this way, and at that season, Venice is the most beautiful of cities and the most delightful. Later on, the heat is too oppressive, the mosquitoes are too troublesome, the exhalations too pungent for perfect enjoyment.

To discover its advantages as a sea-bathing station, one must be Italian *pur-sang*.

On our way to Rō we halted at Padua, resting-place of Sant' Antonio—in Italy a much more venerated worthy than he of the Lion and the Book, Saint Mark—at whose shrine I burned two candles and deposited a monetary *ex-voto*. Having passed a winter in Venice without going melancholy mad, I thought it the correct thing to do.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

EIGHTH YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM RŌ TO NICE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM RŌ TO NICE

We left Rō on the 15th of May, and followed the line of our third years' journey—Padua, Belluno, Cortina, to Mühlback, in the Pusterthal, whence, during our month's stay, we made excursions into the adjacent Dolomite region.

At Franzensfeste, where the Pusterthal and Eisakthal unite—a very "Cave of the Winds," was quartered a detachment of Kaiserjäger, like the Italian Bersaglieri, a *corps d'élite.*

As being the nearest place to have a chat and a flirt, the officers were frequent visitors at our hotel, and, in the course of conversation, I gleaned much interesting information concerning the Austrian army.

The Kaiserjäger had little whereat to grumble; they were quartered in civilized districts, and, when off duty, could find amusement or occupation of some sort to while away the time. But the life led by officers of Austrian regiments, cavalry as well as infantry, was, as a rule, dull and wearisome to a degree.

In the entire Empire were but half a dozen eminently attractive garrison towns, twenty might be accounted fairly pleasant, the remainder were insufferable.

Digitized by Google

To realize the full meaning of the word "boredom" one must be quartered for months on a stretch at some miserable village in Croatia, Bosnia, or Herzegovina. Everything goes by comparison; and did English officers but know how much better off they are than those of *all* other countries, they would not be so prone to growl.

The officers of an English regiment are as members of one household. Off duty they are, more or less, on terms of equality. They live together, meet together, converse together, eat together. They have a barrack-room or rooms provided for them, wherein they depose their own furniture, which accompanies them wherever they may, in time of peace, be sent. At a table bedecked with plate they sit down daily to an excellent dinner, which costs them little more than would a "cut off the joint" at an eating house. They have an anteroom, where they can smoke and read the papers; a billiard-room and a racket-court, and, wherever they go, are welcomed and *fêted* by the gentry of the town and neighbourhood. Bad quarters there must necessarily be, but in our vast Empire they are not so very disproportionate to the good ones.

Foreign officers have no such advantages. They do not live in quarters. On change of garrison their first care is to find, in the vicinity of the barracks, a room, if they be single; a cheap apartment, if married; their second to arrange with a hotel-keeper or restaurateur for their meals, which they eat in parties of three or more—field officers by themselves, captains *idem*, subalterns *idem*. Except in garrison towns of the first-class, where there is

Digitized by Google

usually an officers' club, their sole rendezvous is the *café*, where they pass their leisure hours (fewer than with us) in imbibing beer, coffee, absinthe, or other inexpensive *consommation*; in smoking, card or domino playing, newspaper reading, *and* yawning. Unless he be a native of the place, come with letters of recommendation, or belong to a crack corps, the officer of inferior rank in garrison towns abroad is utterly ignored by party-givers of distinction. He receives in his turn a card for prefectural or other official function, and at fashionable resorts can attend, if he chooses, the Casino balls and the *sauteries* given at the large hotels during the season. It is in France, of all countries in the world, that the military *les traineurs de sabre*, receive the coldest welcome at the hands of the upper classes. When on the march, or during the autumn manœuvres, a party of them are billeted on some wealthy householder, he generally prefers paying their expenses at a hotel to receiving them beneath his own roof-tree.

From a convivial standpoint, the American Army officer is even worse off than his European *confrère*. His cadet days at Westpoint completed, and his commission conferred, his "good time" is ended. He bids a long adieu to the busy haunts of man, and takes his departure for the "Wild West," where, under ordinary conditions, the entire term of his military career, or by far the greater portion of it, will be passed. He has no hope that his regiment will be sent to some gay city, for in his case change of garrison means moving from one border fort to another, or did so until quite recently, when some

Digitized by Google

commands were neared the larger cities. He must content himself with the limited diversions which that border fort or post affords—listening to the oft-told tales of his brethren in arms, making himself agreeable to their ladies, and to the relatives and friends of those ladies, when, with a view to matrimony, they brave the dangers and discomforts of the Plains, and grace the fort with their charming presence.

A short time prior to our departure from Mühlbach, there arrived from Meran, driving a pair of Hungarian horses, a North German, his son, who accompanied him, riding an English pad. They were bound for Gratz, and they calculated to cover the distance, 270 miles, in twelve days. On visiting the stable to have a look at the nags, I expressed my disapproval of the breast-bands which he used in lieu of collars, as very likely, owing to their sit, to cause sore shoulders; giving him at the same time some friendly advice, which I thought might prove useful on the journey. First and foremost, on no account to leave his horses to the tender mercies of the hotel ostler on their arrival at halfway house or halting-place, but to remain at the stable until they were sufficiently cool for their water, which in mountainous districts should be given with the chill off, or tempered with a little bran or oatmeal.

In four days he was back at Mühlbach. What had caused his return?

At Toblach the ostler had, contrary to orders, watered his son's horse before he had cooled, and killed him, whilst one of his pair had a bad sore shoulder. I condoled with him on his ill-luck, but

Digitized by Google

inwardly congratulated myself that in eight years' travel no such calamity had befallen me. I was wide awake. "Coming events cast their shadows before."

Over the Brenner to Innsbruck. I left Sterzing with the intention of sleeping at Innsbruck, but I counted without the clerk of the weather. After passing Gries the sky became leaden; it commenced to snow heavily. By the time Matrei was reached, the road was covered to a depth of two inches, and the mare began to slide. Prudence counselled a halt, but the inn was crowded with weather-bound peasants. I hoped it might clear off. A friend who could not delay his departure was awaiting our arrival at Innsbruck. So I put the knee-caps on the mare, and continued the descent.

We had not gone a mile before the snowfall had developed into a blizzard worthy of Canada; the flakes descended thicker and thicker; the wind howled; branches were broken from the trees, and sent flying in every direction. To trot was out of the question; it was with the greatest difficulty I kept the mare on her feet. We were forced to proceed at a snail's pace, and it was dark before we reached the inn at Stefansbrucke. To be blocked by snow in the middle of July, at an altitude of 2500 feet, was a novel experience. We were weatherbound thirty-six hours.

Imst—The Fern Pass.—The most picturesque of all the passes between Bavaria and Tyrol. The day was hot, the ascent long; the mare sweated. On reaching the summit, my wife took some crusts from the luncheon-basket, dipped them in water, and gave

Digitized by Google

her them, as she frequently did by way of encouragement to further exertion.

Lermoos.—I gave the usual consign to the stableman, "No water until I tell you;" and, as new break-blocks were wanted, I went in quest of the wheelwright. On returning to the stable some fifteen minutes later, I beheld a most piteous spectacle. Zorah prostrate in her stall, and writhing in agony; my wife in tears kneeling at her head, pulling her ears and speaking to her caressingly and encouragingly; two men rubbing her flanks with all their might. The infernal ostler had given her water. Had he not thought it expedient to keep out of sight, I would have killed him. The village cow-doctor had been summoned, and quickly made his appearance. He knew what to do, and, to our immense relief and joy unspeakable, the collapse was averted, and our doubly valued comrade and trusty servitor on her legs again. It had been touch and go; the vet. absent, she would have died, to a certainty. It was his opinion that it was the soaked bread, not the cold water, had occasioned the attack. Either way, she got no more of it. All's well that ends well. She recuperated much sooner than my wife, who did not recover from the shock for days. The very next morning she was "fit as a fiddle," and trotted into Garmisch as though nothing unpleasant had occurred.

Oberau, and Two Hours' Ascent to Ober-Ammergau.—On reaching the village we drove straight to the house of the burgomaster, Herr Lang, who, we hoped, might put us in the way of obtaining accommodation, which we had neglected to secure in advance. He regretted his inability to assist us; every room in

Digitized by Google

the village had been allotted, and, as we were doubtless aware, rooms and tickets of admission to the Passion Play went together; without the former we could not obtain the latter. But my wife was not easily discouraged. She surpassed herself in affability and persuasiveness, and so softened the obduracy of the worthy functionary that he promised to make inquiry, if, by any chance, a room had been countermanded, and let us know the result. At the expiration of an hour or so a messenger presented himself at the restaurant Zur Herr-Gott-Schnitter (crucifix-maker), where we were dining, with the joyful tidings that a vacant room had been found, and that he would conduct us to the house when we were ready. The door was opened by a youth whose flowing locks proclaimed the Passion Play performer.

"And what *rôle* may you take?" asked my wife.

"'Isaac,'" was the response.

"Well, then, 'Isaac,'" she continued, "go and tell your father 'Abraham' that I desire to say a word to him."

"Ach, gnadige Frau!" was the laughing rejoinder, "my father is not 'Abraham,' he is 'Barabbas.'"

I think it was "Barabbas." At Ober-Ammergau the *dramatis personæ* of the Passion Play drop their patronymics, and assume those of the Biblical personages they represent—"Peter" or "Paul," "Pilate" or "Herod," "Magdalene" or "Mary," occasioning slight mistakes as to consanguinity, etc., similar to that made by my wife—"Mary" being, by reason of her *role*, the daughter of "Caiaphas," and "Isaac,"

Digitized by Google

son, not of "Abraham," but "Barabbas." Whether or not, he had a room at our disposal, which was the main point. It was small and stuffy, and contained two most uninviting beds; but we declared it charming, engaged it forthwith, paid the amount demanded, received our two tickets, and departed for good and all. That it should be occupied was not in the contract, and there were pleasanter places than the overcrowded village to pass the intervening days. I put to, and drove to Linderhof, nine miles distant, where at the inn adjoining the park we found good accommodation.

Schloss Linderhof.—King Ludwig's third and least costly folly, which does not mean that it was an inexpensive one, but simply that its proportions are not so colossal as those of the other two—Schloss Herrenchiemsee and Schloss Hohenschwangau. It is in the rococo style of architecture, and, like all the monarch's palaces, ruined by over-decoration. In his love of gilding and tawdry embellishment, enamelled peacocks, and the rest, his taste was not that of an æsthete, but of an enriched publican. The park is beautiful, the fountains are fine, whilst the "Blue Grotto," although incongruous with its electric lighting and *fresco* of the Venusberg, is not devoid of interest.

On the Sunday morning we made an early start, arrived at Ober-Ammergau an hour before the commencement of the performance, and, after putting up the mare at the stable where I had prudently pre-engaged a stall, I joined my wife at the theatre.

The day was fine—that is to say, it did not rain, as was usually the case on Sundays. Our seats were

Digitized by Google

well situated for comprehensive observation. Before the opening chorus we had time to scan the vast assemblage which motives of piety or curiosity had convened, and to reflect how vast was the difference between the original Passion Play, primitive in its accessories, and celebrated solely out of gratitude for perils escaped and Divine mercies accorded, and the grand spectacular representation, in every particular theatrically perfect, and given, not so much to the glory of God as to the worship of Mammon, at which we were about to assist.

When, in the year 1634, out of thankfulness for the cessation of the plague, the Ober-Ammergauers resolved to have a decadal representation of the Passion, there was in that resolve nothing abnormal, miracle-plays being common to the age, and suited to the low intellectual standard of the multitude. To see their mayor, in the costume of a prosperous Bavarian peasant, personating the "Omnipotent," and his daughter in her Sunday best, the "Holy Virgin;" the village schoolmaster, "Christ," and the blacksmith, "Satan," was, according to peasant lights, quite in the proper order of things. The simple-minded spectators perceived nothing incompatible or profane. They followed with keenest interest the incidents of the sacred story, and gave their pious feelings full vent. They respectfully saluted the "Eternal," cheered "Christ," clapped hands on the appearance of "Mary," and vituperated and hissed "Pilate," "Judas," "Herod," and the other wicked characters of the tragedy. Other times, other manners. The days of chivalry are passed, and so likewise are those of Passion Plays

Digitized by Google

and similar spectacles. The Eglington Tournament was a complete *fiasco*, and the Ober-Ammergau performance, albeit no *fiasco*, but both dramatically and financially a great success, should, in my opinion, be discontinued, as being unsuited to the times, and as tending to create scepticism rather than belief. All depends on the light in which sacred things are viewed—whether with the eye of faith or that of reason. Few, comparatively, can find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

To the pious traveller in Palestine the entire country is Holy Ground; the sites pointed out to him as the scene of this episode, of that miracle, are the true and veritable sites, not imaginary ones; at every step he discovers confirmatory testimony to the great truths of salvation. Throughout his pilgrimage he is wrapped in a mantle of ecstasy; and, on his departure, is more convinced of the accuracy of Biblical history than ever.

With the weak-kneed Christian it is otherwise. He finds the country ugly and barren—the very antithesis of the land flowing with milk and honey he had pictured to himself. The sacred sites are make-believe—chosen haphazard, without one particle of evidence to establish their identity; pious legends are contravened by stubborn facts. All along his road the trees bear Dead-Sea fruit; the waters of the land are those of Marah. He frets and he fumes, and wishes he had remained at home; and when his tour is completed, and the happy day of departure arrives, he is not merely weak-kneed, but foundered beyond all hope of spiritual cure.

Digitized by Google

It was with pulse at normal beat, and my animal mercury at temperate, that I followed the performance. A decade having passed, and another representation with a different cast having been given, I will epitomize the notes I made on the occasion.

Site of the theatre, with its background of mountains—admirable. Aspect of the vast auditorium, with its densely crowded parterre, and its wall of faces slanting behind it to the roof—very striking. Robes and vestments of the performers and of the chorus, designed by artists of renown—harmonious in colouring, and pleasing to the eye. Stagery and *tableaux*—varying from highly artistic and appropriate to trumpery and meaningless. The scenes, after pictures by the great masters—"The Elevation and Descent from the Cross" (Rubens), and "The Last Supper" (Paul Veronese), more especially—faithfully portrayed, and very impressive. Some *tableaux*—fairly effective; others ("Tobias taking leave of his Parents," "The Gigantic Bunch of Grapes out of Canaan," "Samson between the Two Gates," etc.)—comic rather than pathetic or tragic. Music and singing very poor, as was to be expected, musicians and vocalists being, like the actors, all home-raised. Actors, with one notable exception, Josef Mayr (the "Christus"), whose deportment and gestures were, from first to last, natural and dignified—passable. Rosa Lang ("Mary")—Rosa Lang in the robes of the "Holy Mother," and little else; her father, Herr Lang, the Burgomaster, our benefactor ("Caiaphas"), second in order of merit; much-belauded Johan Zwinick ("Judas"), declamatory, gesticulatory—a relief to the feelings, when, having ended his

Digitized by Google

peroration, he took off his girdle, and departed to carry his fell intent into (presumed) execution; "Pilate," "Herod," "Peter," and the other prominent characters, on a level of honourable mediocrity.

At the *entr'acte* the rush for the exits was highly suggestive of a Roman amphitheatre and its *vomitores*; whilst the battle for seats at the different restaurants did not indicate the existence in the human breast of those Christian and brotherly feelings which the solemn scenes so lately witnessed should have instilled. We had not to join in the *mêlée*, for at the adjacent livery-stable was a carriage, and in that carriage a luncheon-basket, and in that luncheon-basket a plenteous repast. And, comfortably seated in that carriage, we did justice to the plenteous repast that was in the luncheon-basket; and feeling very much comforted, we returned to the theatre, and took our seats before the advent of the sated wolves. And we sat out the performance, which was too prolonged, and would have been greatly improved by the suppression of the Resurrection and the Ascension, which it was impossible to give effectively, and which were lamentable failures. After the Entombment, Christ's reappearance to his disciples would be the fitting closing scene.

In the cool of the evening we drove back to Linderhof, pleased that we had seen the renowned Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, and thankful that it was not obligatory to see it again.

Through the wooded Ammerthal to Reutte, and thence to the trim village of Hohenschwangau, where are two royal residences—the old Schloss Hohenschwangau and the new, the latter, in point of

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Digitized by Google

SCHLOSS HOHENSCHWANGAU.

[*To face p.* 387.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

VIEW FROM SCHLOSS HOHENSCHWANGAU.

[*To face p.* 387.

Digitized by Google

magnitude, King Ludwig's second greatest folly. The old castle, situated on a wooded hill above the village, is well-planned, cheerful, and eminently habitable; the new, built on a precipitous rock above the deep ravine of the Pöllat, is perhaps the most ostentatious and incommodious edifice that ever was built. It consists of a main building (Palas), a guard-house (Ritterbau), a gynecœum (Kemenate), a gatehouse (Thorbau), and a chapel. The Palas has four stories, surmounted by a tower 195 feet in height. On the ground floor are the kitchen and offices, and on the first the attendants' quarters; the second floor is unfinished; on the third, to reach which one has to mount ninety-six steps, are a Byzantine throne-room, a dining-room, the royal bedchamber, a dressing-room, a drawing-room, a study, and a chapel; on the fourth floor is the Singersaal (Minstrels' Hall)—a splendid saloon ninety feet in length. Needless to state that from basement to attic the walls are covered with paintings and frescoes, and that they are, for the most part, of the legendary—Lohengrin-Tannhäuser—assortments. The view from the tower, with the lovely Schwansee in the foreground and the mountain-chain beyond it, is picturesque in the highest degree.

Through the Loisachthal to Partenkirchen; Mittenwald; Zirl, and by the valley of the Upper Inn to Landeck. Thence to Tarasp, the "Swiss Marienbad." A very poor substitution for the delightful Bohemian spa we found it. The weather was wet and cold (there was a heavy snowfall); the place was so insufferably dull, and the water so little

Digitized by Google

efficacious, that we cut short our cure, and departed at the end of a fortnight.

Nauders—Prad.—The Stelvio route.

It was not with the intention of returning to Italy that way we took it, but that the three of us might be able to boast we had, in the course of our travels, attained the highest point of vehicular (*carrossable*) road in Europe. Had Zorah been consulted and able to speak, she would doubtless have advised, as did the elder Matthews when a coal-pit was in question, "Say you have been, and don't go; it's far easier, and just as satisfactory." As she could not express an opinion, we took silence for consent, and up the first and easiest part of the road she trotted.

Trafoi.—A small village finely situated, where we passed the night.

We made an early start, and, to spare the mare, I walked the entire distance to the summit, and my wife the greater portion of it. From the Weisse Knott, a platform three and a half miles from Trafoi, there is a magnificent view of the Madatsch Trafoi and Untere Ortler Glaciers, and the snowy peaks of the Eiskögel, Fernerkögel, Thurweiserspitze, Trafoier-Eiswand, and Hintere Madatschspitze; but the Ortlerspitze is hidden. In the valley beneath is the Chapel of the "Three Holy Fountains," where from the breasts of three figures, representing Christ, the Virgin, and St. John, issue three jets of icy holy water.

Four miles further up, at the Franzenshöhe, the glittering Ortler-Spitz, the highest peak of the Eastern Alps, 12,800 feet, becomes visible—a glorious

Digitized by Google

spectacle. Halfway between Franzenshöhe and Ferdinandshöhe, the summit, snow lay on the ground; and thence onwards there were heaps of it on either side of the roadway. We remained a couple of hours at the Dreisprachenhütte to bait and contemplate the superb mountain panorama from the adjacent Dreisprachenspitze, and then I bitted the mare and turned her Trafoi-wards. She objected. To climb 4000 feet in order to go down again was neither in her philosophy nor her travelling experiences. Twice she endeavoured to turn round, and it was reluctantly she took the road which she naturally considered the wrong one. I guessed her thoughts, as I had often done those of surprised and dissentient fellow-mortals—"Mad as a March hare, the *padrone*." Helas! The perception of folly in others is of one's own insanity the strongest proof.

Halting at Naturns, we arrived the following evening at Meran, the Austrian Mentone, which town, as a lazaretto, it not only rivals but surpasses, the proportion of sound to sick being, I was told, as one to three, possibly less. Nestled in the valley of the Upper Adige, and protected by high mountains from the colder winds, Meran is warm in winter, but insufferably hot in summer, and likewise in autumn, the thermometer at our hotel registering (September 25) 74 degrees in the shade.

If warmth be beneficial to consumptives, it tends to the development and spread of the microbe which devours them, and whose deadly attributes were, I believe, first discovered by the carpet-beaters on the branch line of rail to Botzen becoming diseased in the discharge of their duties. Expectoration is

Digitized by Google

severely prohibited on most foreign lines. Now it is not the carpet-beaters only who fall victims to the scourge, but hotel servants and others who attend upon the phthisic; the once pure atmosphere has become microbe-laden, and Meran is as dangerous to the sound in health as Davos.

The valley of the Upper Adige and the country round Botzen is the Garden of Austria, producing the finest fruit and some of the most esteemed wines of the Empire. On our travels we had found the place of growth or of production the dearest place to buy, and Meran was no exception to the rule. Grapes and peaches were dearer than at Vienna, whilst the "Terlaner" we drank was not much cheaper than the second growths of Rheingau or Bordelais.

The environs of Meran are charming, and the points of view numerous and very lovely, that from Schloss Tirol, the ancient residence of the powerful family after whom the region is named, especially so.

Sigmondskron, and over the Mendel to Trent, thence by Riva, the Val de Ledro and Brescia, to Lodi, in whose vicinage is made Parmesan cheese, not in that of Parma.

Pavia, Voghera, Allesandria, and through the vineland to Nizza-Monferrato-Alba, Fossano, and Cuneo. Thence over the Col di Tenda to Nice, where we wintered.

Digitized by Google

NINTH AND LAST YEAR'S TRAVEL

FROM NICE TO RŌ

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FROM NICE TO RŌ

We left Nice on the 15th of May, and took the Col di Tenda road, as being the most direct to Geneva, our destination. From Cuneo we struck eastwards, into the Vandois country, and reached Pinerolo, its capital, on the evening of the second day. Pinerolo is the Italian Canterbury, the principal school of equitation for officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, of all the cavalry regiments in the kingdom.

From Pinerolo we made excursions to Torre Pellice and Fenestrelle.

San Ambrogio—Susa (at the foot of Mont Cenis). —It had been subject of debate whether we should take the rail or the road. The former course was more expeditious and less fatiguing; but then there would be the bother of putting the carriage on a truck and the mare into a horse-box, for her a novel experience in travelling, and one to which she would very probably object. The latter was far more enjoyable. Instead of sulphurous fumes and darkness, there would be pure air and sunshine. We could hasten slowly, make a long midday halt, and save the mare by walking most of the way to the summit. And then, most potent reason, by taking the road, Zorah—dear Zorah, willing Zorah, indefatigable Zorah—would, in her declining years, be

Digitized by Google

able to boast to her admiring stable companions that, besides some score of lesser ascents, varying from 3000 to 4500 feet, she had "done" all the great Alpine passes, including Mont Cenis. So, for her future glorification—not for ours—we decided that the road it should be.

That some hag had given us *Jettatura* (the evil eye) does not admit of a doubt. The "Mont Cenis day" is the one which in my road-book is marked with the blackest cross. There was a sequence of mishaps.

I, who could time the hour of my waking like a red-skin, overslept myself, and it was nine o'clock before the carriage was at the door. On examining the mare's feet prior to starting, I found a shoe loose, and more time was lost in getting it fastened. Two miles out of the town my wife discovered she had left her watch behind, and I had to turn back to fetch it. On arriving at the old relay house, where we intended to rest and bait, we found it closed, and, on opening the well of the hind seat, where was stored the mare's spare feed of oats, I discovered, to my exasperation, that there was not a grain in the nose-bag. Poor Zorah had to make the entire distance to the summit, fourteen miles of steep ascent (plus four to fetch the watch), with nothing to eat but the rolls we had brought with us for our luncheon, and which we gladly ceded her. An hour from the summit we were met by a piercing icy wind. My wife, heated by her long walk, caught a chill, and on our arrival at the inn went straight to bed, and took hot drinks instead of the substantial food she required. The mare, though very tired, was

Digitized by Google

not off her feed, nor was I; but, as a fitting climax to a day of ill-luck, the dinner was vile and my bed atrocious.

The following morning, my wife feeling sufficiently recovered to make a short stage, I put the mare—for the first time in her life cantankerous and sulky—into the shafts, and in a couple of hours we were at Lanslebourg.

Modane.—Down the wild, mountain-overshadowed valley of the Upper Isère to St. Jean de Maurienne-Aiguebelle, Albertville, where the accommodation and cuisine at the Hôtel Million were so exceptionally good that we remained two days to recuperate, and allow Mistress Zorah to forget her unaccustomed harsh treatment and shake off the sulks.

Annecy — Geneva (old ground).—On leaving Geneva we took the road which skirts the Savoy shore of the lake, and, halting at Thonon, arrived late one Saturday evening at St. Gingolph, the Swiss frontier, where my deposit-money was to be repaid. No business being transacted at Swiss custom-houses on Sunday, we had to pass that day at the village inn, which, though small, was comfortable.

Aigle.—Leaving the Simplon road, we took that leading over the Col de Pillon to Spiez, on the Lake of Thun. After three hours of stiff ascent we arrived at Vers l'Eglise, in the Vallée des Ormonts; and thence to the Hôtel des Diablerets; the mare suffered martyrdom from the horse-flies. Never in the Old World or the New had we seen their equals for size and voracity; and they were in clouds. In a very short time the poor creature was crimson; as was likewise the road whenever we stopped to wash and

Digitized by Google

pet her; and when, after a dozen halts, we at last reached the hotel, she looked as if she had been flayed—an equine St. Bartholomew.

Apart from the flies, the Vallée des Ormonts is very charming, and the cheapest summer resort in Switzerland, four to five francs per diem being the charge at the smaller pensions. Having a resident English Chaplain, the Hôtel des Diablerets is the exception to the rule, it being no cheaper than hotels of its class elsewhere.

The Col de Pillon (1500 metres) offers little remarkable in the way of mountain scenery, but the view of the pastoral valley dotted with cottages and chalets is very pleasing.

Saanen-Zweisimmen.—Confluence of the Great and Little Simme, in whose pastoral valleys is made the second best description of Gruyère cheese; the *very* best coming from the valley of the Sarine, where is the village of Gruyère, whence it derives its name. If the cows do not yield rich and abundant milk, they belie their appearance; for, out of England, no finer beasts are to be seen.

Weissenbourg. — The Swiss Ems, beneficial in affections of the respiratory organs, and remarkable in that the *établissement* is situated in a gorge of so little breadth as to be almost deprived of sunshine.

Spiez—The Lake of Thun—Interlaken.—It was the height of the tourist season, and all the hotels were crammed. For stable reasons we went to the Post, a second-class house, but clean and comfortable. Whenever there was a Post-Hotel, we invariably drove there, knowing that at it would be found the best accommodation for horse, if not for man. Of

Digitized by Google

the 734 hotels at which we slept during our travels, I am sure that one-third had for sign De la Poste, Zur Post, or Alla Posta. Interlaken, although well situated for excursions, is not pleasant for a prolonged stay. During the tourist season it is too crowded, too bustling, too coming and going; and, when the sun shines, too hot for enjoyment. The Jungfraublick on the Little Rugen is the only hotel where repose is obtainable. But for those who seek pure air and quiet, St. Béatenberg on the mountain-side above the Lake of Thun is far preferable. By boat and funicular railway from the St. Béat landing-stage it is easy of access; it has fairly good and reasonable hotel accommodation; there are shady woods and walks innumerable; it commands an uninterrupted view of the giants of the Bernese Oberland—Finsteraarhorn, Eiger Mœnch, Jungfrau, etc.—and, being at a distance from their glaciers, is not so chilly of an evening as Murren, Lauterbrunnen, or Grindelwald.

Into the hurly-burly and out of it, with the least delay possible.

Brunig Kulm.—No better place is there,' except it be Olten, for observing the composition of the excursionist host. The variety of type seen on the railway platform on the stoppage of a train is astounding, the Babel of tongues bewildering. Every country in the world has apparently its representative; every language and dialect is spoken; every garb is worn, from the graceful bernouse of the Arab to the hideous "blazer" of the Briton. The carriage and behaviour of the travellers are as varied as their features, speech, and dress. There is the observant,

Digitized by Google

practical German, conscientiously studying his Bædeker, and emphasizing his approbation of the descriptive particulars of the scenery by a reiterated "colossal!" or "wonder-schön!" The Frenchman, reading in the *Figaro* the last news from his beloved Paris, and wishing he were treading its asphalt instead of the dusty platform of a Swiss railway station. The American, his pockets full of business letters and cablegrams, and utterly regardless of the scenery, debating inwardly the reply he had better wire to his partner across the pond—whether to buy or sell, take a hand in the deal, or decline it. Englishmen of all specimens, from the *noli me tangere* to the "Slap-bang, here we are again: what jolly dogs are we!" variety. That the English take their pleasures sadly is a gross libel; and the envious Frenchman who said it deserved to be shot. If shouting and horse-play be indicative of pleasure, the British tripper is the gayest being in existence.

Lungern—Sarnen—Lucerne.—The town being in a plethoric state, and the chance of obtaining decent accommodation doubtful, we passed through it, slept at Kussnacht, reached Immensee at an early hour on the following morning, and, as time permitted, made the tour of the Lake of Zug.

Zug.—A town interesting solely by reason of the instability of its foundations, a slice of it having recently glided into the lake, with just sufficient dilatoriness as to allow the occupants of the houses to effect their escape.

Horgen on the Lake of Zurich.—Compared with the sister Swiss lakes, that of Zurich is tame. The wooded hills on either side are of no great height;

Digitized by Google

its breadth is inconsiderable; its shores are thickly populated. Its aspect is more that of a broad American river than a lake.

Zurich.—A well-built, well-swept, industrial, prosperous, thoroughly up-to-date city, but more interesting to the man of business than the man of leisure. From the adjacent "Uetliberg" there is a fine panorama embracing the Alpine chain from the Sentis to the Jungfrau, the Rigi, Pilatus, and the Jura range.

On leaving Zurich we took the road skirting the lake's northern shore, and halting for the night at Rapperschwyl, arrived the following evening at Wesen on the Lake of Wallenstadt—the wildest of the Swiss lakes, as Zurich is the tamest. Along its northern shore the mountains rise vertically from the water to a height of 3000 feet, and on its southern, where runs the rail and road, there is but one safe landing-place—Mühlehorn. The winds which sweep it are so violent that navigation is not only dangerous but well-nigh impossible, and the steamer which used to ply has ceased running. Wesen is prettily situated at the lake's western end, whilst a *clos* on the hillside, with trellissed vines, gives it quite an Italian aspect.

Wallenstadt.—Our host, *douce* man, advised us to try the trout for which the lake is famous, and selected us a beauty, which in flavour rivalled the saibling of Kremsmunster, and cost very much less.

Landquart—Chur—Reichnau.—The Valley of the Vorder-Rhein and Oberalp Pass to Andermatt and the Valley of the Reuss.

The scenery between Reichnau and Disentis, if

Digitized by Google

not precisely grand, is very charming, whilst for the number of its old castles and ruins, the Valley of the Vorder-Rhein has, in Switzerland, no rival.

Waldhauser — Disentis — Olivone. — Zorah's last mountain journey. In her eighteenth year, but sound as ever, she trotted down the thirty-eight kilometres of steep incline without a stumble.

Bellinzona; Lugano; Como; and a most fatiguing drive of thirty-seven miles to Milan.

On the day of our departure from Milan we halted for the midday rest at Gorgonzola, renowned for its cheese, and, after luncheon, I was driven by the obliging landlord of the inn to a neighbouring *casina*—dairy-farm, where his friend, the overseer, took me the rounds, and explained to me how things were managed. The farm was in every respect a model one, and the sleekness of the cows and the cleanliness of byres and dairies would have met the approval of a Dutchman. The meadows, irrigated by conduits from the great main canal, gave three or four mowings yearly. The price of dairy produce ruled high, butter being never less than one franc twenty centimes the pound, and at Christmas, when there was a great demand for *panetone*—a justly esteemed Milanese cake—often rising to two francs. The best cheese (to my taste infinitely preferable to Stilton) ranged from seventy to ninety francs the hundredweight.

Treviglio — Chiari — Brescia, Desenzano, on the Lake of Garda—Peschiera.—Of the four strongholds which formed the famed "quadrilateral," Peschiera is the one which has suffered the most by dismantlement; its bastions are crumbling, its moats stagnant,

Digitized by Google

its streets grass-grown, its inhabitants wretched and fever-stricken. Mantua is lively and prosperous by comparison. That we were on Garibaldi's 1859 Austrian campaign line of march was clear. Thrice since leaving Treviglio we had been conducted to a room wherein had slept the gallant general, as an inscription above the mantelpiece testified. It being naturally the best in the house, I departed from my resolve to decline historic chambers, and did not request Mr. Landlord to show me one less revered.

Isola della Scala Legnago (a town frequently devastated by the overflow of the Adige)—*Lendinara*—*Rovigo*—*Rō*.—There our journeyings by road ended. After twelve years of companionship, we left our good old Zorah with Count d'H., to enjoy a well-earned repose. On our sorrowful parting it was some consolation to know that she was in kind hands, and that her future labours would be of the lightest.

From Rō we went to Monte Carlo, where, at the close of the third winter, I lost the cheerful companion of my journeyings, to whose MEMORY I affectionately dedicate this work, which ends my literary efforts.

Digitized by Google

L'ENVOI

Road-travel on a scale such as ours has, I imagine, seldom been undertaken, never been accomplished, I am convinced, without mishap.

On one occasion only, at Lermoos, was the mare dangerously ill from an attack of colic; half a dozen times, perhaps, she had a slight cold. She was one in a thousand—in a hundred thousand—in a million. It is not merely my opinion, but that of all who knew her. She possessed every equine virtue, and not a single vice.

She was enduring. Allowed to go her own pace, she would trot along for hours on a stretch.

She was willing; I carried a whip, but never used it. When, towards the close of a fatiguing day, she was leg-weary and disheartened, words of encouragement and a few lumps of sugar sufficed to cheer her; she would sigh resignedly like a human being, pull herself together, and continue on her way.

She was patient. When the heat was intense, she did not lag; when pestered by the flies, she never became fractious.

She was steady, did not jib or shy; had but two antipathies—crucifixes and knife-grinders.

She was obedient. When we lunched by the road-side and she was told to stand quiet, she never attempted to move; her oats finished, she would

Digitized by Google

doze placidly until it was time to start. She was philosophic—rational. When there was work to do she did it to the best of her ability; when there was none, when it was holiday, she made the most of it. She would lie down in her stall and take a siesta if she felt so disposed, and, instead of eating her oats ravenously, like most horses, would take alternately a mouthful of oats and a bite of hay, and so prolong her enjoyment.

Lastly, she was gentle and had winning ways. No horse that ever lived made so many friends as Zorah. To this day she is remembered and praised by men to whose care she had been for a short time confided. Last year, at Lucerne, a stableman came rushing across the street, and accosted me with the inquiry, "Ist die Schimmel noch lebendig?"—"Is the gray mare still alive?"

Her wonderful soundness on the termination of her ninth year's travel was due, firstly, to her robust constitution; secondly, to her equanimity, her easy-goingness (it is the pace that kills); thirdly, to the unremitting care of her master. The long distances I occasionally required her to perform may have seemed cruel to the reader; but it must be borne in mind that there are horses and horses, and that work which would suffice to founder or kill one, would scarcely tire another. The appetite, good or bad, is the criterion of a horse's state—simply tired or grueled. On no occasion after a severe day's work did she refuse her oats.

On the road, not our convenience, but the mare's well-being, was the first consideration. We were up betimes, and in very hot weather would be off by

Digitized by Google

6 a.m., which enabled her to accomplish two-thirds of her day's journey before nine o'clock. She was allowed the entire day to rest, and did the remaining miles in the cool of the evening. She was seldom required to do more than thirty miles, her day's average distance having been thirty-five kilometres (twenty-two miles). When the distance was less than twenty miles, there was no midday halt; with a few minutes' rest from time to time she covered the entire distance in one bout.

The first thing I did on turning out of a morning was to see her fed, and, if she had not been properly groomed, to give her a brushing. I then soaped the harness. By the time this was done my wife had the valises packed, and was ready for breakfast. That over, I rang for the bill and paid it, had our traps carried down to the carriage, stowed everything in its proper place, and harnessed. Before I started I checked, list in hand, the various articles of our impedimenta, to make doubly sure that nothing had been stolen, mislaid, or forgotten. During our nine journeys only three articles were missing—a whip at Béziers, a horse-brush at Cortina, and a meerschaum pipe at Finale.

For the first half-mile I kept the mare at a walk, and every five miles or so would give her a few minutes' breathing-spell. On reaching our midday halting-place I had her well wisped, gave her a bite of hay, and allowed an hour, or more if she had sweated, before she was watered. In mountainous countries the water was given with the chill off, or mixed with a little bran or oatmeal.

Arrived at the inn where we were to sleep, I

Digitized by Google

selected the stall where was the least draught, sponged the harness, washed the bit and carried it to my room to furbish. After dinner I saw the mare fed and comfortably bedded down, and, after promising the ostler an extra tip if I found her well groomed in the morning, gave her a few lumps of sugar and left her.

Every week, or when the weather was bad, she had an off-day. The night preceding she had her feet stopped, was given a bran-mash; and in the morning, three-quarters of a pound of Glauber salts in her water. It was all the medicine she required. I carried with me a bottle of Elliman's embrocation (white of egg, turpentine, and vinegar is a good substitute); ditto Condy's fluid; a box of Holloway's ointment (good for galls); and a packet of German Vieh-pulver (cattle-powder), excellent for a chill; but had little or no need for them. Once she was given a drench, but during the twelve years I had her she was never physicked, bled, or blistered. Every three weeks she was shod under my supervision. I saw that the shoes were made to fit the feet, not the feet the shoes; and that the frogs were trimmed, not cut away recklessly, as is the bad custom of most farriers. Her feet being kept clean, and her fetlocks thoroughly dried after washing, she escaped greasy and cracked heels, and thrush. That her hoofs were sound is sufficiently proved by the fact that she only cast three shoes on her travels. Through treading on a loose stone she fell half a dozen times, but did her knees no damage. She seldom had a sore, for the harness was supple as a glove, and fitted to perfection. After one season's experience of stablemen, I cleaned

Digitized by Google

it myself; I used Brecknell's soap (it was pig-skin), and its lustre evoked much flattering comment. The carriage was washed when time permitted; it was repainted or "touched up" from time to time, and was twice thoroughly overhauled, re-cushioned, re-aproned, and re-tired. Its extraneous damage was limited to one spring broken, caused by a heavy stable lout jumping on to the back seat whilst sky-larking. If not as good as new when I left it at Rō, it was in very serviceable condition.

Our journeys were accomplished without mishap, without discomfort, and without annoyance. On five occasions the beds were so uninviting that we preferred sitting up to sleeping in them; but then, our stages were so arranged, long distances and short ones, that we rarely had to pass the night in a village. The food was sometimes coarse and badly cooked, but we were to a great extent independent of larder and kitchen. We carried tea and tea-pot, coffee and coffee-pot, a boiler and spirits of wine, whilst in our luncheon-basket was always one full meal, besides potted delicacies, wherewith to eke out a poor luncheon or dinner.

Except in Italy, over-charges were rare. In France and Switzerland an attempt would be made now and then to lay it on, but the production of my Bædeker, and a threat to send him the bill, brought, almost invariably, Mr. Landlord to his senses. Bædeker is the *bête noire*, or *bête rouge* rather, of all those who live by the foreigner. The sight of the small red-bound volume in the hand of a traveller makes them much more moderate in their charges and demands than does that of the more pretentious

Digitized by Google

Murray. A Murray is, or is presumed to be, indicative of lavish expenditure—Bædeker of economy. It was from a Sorrentine boatman, Tomasso Aniello (Mas' Aniello), that I learnt that important fact; and ever since I have flourished my Bædeker in the faces of landlords and others whenever and wherever extortion was to be feared. Bædeker is not æsthetic; he mercifully refrains from classical quotation; he is concise; he is (generally) reliable; he has proved my friend on many occasions, and I esteem him.

At fashionable resorts in Austria—Ischl, Aussee, Gmünden, Zell-am-See, Bad-Gastein, etc.—prices rule high; elsewhere they are moderate. In the less frequented parts of Germany and Tyrol they are surprisingly low. The German landlord is a publican, ofttimes a sinner; but he is not a licensed robber. He has much self-respect, treats his guests in a friendly, paternal manner, and does not attempt to fleece them. He is content with very small profits; in his reckonings and his potations he is alike "square." (See Appendix.)

. . . . . .

From start to finish, our travels by road were smoothly made (no greater calamities than bad roads and bad weather; one brief affliction—the mare's attack of colic at Lermoos; one serious annoyance —that of the Peri Custom-house); but I do not for that reason advise others to essay the adventure.

So many initial conditions—I will not enumerate them—are requisite to make Continental road-travel possible for an Englishman that the odds against his accomplishing *one* journey without mishap or

Digitized by Google

vexation are incalculable. If to cruise upon wheels be the reader's desire, let him follow the advice of "Conservative Whip," who, at the time of our first year's travel, wrote to the Editor of the *Field* as follows:—

"ROAD TRAVELLING.

"SIR,—At this season of the year it always astonishes me to see so many of my sane fellow-subjects rushing off to foreign parts, when so few of them have ever seen anything of the prettiest country in the world, namely, our own.

"Now that the ubiquitous 'Arry has been everywhere, it is useless flying off to encounter discomforts amongst the 'Mossoos' in order to have the poor satisfaction of boasting of your travels, which, I believe, is the reason which sends many folks across the water.

"As one who has travelled over most of Great Britain (and I never enter railway-trains), will you allow me to suggest to your readers that this year, for a change, they should try a driving-trip in Old England. I have just returned from a glorious journey through the west and south-west counties, and will, with your permission, offer a few hints on the subject.

"First and foremost, you must have a good comfortable horse—one that does not shy, stumble, or require flogging, and, above all, a good feeder—not a fast, showy animal, but a plodding slave. One good horse is quite enough, unless you are a 'new' man of the Sir Gorgius Midas type; and a light four-wheeler is better in a hilly country than a gig.

Digitized by Google

It should not, moreover, be too new a carriage, as country ostlers are no respecters of paint and varnish, and it is much pleasanter to travel without a groom. A jovial companion is, of course, necessary; but a querulous one, who grumbles at the weather, roads, and hostelries, is better left behind.

"Six miles an hour is quite fast enough to travel and enjoy the country, and twenty-five miles should be your average day's journey, which will carry you 150 miles in the week, besides the Sunday's rest.

"A long waterproof coat and the carriage-apron will keep out any amount of rain, and will do away with that modern curse yclept an umbrella. Avoid also taking a variety of 'warm wraps, that may come in useful, you know.' Their disappearance has ruffled many a temper, and spoilt the day's journey. A carpet bag apiece, and a brace of dogs to follow the carriage (!) will complete your wants, and away you go.

"With regard to expenses, I have found, from long experience, that 25*s.* a day will pay all expenses for two people, horse, etc. (?); and I venture to say that most people spend considerably more than that in foreign travel, and are not nearly so well housed and fed as they would be in our country hostelries. Mine host will perhaps advise 'carriage folk' to take a private sitting-room, which is always a mouldy, evil-smelling apartment, price 5*s.* Use the coffee-room in preference, and you will generally have it to yourselves, as bagmen—I beg their pardon, commercial gentlemen—have their own sanctum.

"There are still many places as yet untainted by

Digitized by Google

the tripper and the railway—lovely spots in Cornwall, Devonshire, Wales, Scotland, etc., which are far more worth visiting than any places abroad—and if your readers will try this year the experiment of a drive through Old England, I feel confident that they will return home richer and healthier beings than they generally return from across the Channel.

"CONSERVATIVE WHIP."

Digitized by Google

APPENDIX

CHEAP EDUCATION

To the Warden of the Colonial College, Hollesley Bay, Suffolk.

SIR,—Whilst reading the "Synopsis of the System of Instruction on the Colonial Training Farms, Limited," I was a younger man by twelve years. In my "mind's eye" I saw myself seated in the kiosk of a Sorrentine orange-grove writing the introduction to the "Gentleman Emigrant"—the year 1873. As I read, one by one my old friends of the Emigrant College rose before me—

"The warden—a man of general information, qualified to impart not only a sound English education, but likewise to teach his pupils the rudiments of surveying, botany, geology, etc."

"The professor of carpentry—who ought to be an American, as he would be required to understand the construction and repair of log and frame houses, a branch of the business not generally known in England."

"He of the anvil—who, besides farriery, including the shoeing of oxen, should possess a knowledge of veterinary surgery."

"The harness-maker—who with his trade might combine that of cobbler."

"The stone-mason—whose teachings might be confined to the underpinning of wooden houses, the building of cellars and chimneys, and the construction of loose stone walls."

"The professor of agriculture—who, far from being a graduate of the Royal Agricultural College, should be a plain, hard-working farmer."

Digitized by Google

That the Directors of the Colonial College and Training Farms, Limited, should have made little or no change in my educational programme; that *all* my professors should have been accepted as they stood, was very gratifying. I felt disposed to extend the right hand of fellowship to the objectionable brick-maker, and (on the condition that, his post-mortem examination concluded, he should dress the beast—combine butchery with anatomy, be surgeon-butcher of the school) pardon the intrusion of the superfluous M.R.C.V.S.

The synopsis of the system of instruction at the Colonial College being, to all intents and purposes, identical with that which I had myself suggested in the "Gentleman Emigrant," it naturally met my approval, and I turned to the extracts from letters, etc. "received from gentlemen of experience, whose opinions are entitled to much respect," for that meed of recognition which was my due. John Stuart Mill, Right Hon. W. E. Forster, "The Colonies and India," W. Gisborne, J. S. O'Halloran, R. Mainwaring, H. A. de Colyar, Lord Rosebery, Marquis of Lorne, Rev. A. Styleman Herring, etc.—the author of the "Gentleman Emigrant" entirely ignored.

"Your design for a Colonial Training Farm;" "Such an effort as you propose to make;" "I think your scheme an excellent idea;" "You have hit upon unoccupied ground;" "The whole conception is admirable." Whose conception? Who is the *you* congratulated by the writers of the letters? What may be the patronymic of the putative father of the scheme? I desire to make his acquaintance, to hear his Colonial experiences, and to learn in what way he discovered and appropriated that unoccupied ground upon which he has reared *his* Colonial College, "Litera scripta manet." "The Gentleman Emigrant," 2 vols.; Tinsley Bros., 1874, did not fall still-born from the Press. It was favourably reviewed in the *Times* and the leading London reviews and papers; it was, and probably is still to be had at all the libraries. Unless Ignotus' scheme for a Colonial College appeared prior to 1874, claim to the idea he has none. To the congratulations he may receive for the ability he has shown in carrying out the idea, in floating the company, he is welcome. Had he

Digitized by Google

thought for a century he could not (according to my lights) have devised a plan more unsuited, more adverse to the object in view, viz. to prepare young men for the Colonies at the least possible expense to their relatives to make the institution to a great extent self-supporting.

In twenty lines I could demonstrate how an Emigrant College for one hundred pupils might be started at an outlay of less than £10,000; but I prefer that my scheme should appear in the form of a letter to Mr. Editor. My aim in advocating the institution of emigrant schools being utilitarian, not mercenary, as I desire to benefit paterfamilias, not to mulct him that I may receive "a good dividend on capital invested." I return you the paper marked "private," and the Form of Application for Shares, etc.

Gorz-Kustenland, 27th February, 1886.

Answer to the Above.

The Colonial College and Training Farms, Limited.

Dear Sir,—Thanks for your letter of the 27th ult. We are very sorry indeed that neither the author of our programme, the draughtsman of our prospectus, nor, indeed, so far as we are aware, *any one* connected with the College, has had the advantage of hearing of, or reading the doubtless interesting work of which you are the author, and to which you refer.

We have sent to the publishers to see if we can obtain a copy.

When the present promoters (for want of a better word) took up the idea of the Colonial College, it was certainly novel to them, except in so far that the main worker of it had conceived the idea and endeavoured to formulate the undertaking very many years ago, in conjunction with a gentleman who is now occupying a high position in a similar college in a Colony. That there has been no conscious or intentional plagiarism is *certain;* but, as there is nothing new under the sun, so it is evident that many

Digitized by Google

gentlemen have conceived the idea, and even suggested the formation of such a college.

Although we were not aware of this when we commenced our enterprise, we now know this to have been the case, because we have since been in friendly communication with such persons, who, so far from accusing us of plagiarism, or exhibiting any feelings of jealousy or pique, are anxious to co-operate with us in every way.

A Colonial College might be started in any one of half a dozen ways, and on any sum from £500 to £200,000. After standing the fire of two years' searching criticism, it is generally acknowledged by those who have made themselves acquainted with our undertaking that our programme is modest enough, and that in the course of a year or two we shall have to extend our operations.

We are, dear sir, for the Colonial College, etc.

Letter to the Editor of "The Colonies and India."

Sir,—In the "Gentleman Emigrant," published in 1874, I advocated the establishment of emigrant schools, and suggested a scheme for their organization and management. It was briefly as follows: The "schools" to be training farms for youths destined for the Colonies. The teachers to be six in number, viz. the warden—a man capable to impart a sound English education, and to teach his pupils the rudiments of surveying, chemistry, botany, and geology; the carpenter—an American understanding the construction of log and "frame" houses; the blacksmith—who, besides farriery, including the shoeing of oxen, should possess some knowledge of veterinary surgery; the harness-maker—who with his trade might combine that of cobbler; the stonemason—whose teachings might be confined to the underpinning of wooden houses, the building of cellars and chimneys, and the construction of loose stone walls; the professor of agriculture—a plain, hard-working farmer.

To demonstrate the necessity of special training for

Digitized by Google

Colonial life, to explain to paterfamilias the folly, the cruelty, of sending his liberally educated, illiberally portioned younger sons to America or the Antipodes, to urge the establishment of emigrant schools, to advise what should and what should not be taught thereat, was the limit of my essay. Until such time as an attempt should have been made to carry out the project, I postponed its development.

That time has now arrived. I have before me the prospectus of the "Colonial College and Training Farms (Limited); capital £100,000, in 20,000 shares of £5 each," a list of the patrons and directors, a "Synopsis of the System of Instruction," and extracts from letters commendatory and congratulatory, addressed by gentlemen of experience to the accredited originator of the scheme and founder of the company. The "Synopsis of the System of Instruction on the Colonial Training Farms," is identical with that set forth in "The Gentleman Emigrant;" to the remainder of the programme I lay no claim. To purchase outright for the foundation of an emigrant school a high-class residential estate, to appoint a board of paid directors, to issue shares and make the concern a "good investment," "financially a success," never entered my head, and for the simple reason that my aim in advocating the establishment of such school was strictly utilitarian.

High farming is of all kinds and descriptions of farming the very worst that could be taught the intending Colonist. No greater folly can be committed than to attempt to introduce into a country where land is cheap and labour dear the costly, high-class farming in vogue in England, where land is dear and labour comparatively cheap. To teach the embryo settler our English system of high farming would be to ruin him. His head would be so crammed with subsoiling, drainings, and what not, that, when it came to simple backwoods farming, he would be nonplussed. In Colonial farming there is such a thing as knowing too much. If the settler understands sufficient of chemistry to determine the nature and texture of soils and their management, and the properties of the various manures and their application, of scientific farming he has learned enough. Of practical

Digitized by Google

farming he cannot well know too much. Not only should he be thoroughly conversant with everything appertaining to farm and garden—from preparing the swill for the pigs to grafting a choice pippin—but he must be able to lay hold of the plough-handle and show his help how to turn a furrow, and teach him how this or that is done in the "Old Country."

On an emigrant training-farm practical husbandry and the various vocations and handicrafts connected therewith should be taught, not Mechiism. Dwellings, farm-buildings, and everything connected with the establishment, should be of the plainest, least expensive description. The farm-work should be performed by the pupils, the capital requisite to start the concern be advanced by their relatives. An emigrant school should be strictly co-operative; the charge for the maintenance and education of a pupil be dependent on the balance-sheet.

To start such a school it would be necessary to enlist in the undertaking a number of gentlemen—say one hundred—having sons to train, and willing to advance £100 *per capita* to defray the expenses of installation. This payment would create a capital of £10,000, sufficient, by my calculation, to pay the first year's rent of a suitable farm (the land should not be bought outright, but be taken on renewable lease, with option of purchase), to indemnify the outgoing tenant, to build and plainly furnish a barrack for the pupils, and to meet current expenses for one year. If the amount proved insufficient, the associates would be called upon to make up the deficit. After the first year the excess of expenditure over receipts—plus 10 per cent. on the net amount for sinking fund—would be the limit of their liabilities, and that sum divided by the number of pupils would be the cost per head for board and instruction. On the completion of a pupil's education and his removal from the school, the money advanced by his relative would be returned in full, the incomer paying the outgoer, as under the old regimental purchase-system.

On a five-hundred-acre farm one hundred youths could be taught husbandry, horticulture, book-keeping, surveying, farriery, rough carpentry, stone-masonry, saddlery (the

Digitized by Google

instructors of the four last-mentioned handicrafts would be visiting, not resident), and the rudiments of chemistry, botany, and geology; but they could *not* be taught the work which to Colonists is of paramount importance—the clearing and cultivation of "wild" land. It is therefore necessary—imperative—that pertaining to each training-farm there should be a block of unreclaimed land fit for profitable cultivation, whereon the pupils would be required to work in turn. There, under the supervision of a qualified bushman or backwoodsman, they would learn to "clear," to swing an axe, to split rails and shingles, to "raise" log-house or slab-shanty, to run fencing, and last, not least, to "camp out," and cook their rations with the impecunious immigrants' kitchen "battery"—a frying-pan and tin pot, or "billy."

To most lads, clearing land is a more congenial employment than tilling it. The pupils would take an interest in their "backwoods farm," and the grubbing and delving, the felling and uprooting being for their own benefit, not for that of shareholders, they would work with a will. Unless they were a white-handed, lazy lot, altogether unfitted for Colonial life, their labours would bring grist to the mill. The land they reclaimed would be sold, and the proceeds added to the accumulation of the sinking-fund, should, after a few years, suffice to purchase the fee-simple of the head farm or station.

This stage reached, which, under proper management, I feel confident it might be, the success of the undertaking would have been assured, and emigrant schools be no longer an experiment, but an institution.

I am, etc.

A Day at Monte Carlo.

In 1894 I wrote a book entitled, "A Day at Monte Carlo," intended, not for circulation in England, but on the Riviera; and, the Galignani Library at Nice being the chief emporium for the sale of English books, I arranged with the

Digitized by Google

manager for its disposal, giving him an advance copy with the strictest injunctions that it was not to be sold, but placed in the window. The next day it had disappeared. What had become of it? "It had been sold by inadvertence." Not one word of regret or apology did the autocrat of that establishment think it necessary to offer.

To condone such affront was not in my nature, I preferred to lose the sale of the book, and wrote at once to the publisher, countermanding the despatch to the Galignani Library of the box containing two hundred copies. On the recommendation of an acquaintance I addressed myself to a stationer and printseller who undertook its distribution, and, everything being settled, I left Nice early in November for Rome, giving my address *poste restante* in that city, and thought no more on the matter. At the end of the following March I received a letter from a friend at Monte Carlo requesting a few copies. I responded that he was welcome to as many as he wanted, and that, by presenting the order enclosed to the consignee, he could get them. A week later came a second letter. On calling at the shop with the order of delivery, he had been told by the proprietor that he could not have the books; he had paid thirty francs fifty centimes on the box, and, until the amount was refunded, it would be left unopened. To act otherwise, "would not be business, as we said in England." So that for a matter of thirty francs fifty centimes which he could have had by writing to me, with two hundred books worth a thousand francs as security, this "urbane" shopkeeper had, for reasons which I subsequently discovered, "suppressed" the obnoxious volume for an entire season, and, as the year of publication is the year of demand, so far as the Riviera was concerned, for ever. Under the heading "Monte Carlo" I have reproduced a portion of the essay.

The foregoing is a sample of "La bienveillante hospitalité Niçoise." To record the many other instances of similar nature by which I was caused an infinity of worry and annoyance would be tedious. Suffice it to state that, on leaving Nice after a residence of eight seasons, I could not recall a single individual—from the Governmental employé

Digitized by Google

to the journeyman upholsterer, who for removing the furniture of one room from the second story of the hotel to the basement, half a day's work, had the audacity to demand sixty francs (I paid him thirty)—with whom I should have been pleased to have had further dealings.

Foreign Hotel-keepers.

To the Editor of the New York Herald.

Sir,—Before you sum up the question of Tip *v.* No-tip, permit me to offer a few remarks on the subject. My experience of Continental hotels, hotel-keepers, and hotel servants is somewhat extensive. For ten years—1882–1891,—I travelled by road during the summer months, May to October, covering in my journeyings 33,000 kilometers = 20,000 miles, putting up at seven hundred and thirty-four hotels. I kept a road-book, and am certain as to the precise number. My reminiscences of these hostelries—of the landlords, the servants, the stablemen, of all those with whom I had to deal, are eminently satisfactory. Poor hotels there were amongst the number—one cannot expect to find first-class accommodation in a third-rate town; but, circumstances considered, there was no cause to growl. The landlords were almost invariably polite and obliging; but then, we did not treat them *de haut en bas*, but in a friendly manner. Foreign hotel-keepers, the German and Swiss more especially, are generally men of education, and of position in their respective townships; they are treated with respect by their fellow-townsmen, and with consideration by the well-bred traveller; they are corresponsively polite: but when some ignorant, ill-bred, cantankerous guest thinks proper, for some grievance, real or imaginary, to give Mr. Landlord a wigging, mine host naturally resents the indignity, and retorts. Taking one hotel with another, I have found the charges most moderate—so moderate, that often, in the less-frequented parts of Germany and Austria, I have thought there must be an error, to the landlord's detriment, not to mine. Will some

Digitized by Google

of your many indignant correspondents send particulars of the overchanges whereof they complain? Hotel charges are altogether relative; they vary according to the fashionableness of the place, the importance of the establishment, and of the guests who frequent it; and when to ruffle it with Aristos—the "Upper-Crust," and date their letters from some renowned hotel, the traveller of limited means selects it instead of one less pretentious, he must be contented to pay for the gratification.

From the complaints anent the dearness of Continental hotels, one would be led to suppose that their landlords were rolling in riches. Would the grumblers be surprised to hear that, in Switzerland, so moderate are the charges for pension, hotel-keepers, taken as a body, make little more than five per cent. interest on sunk capital; whilst at the fashionable watering-places of France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria, where bills rule high, the shortness of the season takes very much of the gilding off the landlord's gingerbread. Even in the capitals—Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Rome—the hotel charges are no higher than London, considerably less than in the United States; and yet the most persistent growlers—the travellers whose self-imposed mission is to denounce European landlords, servants *e tutti quanti*, are of American nationality. If they are discontented with our effete, old-world usages, why do they not remain at home, where charges are moderate, landlords polite, servants obliging and respectful, and, blessed immunity, where there is no "tipping"?

If* in the United States to tip be "wasteful and ridiculous excess," then have I disbursed many dollars wastefully when visiting the "Model Republic." From information imparted, I was under the delusion that palm-greasing—tipping—was the order of the day, and that in the United States, above all countries in the world, Russia not excepted, "Point d'argent, pas de Suisse" was the shibboleth. And

* The Editor of the *Herald* thought fit to suppress the first part of my letter, which established my right to give an opinion on hotel-keepers and hotel servants, and commenced at this paragraph, turning my protest into a *Tu quoque*.

Digitized by Google

not in hotels alone, but likewise in high places, and in places of worship. I was told that, from the tips he received for admitting the public to witness fashionable weddings at Grace Church, New York, Mr. Brown, the sexton, "was quite a wealthy man." You may imagine, Mr. Editor, my shame and confusion when, on reading the statements of your virtuously indignant correspondents, I found that I had been duped—that tipping does not obtain in the United States, and, that the American citizen, however humble his station, is too dignified to accept a *douceur*. If tipping hotel servants be not customary in the United States (your dictum on the subject would be of interest), it is so in Europe, and, subservient thereto, I tip. To what tune? As well ask me what I pay for my meals. It is altogether dependent on where I may chance to be—France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria; upon the locality—quiet resort or fashionable watering place; on the importance of the hotel, the duration of the season; on the amount of my bill; the services I may have demanded. The amount for which the Austrian *zimmermädchen* would say—"I kiss the hand" (imagine American Biddy saying, for the gift of a quarter, "I kiss the hand!"), and the *oberkellner* return his best thanks, would scarcely be considered a liberal donation by the *femme de chambre* and the *maître d'hôtel* at the Roches Noires at Trouville. When I am in Rome I do as the Romans do—I give what it is customary to give; for to run counter to the usages of the land would be, on the part of a native, a stupidity, on that of an alien an impertinence. For example, in Vienna, it is by custom, if not by law, established that every lodger returning to his quarters after 10 P.M. shall pay the sum of ten kreutzers to the concièrge. Am I justified in refusing to give him that amount because it is contrary to *my* principles?

It is my opinion, Mr. Editor, that your ventilation of the tip question can lead to no good results. Close-handed Americans will henceforth refuse upon principle (which is so closely allied to self-interest) to give anything to the underpaid, hard-worked hotel servants; the liberal will tip as heretofore.

To the hotel-keepers you have done a sorry service. The

Digitized by Google

houses of those whose ideas of the amount of tips to be distributed are too liberal will be marked with a black cross in the guide-books of economical travellers; while the proprietors who have answered, "Give nothing," will find it difficult to muster an efficient staff. Those who have left your queries unanswered, have shown a wise discretion. It seems to me that hotel-keepers and hotel servants have just reason to resent your interference, more especially in that your compatriots are, as a rule, the least liberal of the travelling public. If a crusade against them was desirable, it is the native forces, *en masse*, not the American contingent, that should make the onslaught. Americans would do well to observe the "Monroe Doctrine" when abroad, and not intermeddle.

To turn the tables on your discontents by holding up to derision your "palatial" American hotels, within whose walls the visitor, like the galley-slave, ceases to be a man with a name, and becomes a number; where the "gentlemanly clerk" while leisurely "rooming" his friends keeps the hapless stranger waiting; where the impertinence of Biddy the chambermaid is only surpassed by the surliness of Mickey the boots; where your meals are served *à la* railway restaurant by fussy, frowsy nigger waiters; where every one who serves you gives you plainly to understand that his poverty, but not his will, consents—that he is as good as you, and better; where to the sensitive man, not to the manner born, hotel life is purgatory — would be an easy matter. Before finding fault with European hotel servants, your compatriots would do well to bethink them of the servants (!) of their native land; and if they must need reprobate European shortcomings, let them at least have the courage of their opinions, and append to their diatribes their names and addresses, instead of concealing their identity under a *nom de plume*.

Hotel Saint James, Paris, 11th October, 1896.

This letter was addressed to the editor of the "New York Herald" (Paris edition) after some hundred others had appeared in its columns under the heading, "Tips." The

Digitized by Google

tip question was merely a stalk-horse to permit the rabid correspondents of that paper to vent their spleen upon European landlords and hotel servants. The accusations brought against them were false; the epithets used were disgraceful. My letter had the effect of putting an end to the ignoble controversy, if nothing more.

The information respecting tipping in the United States which I asked for, and which the editor of the *Herald* thought it wisest to withhold, was given quite recently by the New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. He wrote as follows:—

"There is no longer any question about tipping being a fixed custom in New York. Everywhere it is recognized that, while some may still deplore the practice as being evil in its tendencies, they are nevertheless forced to submit, and to pay. It has resolved itself into this—tip the waiter or lose his respect. No one can afford to lose the respect of a waiter, for when this happens look out for bad service; that, in some instances, amounts almost to open insult. It may be said that tipping has become so firmly established at New York that all who dine out now simply add the waiter's tip to the price of their meal, and pay it cheerfully. As to the rate paid, that depends on the liberality of the patrons. There is no fixed rate.

"Oscar, of the Waldorf-Astoria, the acknowledged chief *maître d'hôtel* in the country, informed me to-day that one man will give a quarter where another will give more or less as he pleases. Neither is that tip estimated as in some places in Europe at ten per cent. of the bill. One man will order a dinner costing five dollars and give the waiter twenty-five cents, while another will give that much when his bill is less than one dollar. In nearly all exclusive hotels and *cafés* the custom prevails of giving tips to every *employé* who renders a service, no matter how small. Oscar gave me this table as the one prevailing at the Waldorf-Astoria. To the head waiter, if he has been attentive, and has given you a comfortable seat in the dining-room, two dollars for a week's stay; to the hall-porter, fifty cents; to the waiter in the restaurant five per cent. on your daily meals; to the waiter who brings first

Digitized by Google

breakfast to your room, twenty-five cents each time; to the chambermaid one dollar; boots fifty cents; omnibus driver twenty-five cents. No first-class hotel in New York, said Oscar to-day, depends on tips for the payment of waiters. All *employés* are paid regular wages irrespective of tips. Some waiters make as high as fifty dollars a week. The system as now in vogue works very well, and there is rarely any complaint on the part of the patrons. It would be impossible to obtain competent waiters in this country under any other system."

THE END

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

AUG 1 5 1930

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google